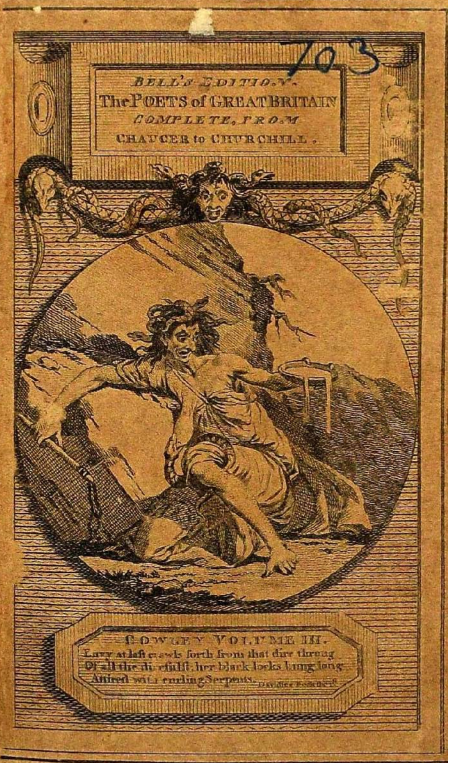
703
BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.
COWLEY VOLUME III.
Envy at last crawls forth from that dire throng
Of all the direfull'st; her black locks hung long
Attired with curling Serpents.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ABRAHAM COWLEY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. SPRAT, &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Begin the ſong, and ſtrike the living lyre!
Lo! how the Years to come, a num'rous and well-fitted quire!
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my ſong with ſmooth and equal meaſures dance.
Whilſt the dance laſts, how long ſoe'er it be,
My Muſic's voice ſhall bear it company,
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the laſt trumpet's dreadful ſound.   THE RESURRECTION.

COWLEY does to Jove belong,
Jove and COWLEY claim my ſong.----
The Muſes did young COWLEY raiſe,
They ſtole thee from thy nurſe's arms,
Fed thee with ſacred love of praiſe,
And taught thee all their charms:
As if Apollo's ſelf had been thy ſire,
They daily rock'd thee on his lyre.   VERSES TO COWLEY.

VOL. III.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1777.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

PREF. TO BOOKS OF PLANTS.
FIRST BOOK. OF HERBS.
SECOND BOOK. OF DITTO.
THIRD BOOK. OF FLOWERS.
FOURTH BOOK. OF DITTO.
FIFTH BOOK. OF TREES.

Alone exempted from the common fate,
The forward COWLEY held a lasting date:
For Envy's blaſt, and pow'rful Time, too ſtrong,
He bloſſom'd early, and he flouriſh'd long:
In whom the double miracle was ſeen,
Ripe in his ſpring, and in his autumn green.
With us he left his gen'rous fruit behind,
The feaſt of wit, and banquet of the mind:
While the fair tree, tranſplanted to the ſkies,
In verdure with th' Elyſian garden vies,
The pride of Earth before, and now of Paradiſe.----

VER. TO MEM. OF COWLEY.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS,

Anno 1777.

OF PLANTS.

IN SIX BOOKS.

TO THE READER.

BEING obliged, before we ſpeak of this Tranſlation, to give ſome prefatory account of the Original, it will be neceſſary to reſume what has been delivered on that ſubject by the incomparable Dr. Sprat, the preſent Biſhop of Rocheſter, in the account he has given us of the Life and Writings of Mr. Cowley. Concerning theſe Six Books of Plants, he has thus expreſſed his ſentiments with that ſtrength of judgment and freedom of ingenuity which was requiſite.

"The occaſion," ſays he, "of his chuſing the ſub-
"ject of his Six Books of Plants was this: When he
"returned into England, he was adviſed to diſſemble
"the main intention of his coming over, under the
"diſguiſe of applying himſelf to ſome ſettled profeſ-
"ſion; and that of phyſic was thought moſt proper.
"To this purpoſe, after many anatomical diſſections,
"he proceeded to the conſideration of ſimples; and
"having furniſhed himſelf with books of that nature,
"he retired into a fruitful part of Kent, where every
"field and wood might ſhew him the real figures of
"thoſe Plants of which he had read. Thus he ſpeedily
"maſtered that part of the art of medicine: but then,

"as one of the Ancients did before him in the ſtudy "of the law, inſtead of employing his ſkill for prac-"tice and profit, he preſently digeſted it into that "form which we behold.

"The two firſt Books treat of Herbs, in a ſtyle re-"ſembling the Elegies of Ovid and Tibullus, in the "ſweetneſs and freedom of the verſe, but excelling "them in the ſtrength of the fancy, and vigour of "the ſenſe. The third and fourth diſcourſe of Flowers "in all the variety of Catullus and Horace's numbers, "for the laſt of which authors he had a peculiar re-"verence, and imitated him not only in the ſtately "and numerous pace of his Odes and Epodes, but in "the familiar eaſineſs of his Epiſtles and Speeches. "The two laſt ſpeak of Trees in the way of Virgil's "Georgics: of theſe the ſixth Book is wholly dedi-"cated to the honour of his country: for making the "Britiſh Oak to preſide in the Aſſembly of the Foreſt "Trees, upon that occaſion he enlarges on the hiſtory "of the late rebellion, the King's affliction and re-"turn, and the beginning of the Dutch wars; and ma-"nages all in a ſtyle that (to ſay all in a word) is "equal to the valour and greatneſs of the Engliſh na-"tion."——

This was as much as could be expected in a tran-ſient and general account, and what has left but little room for a more particular eſſay. As the nature of the ſubject has ſometimes furniſhed our Author with

great and beautiful occaſions of wit and poetry, ſo it muſt be confeſſed that, in the main, he has but a barren province to cultivate, where the ſoil was to be enriched by the improvements of art and fancy. He muſt ſo frequently deſcend to ſuch minute deſcriptions of Herbs and Flowers, which adminiſter ſo feeble occaſions for thought, and are ſo unfurniſhed of variety, that ſince the enumerations are no where tedious, but every thing made beautiful and entertaining, it muſt be wholly aſcribed to the ability of the artiſt, with a *materiem ſuperavit opus.*

This wonderful performance put me on a conſideration by what artifices of ingenuity he could poſſibly effect it: I was ſenſible that the ſmalleſt ſubjects were capable of ſome ornament in the hands of a good poet.

> In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, ſiquem
> Numina laeva ſinant auditque vocatus Apollo.

This was deſignedly hinted by Virgil, when he came to his deſcription of Bees, to raiſe the credit of his own performance; whereas thoſe manners, politics, and battles, with which he has adorned his poem, were for the moſt part true in fact, and the reſt lay obvious to invention; but our Author was obliged to animate his ſilent tribe of Plants, to inſpire them with motion and diſcourſe, in order to lighten his deſcriptions with ſtory: but where he is confined to the deſcriptive part itſelf, where he is to regiſter them

ſtanding mute in their beds, diveſted of that imaginary life which might beautify the work, *hic labor, hoc opus;* it is there it ſeems worth our while to obſerve the ſagacious methods of his fancy, in finding topics for his wit, and inſtances of amiable variety. He had the judgment to perceive, that where the ſubjects he was to treat on in their own naked nature, and, ſimply conſidered, could afford but ſlender matter, yet that many things were greater in their circumſtances than they are in themſelves; accordingly he has moſt nicely faſtened upon each minute circumſtance of the places where his Plants and Herbs delight to ſpring; the ſeaſons of their flowering, ſeeding, and withering; their long or ſhort duration; their noxious or healthful qualities; their figures and colouring; all which he has managed with ſuch dexterity of fancy, and unexhauſted conceit, that each individual (as he has dreſſed and ſet them out) appears with a different aſpect and peculiar beauty. The very agreeableneſs or diſagreeableneſs of their names to thoſe diſpoſitions wherewith Nature has endued them, are frequently the ſurpriſing and diverting occaſion of his wit.

Yet in all this liberty you find him no where diverted from his point; judgment, that is to ſay, a juſt regard to his ſubject, every where conſpicuous; being never carried too remote by the heat of his imagination and quickneſs of his apprehenſion. His invention exerts its utmoſt faculties, but ſo conſtantly over-

ruled by the dictates of ſenſe, that even thoſe conceits which are ſo unexpectedly ſtarted, and had lain undiſcovered by a leſs piercing wit, are no ſooner brought to light but they appear the reſult of a genuine thought, and naturally ariſing from his matter. Antiquity had been before-hand in furniſhing him with diverting fables relating to ſeveral Plants, which he never ſuffers to eſcape his hands; of which he is not a cold and dull reciter, but delivers them with ſo new a grace, ſuch an ingenious connexion and application to his deſign, that in every one, inſtead of a ſtale tradition, we have the p.eaſure of a ſtory firſt told.

Having mentioned our Author's deſign in this work, we muſt ſpeak ſomething of the economy thereof, the moſt important part of a poem, and from whence it properly takes its character; for without that artificial caſt and drift, it can never be able to ſupport itſelf, the boldeſt efforts of wit and fancy being otherwiſe but extravagant excurſions. This it is that has completed the Georgics of Virgil, where each book is concluded with a ſurpriſing and natural turn. Nor does our Author here fall ſhort of him in contrivance and artificial periods: for having, in his firſt and ſecond of theſe Books taken in the ſpecies of Herbs, the firſt is a promiſcuous account, (not without poetical ſtarts upon all occaſions) the ſecond is an aſſembly of ſuch chiefly as come under the female province, and

are ferviceable in generation or birth. The fcene which he has chofen for calling this council is the Phyfic-Garden at Oxford: in which, having adjufted matters for the benefit of the teeming fex, they are not at laft tumultuoufly diffolved, but artificially broke up by the approach of the gardener, whom our Author fancies to have entered that morning more early than ufual, to gather fuch Herbs as he knew would be of affiftance to his wife who was fallen in labour. The third and fourth Books treat of Flowers. In the third he ranges thofe that appear in the Spring; in the fourth he mufters up the tribes of Summer and Autumn Flowers, which, together with the former, are affembled before Flora, to offer their refpective claims for the precedency; the goddefs at laft, being doubtful how to determine amongft fuch noble competitors, and to decline the odium of a decifion, fhe puts them in mind of the infolence of Tarquin, the dangerous confequences of a fingle and arbitrary principality; that fhe was a Roman deity, and they themfelves were Flowers of a Roman breed: fhe therefore advifes them to follow the model of the Roman government, and refolve themfelves into a Commonwealth of Plants, where the preferments or offices being annual and fucceffive, there would be room left to gratify their feveral merits. Here we fee the utmoft force of judgment and invention in moft happy con-

junction; what more beautiful caſt or turn could the Poet have given to the ſubject before him? or where can we ſee the drama itſelf wind up with a more artificial cloſe? In his fifth Book the competition is between the Trees of the American world and ours. Pomona, ſeated in one of the Fortunate Iſlands, between the two worlds, the convention from each is aſſembled before her. The Author, finding the preference to be in truth due to the Indian Plants, yet unwilling to determine for the ſavage climate, prevents the deciſion, by a quarrel between Omelichilus the Indian Bacchus, and the European: the powers of both countries are thereupon drawn into parties, and ready to engage; when Apollo diſarms the barbarous deity by the charms of his muſic; which is ſo beautiful and artificial a turn, that an ordinary poet would have reſted ſatisfied with the diſcovery. Our Author purſues his advantage, and beſides the conqueſt of his harp, puts a ſong into Apollo's mouth, and faſtens upon the moſt noble as well as agreeable ſubject that the nature could afford, of Columbus his diſcovery of America. The drift of his laſt Book, which yet ſeems to top upon the reſt, is deſcribed to our hands in the fore-mentioned Preface, where the impartial reader may judge if Virgil himſelf has better deſigned for the glory of Rome and Auguſtus, than Cowley for his country, and the monarch of his time.

As for the Tranſlation we have here preſented, I fear I ſhall be thought too much a party to ſpeak with any great freedom: I will only preſume to ſay, that if the reader conſiders the difficulty of the taſk, he will not think the verſion altogether unworthy of the original: he that takes the pains to compare them, will at leaſt find a juſtneſs to the Author's ſenſe; and I hope that the performance of the reſt that were engaged with me in the attempt, will not only ſupport their parts of the undertaking, but make amends for the defects of mine. If, in the main, you meet with that diverſion I propoſed, it is all that is expected by

Your humble ſervant,

N. TATE.

TO HIS GRACE

CHARLES DUKE OF SOMERSET.

MY LORD,

I DARE appeal to that learned Univerſity that at preſent enjoys the honour of being under your Grace's patronage, to juſtify me in preſenting theſe Remains of their ever-celebrated Cowley to your Grace's protection. I have long had the ambition of addreſſing ſome part of my endeavours to your Grace, that might come recommended to a following age by being devoted to a patron that was the glory and ornament of his own; but while I deſpaired of performing what could merit encouragement from a perſon of your Grace's worth and honour, I was obliged to Fortune for this opportunity of gratifying my wiſhes in a way that renders my application a juſt homage and duty, that otherwiſe had been preſumption. The beſt products of my invention muſt have proved too mean an offering for your Grace's acceptance; but coming embarked in Cowley's rich bottom, laden with the treaſures of his divine fancy, I can with more aſſurance approach your altar. The Author ſufficiently obliged the world with his Latin Original of this Work, and how he would have approved the Tranſlation here attempted I muſt leave others to determine; but am certain that if he had liked the undertaking, he would, conſequently, have allowed me in aſcribing this ver-

ſion to the illuſtrious Duke of Somerſet. I dare not attempt your Grace's character, which would have been a proportioned taſk for the mighty genius of Cowley himſelf; I will only preſume to ſay, (and have all mankind to abet me) that your Grace is accompliſhed with all thoſe noble qualifications which his elevated Muſe would have choſen to celebrate. Virtue and honour were the themes he delighted in, and would have been tranſported to have ſeen, in his own age and climate, an example that might compare with the moſt noble of the ancient Romans. Beſides the advantages of birth and quality, your Grace is endowed with ſuch greatneſs of ſoul, ſuch piety of mind, ſuch generoſity of temper, with all thoſe charms of condeſcending goodneſs and courteſy, as have, even in your blooming years, procured you an univerſal love and admiration: it is upon theſe accounts that the Muſes claim a ſhare in your favour: it has, in all times, been the province of the moſt worthy to patronize wit and learning.

Carmen amat quiſquis carmine dignus.

It is from thence I am encouraged (at leaſt in behalf of my fellow-undertakers) to entitle your Grace to the verſion of this Latin volume, which we hope is not ſo much diſpirited by the Transfuſion, but that a modeſt cenſure may in a manner allow it to be Cowley's ſtill. Could we have done him that right which

he performed to the beſt of the Latin poets, it might confidently take ſanctuary under your Grace's name. However, I may conclude myſelf ſafer in this Tranſlation than in any original which I was capable of deſigning. I ſuppoſe, in ſetting forward this Work, that every Engliſhman, as far as was poſſible, ſhould be maſter of their beloved Cowley entire, and hope your Grace will approve my zeal, if not the performance; at leaſt I will have recourſe to that indulgence you never fail of extending to your petitioners, and beg the honour of ſubſcribing myſelf, with all ſincerity,

Your Grace's

moſt devoted humble ſervant,

N. TATE.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS

OF PLANTS:

PUBLISHED BEFORE THE REST.

CONSIDERING the incredible veneration which the best poets always had for gardens, fields, and woods, insomuch that in all other subjects they seemed to be banished from the Muses' territories, I wondered what evil planet was so malicious to the breed of Plants, as to permit none of the inspired tribe to celebrate their beauty and admirable virtues; certainly a copious field of matter, and what would yield them a plentiful return of fruit, where each particular, besides its pleasant history, (the extent whereof every body, or, to speak more truly, no body, can sufficiently understand) contains the whole fabric of human frame, and a complete body of physic: from whence I am induced to believe, that those great men did not so much think them improper subjects of poetry, as discouraged by the greatness and almost inexplicable variety of the matter, and that they were unwilling to begin a work which they despaired of finishing. I, therefore, who am but a pigmy in learning, and scarce sufficient to express the virtues of the vile sea-weed, attempt that work which those giants declined! Yet wherefore should I not attempt? forasmuch as

they disdained to take up with less then comprehending the whole, and I am proud of conquering some part. I shall think it reputation enough for me to have my name carved on the barks of some Trees, or (what is reckoned a royal prerogative) inscribed upon a few Flowers. You must not, therefore, expect to find so many Herbs collected for this fardel as sometimes go to the compounding of one single medicine; these two little Books are therefore offered as small pills made up of sundry Herbs, and gilt with a certain brightness of style; in the choice whereof I have not much laboured, but took them as they came to hand, there being none amongst them which contained not plenty of juice, if it were drawn out according to art; none so insipid that would not afford matter for a whole book, if well contracted. The method which I judged most genuine and proper for this Work, was not to press out their liquor crude, in a simple enumeration, but as it were in a limbec, by the gentle heat of poetry, to distil and extract their spirits: nor have I chosen to put them together which had affinity in nature, that might create a disgust for want of variety; I rather connected those of the most different qualities, that their contrary colours, being mixed, might the better set off each other.

I have added short Notes, not for ostentation of learning, (whereof there is no occasion here offered; for what is more easy than to turn over one or two

herbalifts?) but becaufe that, befide phyficians, (whom I pretend not to inftruct, but divert) there are few fo well verfed in the hiftory of Plants as to be acquainted with the names of them all: it is a part of philofophy that lies out of the common road of learning. To fuch perfons I was to fupply the place of a lexicon. But for the fake of the very Plants themfelves, left the treating of them in a poetical way might derogate from their real merit, and that fhould feem not to attribute to them thofe faculties wherewith Nature has endued them, (who ftudies what is beft to be done, not what is moft capable of verbal ornaments) but to have feigned thofe qualities which would afford the greateft matter for pomp and empty pleafure: for, becaufe poets are fometimes allowed to make fictions, and fome have too exceffively abufed that liberty, truft is fo wholly denied to us, that we may not without hefitation be believed when we fay,

O Laertiade, quicquid dicam, aut erit, aut non. Hor. Serm. 25.

I was therefore willing to cite proper witneffes, that is, fuch as wrote in loofe and free profe, which, compared with verfe, bears the authority of an oath. I have yet contented myfelf with two of thofe, (which is the number required by law) Pliny and Fernelius I have chiefly made choice of, the firft being an author of unqueftioned Latin, and the latter amongft the Moderns of the trueft fentiments, and no ill mafter of expreffion. If any except againft the former,

as too credulous of the Greekiſh idle tales, that he may not ſafely be credited, he will find nothing in this ſubject mentioned by him which is not repreſented by all that write of Herbs. Nor would I have the reader, becauſe I have made my Plants to diſcourſe, forthwith (as if he were in Dodona's grove) to expect oracles, which, I fear, my verſes will only reſemble in this, that they are as bad metre as what the gods of old delivered from their temples to thoſe who conſulted them.

Having given you this account, if any ſhall light upon this Book who have read my former, publiſhed not long ſince by me in Engliſh, I fear they may take occaſion, from thence, of reprehending ſome things, concerning which it will not be impertinent briefly to clear myſelf before I proceed. In the firſt place, I foreſee that I ſhall be accuſed by ſome of too much delicacy and levity, in that having undertaken great ſubjects, and after a day or two's journey, I have ſtopt, through lazineſs and deſpondency of reaching home; or, poſſeſſed with ſome new frenzy, have ſtartled into ſome other road, inſomuch that not only the half (as they ſay, but the third part of the taſk has been greater than my whole performance: "Away," they cry, "with this deſultory writer: yet with what ſpirit, "what voice, threatening mighty matters, he begins,

Of war and turns of Fate I ſing.

"Thou ſing of wars, thou Daſtard! who throweſt

"away thy arms so soon, or betakest thyself to the
"enemy's camp, a renegade, before the first charge
"is sounded? or if at any time thou adventurest to
"engage, it is like the ancient Gauls, making the
"onset with more than the courage of a man, and
"presently retreating with more than that of cow-
"ard; whereas he that has once applied himself to
"a poem, as if he had married a wife, should stick
"to it for better for worse; whether the matter
"be grateful and easy, or harsh and almost intrac-
"table, ought neither to quit it for tiresomeness, nor
"be diverted by new loves, nor think of a divorce, or
"at any time relinquish, till he has brought it to a
"conclusion, as wedlock terminates with life." This is imputed to me as a fault; and since I cannot deny the charges, whether I am therein to be blamed or not let us examine.

In the first place, therefore, that which is most truly asserted of human life is too applicable to my poetry; that it is best never to have been born, or, being born, forthwith to die; and if my Essays should be carried on to their Omega, (to which the works of Homer, by a peculiar felicity, were continued vigorous) there would be great danger of their falling into dotage before that time. The only thing that can recommend trifles, or make them tolerable, is, that they give off seasonably, that is, suddenly; for that author goes very much too far who leaves his reader tired behind him. These considerations, if I write ill, will ex-

cuſe my brevity, tho' not ſo eaſily excuſe the undertaking; nor ſhall my inconſtancy in not finiſhing what I have begun be ſo much blamed, as my conſtancy in ceaſing not continually to begin, and being, like Fortune, conſtant in levity. But if, Reader! (as it is my deſire) we have furniſhed you with what is agreeable to your appetite, you ought to take it in good part that we have uſed ſuch moderation as neither to ſend you away hungry, nor cloy your ſtomach with too much ſatiety: to this you muſt add, that our attempts, ſuch as they are, may excite the induſtry of others, who are enabled by a greater genius and ſtrength to undertake the very ſame or more noble ſubjects: as Ageſilaus of old, who thought he had made no great progreſs into Aſia, yet being the firſt in that adventure, he opened the way to Alexander for a glorious and entire conqueſt. Laſtly, (to confeſs to thee as a friend, for ſuch I will preſume thee) I thus employed myſelf not ſo much out of deſign, as carried on by a warmth of mind; for I am not able to do nothing, and had no other diverſion of my troubles; therefore through a weariſomeneſs of human affairs, to theſe more pleaſing ſolaces of literature (made agreeable to me by cuſtom and Nature) my ſick mind betakes itſelf; and not long after, from an irkſomeneſs of the ſame things, it changes its courſe, and turns off to ſome other theme. But they preſs more dangerouſly upon me, and, as it were, ſtab me with my own weapon,

who bring thofe things to my mind which I declaimed fo vehemently againft, the ufe of exolete and interpolated repetitions of old fables in poetry, when Truth itfelf, in the Sacred Books of God, and awful regifters of the Church, has laid open a new, more rich, and ample world of poetry, for the wits of men to be exercifed upon.

"When thou thyfelf," fay they, "haft thus declared, "with the approbation of all good men, and given "an example, in thy Davideis, for others to imitate, "doft thou, like an apoftate Jew, loathing manna, "return to the leeks and garlic of Egypt? After the "appearance of Chrift himfelf in thy verfe, and im-"pofing filence on the oracles of demons, fhall we "again hear the voice of Apollo from thy profane "tripod? After the reftoration of Sion, and the pur-"gation of it from monfters, fhall it be again poffeff-"ed by the dreary ghofts of antiquated deities, and "what the prophet threatened as the extremity of "evils? Your Mufe is in this no lefs an object of "fhame and pity than if Magdalen fhould backflide "again to the brothel. Behold how the juft punifh-"ment does not (as in other offenders) follow your "crime, but even accompanies it. The very lownefs "of your fubject has retrenched your wings: you are "faftened to the ground with your Herbs, and can-"not foar as formerly to the clouds; nor can we more "admire at your halting, than at your fabulous Vul-"can, when he had fallen from the fkies."

A heavy charge indeed, and terrible at the firſt ſight; but I eſteem that which celebrates the wonderful works of Providence not to be far diſtant from a ſacred poem. Nothing can be found more admirable in Nature than the virtues of ſeveral Plants; therefore, amongſt other things of a moſt noble ſtrain, the divine poet upon that account praiſes the Deity, "who brings forth graſs upon the mountains, and "herbs for the uſe of man," *Pſalm* civ. *ver.* 14. Nor do I think the liberty immodeſt, where I introduce Plants ſpeaking, to whom the Sacred Writ itſelf does ſpeak as to intelligent beings: "Bleſs the Lord, all "ye green things upon the earth; praiſe and exalt "him for ever," *Dan. ch.* iii. *ver.* 54. *Apocr.* Thoſe fictions are not to be accounted for lies which cannot be believed, nor deſire to be ſo. But that the names of Heathen deities and fabulous tranformations are ſometimes intermixed, the matter itſelf compelled me againſt my will, being no other way capable of embelliſhment, and it is well if, by that means, we are ſo. No painted garb is to be preferred to the native dreſs and living colours of truth; yet in ſome perſons, and on ſome occaſions, it is more agreeable. There was a time when it did not miſbecome a king to dance, yet it had certainly been indecent for him to have danced in his coronation-robes. You are not, therefore, to expect, in a work of this nature, the majeſty of an heroic ſtyle, (which I never found any

Plant to ſpeak in) for I propoſe not here to fly, but only to walk in my garden, partly for health's ſake, and partly for recreation.

There remains a third difficulty, which will not, perhaps, ſo eaſily be ſolved. I had ſome time ſince been reſolved in myſelf to write no more verſes, and made thereof ſuch public and ſolemn proteſtation as almoſt amounts to an oath :

Si quidem hercle poſſim nil prius, neque fortius.

Eunuch. Scen. I.

When, behold! I have ſet in anew. Concerning which matter, becauſe I remember myſelf to have formerly given an account in metre, I am willing (and Martial affirms it to be a poet's right) to cloſe my Epiſtle therewith; they were written to a learned and a moſt ingenious friend, who laboured under the very ſame diſeaſe, tho' not with the ſome dangerous ſymptoms.

More poetry! you'll cry. Doſt thou return,
Fond Man! to the diſeaſe thou haſt foreſworn?
It has reach'd thy marrow, ſeiz'd thy inmoſt ſenſe,
And force or reaſon cannot draw it thence.
Think'ſt thou that Heav'n thy liberty allows,
And laughs at poets' as at lovers' vows?
Forbear, my Friends! to wound with ſharp diſcourſe
A wretched man that feels too much remorſe.
Fate drags me on againſt my will, in vain
I ſtruggle, fret, and try to break my chain.

Thrice I took hellebore, and, muſt confeſs,
Hop'd I was fairly quit of the diſeaſe;
But the Moon's pow'r, to which all Herbs muſt yield,
Bids me be mad again, and gains the field:
At her command for pen and ink I call,
And in one morn three hundred rhymes let fall;
Which, in the tranſport of my frantic fit,
I throw, like ſtones, at the next man I meet:
Ev'n thee, my Friend! Apollo-like, I wound,
The arrows fly, the ſtring and bow reſound.
What methods canſt thou ſtudy to reclaim
Whom nor his own nor public griefs can tame?
Who in all ſeaſons keep my chirping ſtrain,
A graſhopper that ſings in froſt and rain.
Like her whom boys, and youths, and elders, knew,
I ſee the path my judgment ſhould purſue,
But what can naked I 'gainſt armed Nature do?
I'm no Tydides, whom a pow'r divine
Could overcome; I muſt, I muſt reſign.
Ev'n thou, my Friend! (unleſs I much miſtake)
Whoſe thund'ring ſermons make the pulpit ſhake,
Unfold the ſecrets of the world to come,
And bid the trembling earth expect its doom,
As if Elias were come down in fire;
Yet thou at night doſt to thy glaſs retire
Like one of us, and (after moderate uſe
Of th' Indian fume, and European juice)

Sett'st into rhyme, and dost thy Muse caress,
In learn'd conceits and harmless wantonness:
'Tis therefore just thou shouldst excuse thy friend,
Who's none of those that trifle without end:
I can be serious, too, when bus'ness calls;
My frenzy still has lucid intervals.

OF PLANTS.

BOOK I. OF HERBS.

Tranſlated by J. O.

LIFE's loweſt but far greateſt ſphere I ſing,
Of all things that adorn the gaudy Spring;
Such as in deſerts live, whom, unconfin'd,
None but the ſimple laws of Nature bind;
And thoſe who, growing tame by human care,
The well-bred citizens of gardens are;
Thoſe that aſpire to Sol their ſire's bright face,
Or ſtoop into their mother Earth's embrace;
Such as drink ſtreams or wells, or thoſe, dry fed,
Who have Jove only for their Ganymede;
And all that Solomon's loſt work of old,
(Ah! fatal loſs!) ſo wiſely did unfold.
Tho' I the oak's vivacious age ſhould live,
I ne'er to all their names in verſe could give.
Yet I the riſe of groves will briefly ſhow
In verſes like their trees, rang'd all a-row;
To which ſome one, perhaps, new ſhades may join,
Till mine at laſt become a grove divine.
Aſſiſt me, Phœbus! wit of Heav'n, whoſe care
So bounteouſly both Plants and poets ſhare:
Where'er thou com'ſt, hurl light and heat around,
And with new life enamel all the ground;
As when the Spring feels thee, with magic light,
Break thro' the bonds of the dead winter's night;

When thee to Colchis the gilt Ram conveys,
And the warm'd North rejoices in thy rays.
Where ſhall I firſt begin? for with delight
Each gentle Plant me kindly does invite.
Myſelf to ſlaviſh method I'll not tie,
But, like the bee, where'er I pleaſe, will fly,
Where I the glorious hopes of honey ſee,
Or the free wing of Fancy carries me.
Here no fine garden-emblems ſhall reſide,
In well-made beds to proſtitute their pride;
But we rich Nature, who her gifts beſtows,
Unlimited (nor the vaſt treaſure knows)
And various plenty of the pathleſs woods
Will follow; poor men only count their goods.
Do thou, bright Phœbus! guide me luckily
To the firſt Plant by ſome kind augury.
The omen's good; ſo we may hope the beſt;
The god's mild looks our grand deſign have bleſs'd:
For thou, kind Betony! at the firſt we ſee,
And opportunely com'ſt, dear Plant! for me;
For me, becauſe the brain thou doſt protect;
See, if ye are wiſe, my brain you don't neglect;
For it concerns you that in health that be;
I ſing thy ſiſters, Betony! and thee:
But who, bleſs'd Plant! can praiſe thee to thy merit,
Or number the perfections you inherit?
The trees he in th' Hercynian woods as well,
Or roſes that in Pæſtum grow, may tell.

Muſa * at large, they ſay, thy praiſes writ,
But I ſuppoſe did part of them omit.
Cæſar his triumphs would recount; do thou,
Greater than he, a Connquereſs! do ſo now.

BETONY †.

To know my virtues briefly you in vain
Deſire, all which this whole Book can't contain.
O'er all the world of man great I preſide,
Where'er red ſtreams thro' milky meadows glide;
O'er all you ſee throughout the body ſpread,
Between the diſtant poles of heel and head;
But in the head my chief dominions are,
The ſoul commits her palace to my care:
I all the corners purge, refreſh, ſecure,
Nor let it be, for want of light, obſcure:
That ſoul that came from heav'n, which ſtars adorn,
Her God's great daughter, by Creation born,
Alas! to what a frail apartment now,
And ruinated cottage does ſhe bow!
Her very manſion to infection turns,
And in the place wherein ſhe lives ſhe burns.
When falling-ſickneſs thunder-ſtrikes the brain,
Oft' men, like victims, fall, as thunder-ſlain:

* Antonius Muſa, phyſician to Auguſtus.

† Betony is hot and dry in the ſecond degree: wine or vinegar impregnated with it is excellent for the ſtomach and ſight. The ſmell of it alone refreſhes the brain. 'Tis an Italian proverb, *He has as many virtues as Betony*, i.e. innumerable.

Oft' does the head with a ſwift whimſy reel,
And the ſoul's turn'd, as on Ixion's wheel:
Oft' pains i' th' head an anvil ſeem to beat,
And like a forge the brain-pan burns with heat.
Some parts the palſy oft' of ſenſe deprives
And motion, (ſtrange effect!) one ſide ſurvives
The other. This Mezentius' fury quite
Outdoes; in this diſeaſe dead limbs unite
With live ones. Some, with lethargy oppreſs'd,
Under Death's weight ſeem fatally to reſt.
Ah! Life! thou art Death's image, but that thee
In nought reſembles ſave thy brevity.
Vain phantoms oft' the mind diſtracted keep,
And roving thoughts poſſeſs the place of ſleep.
Oft' when the nerves for want of juice grow dry,
(That heav'nly juice, unknown to th' outward eye)
Each feeble limb as it were grows looſe, and quakes,
Yea, the whole fabric of the body ſhakes.
Theſe, and all evils which the brain infeſt,
(For numerous ſaucy griefs that part moleſt)
Me Phœbus bade by conſtant war reſtrain,
Saying, " My kingdom, Child! ſee you maintain."
And ſtraight he gave me arms well forg'd from heav'n,
Like thoſe to Æneas or Achilles giv'n.
One wondrous leaf he wiſely did create
'Gainſt all the darts of Sickneſs and of Fate,
And into that a ſovereign myſtic juice,
With ſubtile heat from heav'n, he did infuſe.

'Tis not in vain, bright Sire! that you beſtow
Such arms on me, nor ſhall they ruſty grow:
No; from that crime not the juſt head alone
Acquits me, but th' inferior limbs will own
I'm guiltleſs. When the lungs, with phlegm oppreſs'd,
Want air to fan the heart and cool the breaſt,
A fainty cough ſtrives to expel the foe,
But ſeeks the help of pow'rful med'cines too;
It comes to me, I my aſſiſtance lend,
Open th' obſtructed pores, and gently ſend
Refreſhment to the heart. Cool gales abate
Th' internal heat, and it grows temperate.
The quartan ague its dry holes forſakes,
As adders do; dropſies, like water-ſnakes,
With liquid aliment no longer fed,
By me are forc'd to fly their watry bed.
I loſs of appetite repair, and heat
The ſtomach, to concoct the food men eat.
Torturing gripes I in the guts allay,
And ſend out murm'ring blaſts the backward way.
I waſh the ſaffron jaundice off the ſkin,
And eaſe the kidneys of dire ſtones within.
Thick blood that ſtands in women's veins I ſoon
Force to flow down, more pow'rful than the moon;
But then th' unnatural floods of whites ariſe;
Ah me! that common filth will not ſuffice.
I likewiſe ſtop the current, when the blood
Thro' ſome new channel ſeeks a purple flood.

I all the tumults of the womb appeaſe,
And to the head, which that diſturbs, give eaſe.
Women's conceptions I corroborate,
And let no births their time anticipate;
But in the ſacred time of labour I
The careful midwife's hands with help ſupply.
The lazy Gout my virtue ſwiftly ſhuns,
Whilſt from the joints with nimble heels it runs.
All poiſons I expel that men annoy,
And baneful ſerpents by my pow'r deſtroy;
My pointed odour thro' its marrow flies,
And of a ſecret wound the adder dies.
So Phœbus, I ſuppoſe, the Python ſlew,
And with my juice his arrows did imbrue.
From every limb all kinds of ach and pain
I baniſh, never to return again.
The wearied clown I with new vigour bleſs,
And pains as pleaſant make as idleneſs.
Nor do I only life's fatigue relieve,
But 'tis adorn'd with what I freely give:
I make the colour of the blood more bright,
And clothe the ſkin with a more graceful white.
Spain in her happy woods firſt gave me birth,
Then kindly baniſh'd me o'er all the earth;
Nor gain'd ſhe greater honour when ſhe bore
Trajan to rule the world, and to reſtore
Rome's joys. 'Tis true, he juſtly might compare
With my deſerts; his virtues equal were:

But a good prince is the ſhort grant of Fate,
The world is ſoon robb'd of ſuch a vaſt eſtate:
But of my bounty men for ever taſte,
And what he once was I am like to laſt.

MAIDEN-HAIR; OR, VENUS-HAIR *.

I BEING the chief of all the Hairy ſtate,
Me they have choſen for their advocate,
To ſpeak on their behalf: now we, you know,
Among the other Plants make no ſmall ſhow,
And fern, too, far and near which does preſide
O'er the wild fields, is to our kind ally'd.
Some hairy comets alſo hence derive,
And marriages of ſtars with Plants contrive:
But we ſuch kindred do not care to own;
Rather than rude relations, we'll have none.
My hair of parentage far better came;
'Tis not for nought it has Love's gentle name.
Beauty herſelf my debtor is, ſhe knows,
And of my threads Love does his nets compoſe.
Their thanks to me the beauteous women pay
For wanton curls, and ſhady locks, that play
Upon their ſhoulders. Friend! whoe'er thou art,
(If thou 'rt in love) to me perform thy part:

* The name it bears, becauſe it tinges the hair, and is to this purpoſe boiled in wine with parſley-ſeed, and plenty of oil, which renders the hair thick and curling, and keeps it from falling. 'Tis always green, but never flowers. It delights in dry places, and is green in ſummer, but withers not in winter. *Plin.*

Keep thy hair florid, and let dangling toils
Around thy head make ladies' hearts thy ſpoils;
For when your head is bald, or hair grows thin,
In vain you boaſt of treaſures lodg'd within:
The women won't believe you, nor will prize
Such wealth; all lovers ought to pleaſe the eyes.
So I to Venus my aſſiſtance lend,
(I'm pleas'd to be my heav'nly nameſake's friend.)
Tho' I am modeſt, and content to go
In ſimple weeds, that make no gaudy ſhow;
For I am cloath'd as when I firſt was born,
No painted flow'rs my rural head adorn:
But above all I'm ſober; I ne'er drink
Sweet ſtreams, nor does my thirſt make rivers ſink.
When Jove to Plants begins an health in ſhow'rs,
And from the ſky large bowls of water pours,
You ſee the Herbs quaff all the liquor up,
When they ought only modeſtly to ſup:
You'd think the German drunkards, near the Rhine,
Were keeping holyday with them in wine;
Mean while I bluſh, ſhake from my trembling leaves
The drops, and Jove my thanks in drought receives.
But I no topers envy; for my mien
Is always gay, and my complexion green:
Winter itſelf does not exhauſt the juice
That makes me look ſo verdant and ſo ſpruce:
Yet the phyſicians ſteep me cruelly
In hateful water, which I drink and die.

But I ev'n dead on humours operate,
Such force my aſhes have beyond my fate.
I thro' the liver, ſpleen, and reins, the foe
Purſue, whilſt they with ſpeed before me flow:
Ten thouſand maladies down with 'em they,
Like monſters fell, in brackiſh waves convey.
For this I might deſerve, above the air,
An higher place than Berenice's hair;
But if into the ſea the ſtars turn round,
Rather than heav'n itſelf I'd chuſe dry ground.

SAGE *.

SAGE! who by many virtues gain'ſt renown,
Sage! whoſe deſerts all happy mortals own,
Since thou, dear Sage! preſerv'ſt the memory,
I cannot, ſure, forgetful prove of thee:
Thee! who Mnemoſyne doſt recreate,
Her daughter Muſes ought to celebrate,
Nor ſhalt thou e'er complain that they 're ingrate.
High on a mount the ſoul's firm manſion ſtands,
And with a view the limbs below commands:

* The virtues of Sage are highly celebrated in all authors, particularly the writers of *Schola Salernitana*, who may be conſulted. It is hot in the firſt, and dry in the ſecond, degree. It is eaſily aſtringent, and ſtays bleeding. It ſtrengthens the ſtomach and brains, and rouzes a dull appetite; but its peculiar faculty is to corroborate the nerves, and to oppoſe all diſeaſes incident to them: hence it hath the higheſt reputation among medicaments for the memory.

Sure ſome great architect this pile deſign'd,
Where all the world is to a ſpan confin'd.
A mighty throng of ſpirits here reſide,
Which to the ſoul are very near ally'd:
Here the grand council's held; hence to and fro
The ſpirits ſcout to ſee what news below;
Buſy as bees thro' every part they run,
Thick as the rays ſtream from the glitt'ring ſun:
Their ſubtle limbs ſilk, thin as air, arrays,
And therefore nought their rapid journey ſtays;
But with much toil they weary grow; at length
Perpetual labour tires the greateſt ſtrength.
Oft', too, as they in pains beſtow their hours,
The airy vagrants hoſtile heat devours.
Oft' in venereal raptures they expire,
Or burnt by wine, and drown'd in liquid fire.
Then leaden Sleep does on the ſenſes ſeize,
And with dull drowzineſs the vitals freeze:
Cold floods of dire diſtempers ſwiftly roll,
For want of dams and fences, o'er the ſoul:
Then are the nerves diſſolv'd, each member quakes,
And the whole ruinated fabric ſhakes:
You'd think the hands fear'd poiſon in the cup,
They tremble ſo, and cannot lift it up.
Hence, Sage! 'tis manifeſt what thou canſt do,
And glorious dangers beg relief from you.
The foe, by cold and humours ſo inclos'd,
From his chill throne by thy ſtrong heat's depos'd,

And to the ſpirits thou bring'ſt freſh recruits,
When they are wearied in ſuch long diſputes:
To life, whoſe body was almoſt its urn,
New life, (if I may ſay it) does return:
The members by the nerves are ſteady ty'd,
A pilot, not the waves, the veſſel guide.
You all things fix: who this for truth would take,
That thy weak fibres ſuch ſtrong bonds ſhould make!
Looſe teeth thou faſten'ſt, which at thy command
Well rivetted in their firm ſockets ſtand:
May that fair uſeful bulwark ne'er decay,
Nor the mouth's ivory fences e'er give way!
Conceptions women by thy help retain,
Nor does th' injected ſeed flow back again.
Ah! Death! don't life itſelf anticipate;
Let a man live before he meets his fate;
Thou 'rt too ſevere if, in the very dock
Our ſhip, before 'tis built, ſtrikes on a rock.
Of thy perfections this is but a taſte;
You bring to view things abſent, and what's paſt
Recall: ſuch tracks i' th' mind of things you make,
None can the well-form'd characters miſtake;
And leſt the colours there ſhould fade away,
Your oil embalms, and keeps 'em from decay.

BAUM *.

Hence, Cares! my constant troublesome company;
Be gone! Melissa's come, and smiles on me:
Smiling she comes, and courteously my head
With chaplets binds from ev'ry fragrant bed,
Bidding me sing of her, and for my strains
Herself will be the guerdon of my pains.
My heart, methinks, is much more lightsome grown,
And I thy influence, kind Plant! must own:
Justly thy leaves may represent the heart,
For that, among its wealth, counts thee a part:
As of kings' heads guineas th' impression bear,
That princely part you in effigy wear.
All storms and clouds you banish from the mind,
But leave serenity and peace behind.
Bacchus himself not more revives our blood,
When he infuses his hot purple flood;
When in full bowls he all our sorrow drowns,
And flatt'ring hopes with short-liv'd riches crowns:
But those enjoyments some disturbance bring,
And such delights flow from a muddy spring;
For Bacchus does not kill, but wound the foe,
Whose rage and strength increases by the blow:
But without force or dregs thy pleasures flow,
Thy joys no after-claps of torments know;

* Baum is hot and dry, in the first degree. It is excellent against melancholy, and the evils arising therefrom. It causes cheerfulness, a good digestion, and a florid colour. The leaves are said, by those who mind signatures, to resemble a heart.

Thy honey, gentle Baum! no pointed ſtings,
Like bees, thy great admirers, with it brings.
Oh! heav'nly gift to ſickly humankind,
All goddeſs, if from care thou freeſt the mind:
All plagues annoy, but cares the whole man ſeize,
Whene'er we labour under this diſeaſe:
Theſe, tho' in proſp'rous affluence we live,
To all our joys a bitter tincture give:
Frail human nature its own poiſon breeds,
And life itſelf thy healing virtue needs.

SCURVY-GRASS *.

A MALADY there is that runs thro' all
The northern world, which they the Scurvy call.
Thrice happy Greece! that ſcorns the barbarous word,
Nor in its tongue a nearer does afford.
Deſtructive Monſter! God ne'er laid a curſe
On man like this, nor could he ſend a worſe.
A thouſand horrid ſhapes the monſter wears,
And in as many hands fierce arms it bears.
This water-ſerpent in the belly's bred,
By muddy fens and ſulph'rous moiſtures fed.
Him either ſloth or too much labour breeds,
He both from eaſe and pain itſelf proceeds;

* Scurvy-graſs is reckoned among the medicines peculiar to this diſeaſe. It opens, penetrates, renders volatile the crude and groſs humours, purges by urine and ſweat, and ſtrengthens the entrails.

Oft' from a dying fever he receives
His birth, and in the aſhes of it lives.
Of him juſt born you eaſily may diſpoſe,
Then he's a dwarf, but ſoon a giant grows.
That a ſmall egg ſhould breed a crocodile
Of ſuch vaſt bulk and ſtrength, the wond'ring Nile
Thinks that as much amaz'd he ought to ſtand,
As men, when he o'erflows the drowned land.
With naſty humours and dry ſalts he is fed,
By ſtinking wind and vapours nouriſhed.
Even in his cradle he unlucky grows;
(Tho' he be ſon of Sloth, no ſloth this ſhows)
His toils no ſooner Hercules began;
Monſters now ape that monſter-murdering man.
Ere he's well born the limbs he does oppreſs,
And they are tir'd with very idleneſs;
They languiſh, and deliberating ſtand,
Loath to obey the active ſoul's command.
Nor does it to your wilder'd ſenſe appear
Where there pain is, 'cauſe it is every where.
When men for want of breath can hardly blow,
Nor purple ſtreams in azure channels flow,
Then the bold enemy ſhews he is too nigh;
One ſo miſchievous cannot hidden lie.
The teeth drop out, and noiſome grows the breath,
The man not only ſmells, but looks like Death.
Qualms, vomiting, and torturing gripes within,
Beſides unſeemly ſpots upon the ſkin,

His other ſymptoms are ; with clouds the mind
He overcaſts, and, fettering the ſenſe,
To life itſelf makes living an offence.
This monſter Nature gave me to ſubdue,
(Such feats with Herbs t' accompliſh 'tis not new)
So the fierce Bull, and watchful Dragon too,
On Colchis' ſhore the valiant Jaſon flew;
But whether thoſe defeated monſters fell
By virtue of my juice I cannot tell :
But them he conquer'd, and then back he row'd
O'er the proud waves ; nor was it only gold
He got ; he brought away a royal maid
Beſide, (may all phyſicians ſo be paid.)
The hardneſs of my taſk my courage fir'd,
A pow'rful foe was that I moſt deſir'd.
I love to be commended, I muſt own,
And that my name in phyſic-books be ſhown.
I envy them whom Galen deigns to name,
Or old Hippocrates, great ſons of Fame.
Achilles Alexander envy'd ; why,
If he complain'd ſo juſtly, may not I ?
When Grecian names did other Plants adorn,
And were by them as marks of honour borne,
I grew inglorious on the Britiſh coaſt,
(For Britain then no reaſon had to boaſt)
Hapleſs I on the Gothic ſhore did lie,
Nor was the ſea-weed leſs eſteem'd than I.

Now, ſure, 'tis time thoſe loſſes were regain'd,
Which in my youth and fame ſo long I have ſuſtain'd:
'Tis time, and ſo they are; now I am known,
Thro' all the univerſe my fame has flown:
Who my deſerts denies, when by my hands
That tyrant falls that plagues the northern lands?
Sing Iö Pæan; yea, thrice Iö ſing,
And let the Gothic ſhore with triumphs ring;
That wild diſeaſe which ſuch diſturbance gave,
Is led before my chariot like a ſlave.

DODDER.

Thou neither leaf, nor ſtalk, nor root, can'ſt ſhow;
How, in this penſile poſture, doſt thou grow?
Thou 'rt perfect magic; and I cannot now
Thoſe things you do for miracles allow;
Thoſe wonders, if compar'd to you, are none,
Since you yourſelf are a far greater one.
To make the ſtrength of other Herbs thy prey,
The huntreſs thou thyſelf for nets doſt lay.
Live, Riddle! he that would thy myſteries
Unfold, muſt with ſome Oedipus adviſe.
No wonder in your arms the Plants you hold,
Thou being all arms muſt needs them ſo infold:
For thee large threads the Fatal Siſters ſpin,
But to your work nor woof nor web put in:
Hence 'tis that you ſo intricately twine
About the flax which yields ſo long a line.

Oh! ſpouſe moſt conſtant to a Plant moſt dear,
Than whom no couple ere more loving were:
No more let Love of wanton ivy boaſt,
Her kindneſs is th' effect of nought but luſt:
Another ſhe enjoys; but that her love
And ſhe are two many diſtinctions prove.
Their ſtrength and leaves are diff'rent, and her fruit
Puts all the difference beyond diſpute.
The likeneſs to the parent does profeſs
That ſhe in that is no adultereſs.
Her root with different juices is ſupply'd,
And ſhe her maiden-name bears tho' a bride:
But Dodder on her ſpouſe depends alone,
And nothing in herſelf can call her own:
Fed with his juice, ſhe on his ſtalk is borne,
And thinks his leaves her head full well adorn.
Whoe'er he be ſhe loves to take his name,
And muſt with him be ev'ry way the ſame.
Alceſte and Evadne, thus inflam'd,
Are, with ſome others, for their paſſion fam'd:
So, Dodder! for thy huſband Flax thou'dſt die,
I gueſs, but may'ſt thou ſpeed more luckily.
This is her living paſſion, but ſhe grows
Still more renown'd for kindneſs which ſhe ſhows
To mortal men when ſhe 'as reſign'd her breath,
For ſhe of them is mindful even in death.
The liver and the ſpleen moſt faithfully
Of all oppreſſions ſhe does eaſe and free.

Where has ſo ſmall a Plant ſuch ſtrength and ſtore
Of virtues, when her huſband is weak and poor?
Who'd think the liver ſhould aſſiſtance need,
A noble part, from ſuch a wretched weed?
Uſe, therefore, little things, nor take it ill
That men ſmall things preſerve, for leſs may kill.

WORMWOOD*.

'Mong children I a baneful weed am thought,
By none but hags or fiends deſir'd or ſought:
They think a doctor is in jeſt, or mad,
If he agrees not that my juice is bad.
The women alſo I offend, I know,
Tho' to my bounteous hands ſo much they owe.
Few palates do my bitter taſte approve;
How few, alas! are well inform'd by Jove?
Sweet things alone they love; but in the end
They find what bitter guſts thoſe ſweets attend.
Long nauſeouſneſs ſucceeds their ſhort-liv'd joys,
And that which ſo much pleas'd the palate cloys.
The palate juſtly ſuffers for the wrong
She 'as done the ſtomach, into which ſo long
All taſteful food ſhe cramm'd, till now, quite tir'd,
She loaths the dainties ſhe before admir'd.
A grievous ſtench does from the ſtomach riſe,
And from the mouth Lernæan poiſon flies:

* It ſtrengthens the ſtomach, and purges it of choler, wind, and crudities. It is good againſt the dropſy and worms, which occaſioned the name, Wormwood.

Then they 're content to drink my harſher juice,
Which for its bitterneſs they ne'er refuſe.
It does not idle in the ſtomach lie,
But, like ſome god, gives preſent remedy.
(So the warm ſun my vigour does reſtore,
When he returns, and the cold winter's o'er.)
There I a jakes out of a ſtable throw,
And Hercules's labour undergo.
The ſtomach eas'd, its office does repeat,
And with new living fire concocts the meat:
The purple tincture ſoon it does devour,
Nor does that chyle the hungry veins o'erpow'r.
The viſage by degrees freſh roſes ſtain,
And the perfumed breath grows ſweet again.
The good I do Venus herſelf will own;
She, tho' all ſweets, yet loves not ſweets alone:
She wiſely mixes with my juice her joys,
And her delights with bitter things alloys.
We Herbs to different ſtudies are inclin'd,
And every faction does its author find:
Some Epicurus' ſentiments defend,
And follow pleaſure as their only end:
It is their pride and boaſt ſweet fruits to bear,
And on their heads they flow'ry chaplets wear;
Whilſt others, courting rigid Zeno's ſect,
In virtue fruitful, all things elſe neglect:
They love not pomp, or what delights the ſenſe,
And think all's well if they give no offence.

And none a greater Stoic is than I,
The Stoa's pillars on my ſtalk rely.
Let others pleaſe, to profit is my pleaſure,
The love I ſlowly gain is a laſting treaſure.
In towns debauch'd he is the beſt officer
Who moſt cenſorious is and moſt ſevere;
Such I am, and ſuch you, dear Cato! were.
But I no dire revengeful paſſion ſhow,
Our ſchools in wiſe men anger don't allow.
No fault I puniſh more than that which lies
Within my province, wherefore from my eyes
Choler with haſty ſpeed before me flies:
As ſoon as me it in the ſtomach ſpies,
Preparing for a war in martial guiſe,
Not daring in its lurking holes to ſtay,
It makes a ſwift eſcape the backward way:
I follow him at the heels, and by the ſcent
Find out which way the noiſome en'my went.
Of water, too, I drain the fleſh and blood,
When winter threatens a devouring flood.
The Dutchmen with leſs ſkill their country drain,
And turn the courſe of waters back again.
Sometimes th' obſtructed reins too narrow grow,
And the ſalt floods back to their fountains flow:
Unhappy ſtate! the neighb'ring members quake,
And all th' adjacent country ſeems to ſhake:
Then I begin the waters thus to chide;
" Why, ſluggiſh Waters! do you ſtop your tide?

"Glide on with me, I'll break the rampiers down
"That ſtop the channel where you once have flown."
This all the members does rejoice and cheer,
Who of a diſmal deluge ſtood in fear.
  Men-eating worms I from the body ſcare,
And conqu'ring arms againſt the plague prepare.
(Voracious Worm! thou wilt moſt certainly
Heir of our bodies be whene'er we die;
Defer a while the meal which, in the grave,
Of human viands thou ere long muſt have.)
Thoſe vermine infants' bowels make their food,
And love to ſuck their fill of tender blood:
They cannot ſtay till Death ſerves up their feaſt,
But greedily ſnatch up the meat undreſs'd.
Why ſhould I ſpeak of fleas? ſuch foes I hate,
So baſely born, ev'n to enumerate;
Such duſt-born, ſkipping points of life, I ſay,
Whoſe only virtue is to run away.
My triumphs to ſuch numbers do amount,
That I the greater ones can hardly count:
To ſuch a bulk the vaſt account does ſwell,
That I ſome trophies loſe which I ſhould tell.
Oft' wand'ring death is ſcatter'd thro' the ſkies,
And thro' the elements infection flies:
The earth below is ſick, the air above;
Slow rivers prove they're ſickly whilſt they move:
All things Death's arms in cold embraces catch,
Life even the vital air away doth ſnatch.

To remedy ſuch evils God took care,
Nor me as leaſt of med'cines did prepare.
Oft', too, they ſay, I (tho' no giant neither)
Have borne the ſhock of three ſtrong foes together:
Not without reaſon, therefore, or in vain,
Did conqu'ring Rome my honour ſo maintain:
The conqu'ror a triumphal draught of me
Drank as the guerdon of his victory;
Holding the crowned goblet in his hand,
He cry'd aloud, " This cup can health command;
" Nor does it 'cauſe 'tis bitter pleaſe me leſs,
" My toils were ſo in which I met ſucceſs."

WATER-LILY *.

D'YE ſlight me, 'cauſe a bog my belly feeds,
And I am found among a crowd of reeds?
I'm no green vulgar daughter of the Earth,
But to the noble Waters owe my birth.
I was a goddeſs of no mean degree,
But Love, alas! depos'd my deity:
He bade me love, and ſtraight my kindled heart
In Hercules's triumphs bore a part.
I with his fame and actions fell in love,
And limbs, that might become his father Jove;
And, by degrees, me a ſtrong impulſe hurl'd,
That man t' enjoy who conquer'd all the world.

* It takes away morphews and freckles. It is cold in the ſecond degree. Its root and ſeed are drying, but the flower moiſtens. Being applied to the forehead and noſtrils, it cures the headach ariſing from phlegm, and is very cooling. *Fer.*

To tell you true, that night I moſt admir'd
When he got fifty ſons, and was not tir'd.
Now, bluſhing, ſuch deeds hate I to profeſs;
But it was a night of noble wickedneſs.
He (to be ſhort) my honour ſtain'd, and he
Had the firſt flower of my virginity:
But he, by his father Jove's example led,
Rambled, and could not brook a ſingle bed.
Fierce monſtrous beaſts, and tyrants, worſe than they,
All o'er the world he ran to ſeek and ſlay;
But he, the tyrant, for his guerdon ſtill
A maid requires, if he a monſter kill.
All womankind to me his harlots are,
Ev'n goddeſſes in my ſuſpicion ſhare.
Periſh me, let the ſun this water dry,
And may I ſcorch'd in this burnt puddle die,
If I of Juno were not jealous grown,
And thought I ſhew'd her hatred in my own;
(Perhaps, ſaid I, my paſſion he derides,
And I'm the ſcorn of all his virtuous brides.
Grief, anger, ſhame, and fury, vex my mind,
But, maugre all, Love's darts thoſe paſſions blind)
If I from tortures of eternal grief
Did not deſign by death to ſeek relief.
But goddeſſes in love can never die;
Hard fate! our puniſhment is eternity.
Mean time I'm all in tears both night and day,
And as they drop my tedious hours decay.

Into a lake the ſtanding ſhowers grow,
And o'er my feet th' united waters flow;
Then (as the diſmal boaſt of miſery)
I triumph in my grief's fertility,
Till Jove at length, in pity, from above,
Said I ſhould never from that fen remove.
His word my body of its form bereft,
And ſtraight all vaniſh'd that my grief had left.
My knotty root under the earth does ſink,
And makes me of a club too often think.
My thirſty leaves no liquor can ſuffice;
My tears are now return'd into my eyes.
My form its ancient whiteneſs ſtill retains,
And priſtine paleneſs in my cheeks remains.
Now in perpetual mirth my days I paſs;
We Plants, believe me, are an happy race;
We truly feel the ſun's kind influence,
Cool winds and warmer air refreſh our ſenſe.
Nectar in dew does from Aurora riſe,
And earth ambroſia untill'd ſupplies.
I pity man, whom thouſand cares perplex,
And cruel love, that greateſt plague, does vex;
Whilſt mindful of the ills I once endur'd,
His flames by me are quench'd, his wounds are cur'd.
I triumph that my victor I o'erthrow;
Such changes tyrants' thrones ſhould undergo.
Don't wonder, Love! that thee thy ſlave ſhould beat;
Alcides' monſters taught me to defeat:

And leſt, unhappy Boy! thou ſhouldſt believe
All handſome folks thy cruel yoke receive,
I have a waſh that beautifies the face,
Yet chaſtly look in my own watry glaſs.
Diana's mien, and Venus' face I lend,
So to both deities I prove a friend:
But leſt that god ſhould artfully his flame
Conceal, and burn me in another's name,
All heats in general I reſiſt, nay I
To all that 's hot am a ſworn enemy.
Whether diſtracting flames with fury fly
Thro' the burnt brain, like comets thro' the ſky,
Or whether from the belly they aſcend,
And fumes all o'er the body ſwiftly ſend;
Whether with ſulph'rous fire the veins within
They kindle, or juſt ſinge the outward ſkin;
Whate'er they are, my awful juice they fly,
When glimmering thro' the pores they run and die.
Why wink'ſt thou? why doſt ſo with half an eye
Look on me! Oh! my ſleepy root's too nigh:
Beſides, my tedious diſcourſe might make
Any man have but little mind to wake
Without that's help; thus then our leaves we take.

SPLEENWORT; OR, MILTWASTE *.

Me cruel Nature, when ſhe made me, gave
Nor ſtalk, nor ſeed, nor flow'r, as others have.

* The virtues of this Herb are told in its name. Vitruvius ſays, that in Crete, where this Herb abounds, the ſwine have no ſpleen.

The ſun ne'er warms me, nor will Nature' allow
I ſhould in cultivated gardens grow;
And, to augment the torment of my years,
No lovely colour in my leaves appears.
You'd think me heav'n's averſion, and the earth
Had brought me forth at ſome chance ſpurious birth:
Vain outward gaudy ſhews mankind ſurpriſe,
And they reſign their reaſon to their eyes.
To gardens no poor Plant admittance gains,
For there, God wot, the painted tulip reigns:
But the wiſe gods mind no ſuch vanity;
Phœbus, above all tulips, values me,
So does that Coan, old Hippocrates,
Who the next place to Phœbus challenges;
For when the members Nature did divide,
And over ſuch or ſuch bade Herbs preſide,
I of the ſavage and unruly ſpleen,
A ſtubborn province, was created queen:
I that reſtrain, tho' it reſiſt my power,
And bring its ſwelling rebel humour lower:
The paſſages with rampires it in vain
Obſtructs; I quickly break them down again.
All commerce I with ſpeedy force reſtore,
And the ways open all my kingdom o'er.
If I don't take that courſe, it furious grows,
And into every part contagion throws:
With pois'nous vapours it infects the blood,
And life itſelf drinks of a ven'mous flood.

Foul leproſy upon the ſkin appears,
And the chang'd viſage Death's pale colours wears;
Hence watchfulneſs, diſtracting cares and tears,
And pain proceeds, with haſty killing fears:
Hence halters, cruel Love! our necks releaſe
From thy more fatal yoke, and daggers eaſe
Our ſouls of life's incurable diſeaſe.
May no ſuch monſtrous evils good men hurt;
Jove and my virtue all ſuch things avert!
The treaſury Trajan rightly to the ſpleen
Compar'd; for when that ſwells the body's lean.
Why do you laugh? is it becauſe that I
Pretend to know the Roman hiſtory?
I a dull ſtock and not a Plant ſhould be,
Having ſo long kept doctors' company,
If their diſcourſe ſhould not advantage me.
It has, and I great wonders could relate,
But I'm a Plant that ne'er was given to prate.
But to return from whence I have digreſs'd,
I many creatures eaſe by ſpleen oppreſs'd.
Crete, tho' ſo us'd to lie, you may believe,
When for their ſwine their thanks to me they give.
The wretched aſs, whom conſtant labour tires,
Sick of the Spleen my ſpeedy aid deſires.
Eating my leaves (for I relieve his pain)
He cheerfully reſumes his work again.
Now, if you can, vain painted flow'rs admire,
Delights ſcarce ſooner born than they expire;

They 're fair, 'tis true, they 're cheerful, and they 're
But I, tho' ſad, procure a gladſome mien. [green ;

LETTUCE.

Some think your commendation you deſerve,
'Cauſe you of old Auguſtus * did preſerve.
Why did you ſtill prolong that fatal breath
That baniſh'd Ovid, and was Tully's death ?
But I ſuppoſe that neither of 'em you,
Nor orator, nor poet, ever knew ;
Wherefore I wonder not you ſhould comply,
And the world's tyrant ſo far gratify.
Thou truly to all tyrants art of uſe,
Their madneſs flies before thy pow'rful juice :
Their heads with better wreaths, I prithee, crown,
And let the world in them thy kindneſs own.
At thy command forth from its ſcorched heart,
Of tyrants Love, the greateſt does depart ;
Falſe Love, I mean ; for thou ne'er try'ſt to expel
True Love, who, like a good king, governs well :
Juſtly that dog-ſtar, Cupid, thou do'ſt hate,
Whoſe fire kills Herbs, and monſters does create.

UPON THE SAME.

Eat me with bread and oil, you'll ne'er repine,
Or ſay in ſummer you want meat to dine.

* Auguſtus is ſaid to have been preſerved in his ſickneſs by Lettuce. *Plin.*

The world's firſt Golden Age ſuch viands bleſs'd,
I was the chief ingredient at a feaſt:
Large bodies for the demi-gods my juice,
And blood proportionable, did produce:
Then neither fraud, nor force, nor luſt, was known;
Such ills their riſe from too much heat muſt own.
Let their vile name religiouſly be curs'd,
Who to baſe glutt'ny gave dominion firſt;
For thence ſprang vice, whoſe train diſtempers were,
And death did in new ghaſtly ſhapes appear.
Shun cruel tables, that with blood are dy'd,
And banquets by deſtructive Death ſupply'd.
Sick, if not, well, thou'lt Herbs deſire, and we
Shall prove, if not thy meat, thy remedy.

EYEBRIGHT.

Enter, ſweet Stranger! to my eyes reveal
Thyſelf, and gratefully thy poet heal,
If I of Plants have any thing deſerv'd,
Or in my verſe their honour be preſerv'd.
Thus, lying on the graſs, and ſad, pray'd I,
Whilſt nimbly Eyebright came and ſtood juſt by:
I wonder'd that ſo noble an Herb ſo ſoon
Roſe by my ſide like a champignon;
I ſaw her not before, nor did ſhe appear,
For any thing I knew, to be ſo near.
On a black ſtalk, nine inches long, ſhe grew,
With leaves all notch'd, and of a greeniſh hue;

While pretty flowers on her top ſhe bore,
With yellow mix'd and purple ſtreaks all o'er:
I knew her ſtraight, her name and viſage ſuit,
And my glad eyes their patroneſs ſalute.
Strange news! to me ſhe bow'd with flow'r and ſtalk,
And thus, in language fit for her, did talk:
'Twas low, for Herbs that modeſt cuſtom love,
Hoarſe murmurs of the trees they don't approve:
"Thou only Bard! (ſaid ſhe) o' th' verdant race,
Who in thy ſongs do'ſt all our virtues trace;
All men are not allow'd our voice to hear,
Tho' ſuch reſpect to you, our friend, we bear;
We hate the cuſtom which with men obtains,
To ſlight a kind ingenuous poet's pains.
I wiſh my root could heal you, and I'm ſure
Our nation all would gladly ſee the cure;
But if by Nature's ſelf it be withſtood,
The pow'r of Herbs, alas! can do no good:
Nature's injunctions none of us withſtands,
We 're ſlaves to all her Ladyſhip's commands.
Let what ſhe gives your appetite ſuffice,
Nor grumble when ſhe any thing denies,
For ſhe with ſparing hands large gifts ſupplies:
But if ſome malady impair the ſight,
Or wine, or love that's blind, and hates the light;
Or ſurfeits, watchful cares, or putrid air,
Or numerous other things that hurtful are,

Then am I uſeful. If you would engage
To count my conqueſts, or the wars I wage,
The ev'ning-ſtar much ſooner would go down,
And all the fields in dewy nectar drown.
Oft' a ſalt flood, which from the head deſcends,
With the eyes' freſher ſtreams its current blends,
That pain which cauſes many watry eyes,
From its own tears itſelf does here ariſe.
Oft'-times the channels of a paler flood
Are fill'd, and ſwell with ſtrange unnatural blood,
And by a gueſt who thither lately came,
The houſe is ſet all on a raging flame.
Take care, if your ſmall world's bright ſun appear
Blood-red, or he'll ſoon leave your hemiſphere.
Oft' fumes and wand'ring flies obſcure the eye,
And in thoſe clouds ſtrange monſters ſeem to fly.
Fume! what does thy dull ſooty viſage here?
I ſee no fire, that thou ſhouldſt be ſo near:
Or what (with a miſchief) means the troubleſome fly?
I'd as ſoon have the god of Flies as nigh.
Oft'-times the ſight is darken'd with falſe ſnow,
And Night itſelf in blanched robes does go;
Whilſt ſhapes of diſtant things, that real were,
In different colours, or in none, appear.
Tumours and cancers, puſtles, ulcers, why
Should I recount thoſe torments of the eye?
Or thouſands more, which I'm afraid to name,
Leſt when I tell them they my tongue inflame,

Or that which from its hollow length men call
Fiſtula [Pipe] a name too muſical.
All theſe I tame, the air my virtue clears,
Whilſt the clouds vaniſh, and the day appears.
The joyful face ſmiles with diffuſed light,
What comelineſs is mix'd with that delight!
You know Arnoldus (if you 'ave read him o'er)
Did ſight by me to men ſtone-blind reſtore.
'Tis true; and my known virtue ought to be
The more eſteem'd for that ſtrange prodigy.
With my kind leaves he bids you tinge your wines,
And profit with your pleaſure wiſely joins.
Thoſe light will truly give, and ſacred bowls,
Bacchus, will dwell in your enlarged ſouls:
Then call thy boy with a capacious cup,
And with that wine be ſure to fill it up,
Till thou haſt drunk for all the amorous dames
An health to ev'ry letter of their names:
Then drink an health to th' eyes, they won't refuſe
(I'm confident) to pledge you in my juice.
But we loſe time; go; carefully rehearſe
What I have ſaid in never-dying verſe."
She ſpake, then vaniſhing away ſhe flew;
I, Reader! tell you nothing but what's true.

WINTER-CHERRIES*.

When I ſtand muſing (as I often do)
I'm fill'd with ſhame and noble anger too,
To think that all we Plants (except ſome few
Whom Phœbus with more vigour did endue)
Cannot away with winter's nipping fare,
But more effeminate than mankind are.
From father-Sun and mother-Earth in vain
We ſprang; they both your figure ſtill retain.
To our delights why don't the ſeaſons yield,
And baniſh winter from each verdant field?
Why in Elyſian gardens don't we grow,
Where no chill blaſts may on our beauties blow?
We 're halcyons forſooth, and can't with eaſe
Bring forth, unleſs the world be all at peace.
Nor is this ſoftneſs only to be found
Among ſmall Herbs, ſtill creeping on the ground;
Great elms and oaks themſelves it does control,
In their hard bark they wear a tender ſoul.
Theſe huffs effeminacy count no crime;
You'd think in ſummer they to heav'n would climb;
But if the year its back upon them turn,
Each giant creeps back into th' earth his urn;
Here lies—you on his bulky trunk may write.
For ſhame! there lie; let not the mold lie light.

* It is excellent againſt the ſtone and all diſeaſes of the bladder, thence in Latin called *Veſicaria*.

But I, who very hardly dare receive
The name of Shrub (tho' Pliny gives me leave)
The dreadful winter to the combat dare;
Tho' heav'n itſelf ſhould fall I'd take no care.
The Winter comes, and I'm by ſtorms alarm'd,
She comes with legions numberleſs, well-arm'd;
Then I my fruit produce, and having firſt
Expos'd them to her, cry, Now, do thy worſt;
Pour, pour upon them all the rain i' th' ſky,
It will not waſte away their ſcarlet dye:
Pour ſnow, their purple thence will grow more bright,
Some red in a white veſſel gives delight:
So the red lip the ivory teeth befriends,
And a white ſkin the roſy cheeks commends.
With ſuch like rudiments do I inure
My virtue, and the force of it ſecure;
I who rebellious Sickneſs muſt ſubdue,
And ev'ry day freſh victories purſue.
Thus did I learn vaſt ſtones to break in twain,
And ice, at firſt, put me to little pain:
For I not only water do expel,
(That other weaker Plants can do as well)
But ſuch hard rocks of adamant I break,
As Hannibal to paſs would prove too weak.
Unhappy he who, on this rock is toſs'd
And ſhipwreck'd, is in his own waters loſt!
Ev'n Siſyphus might pity and bemoan
The wretch that's tortur'd with an inbred ſtone.

How does he envy, ah! how much, the dead,
Whoſe corpſe with ſtones are only covered!
Would I not help him? might the earth divide
And ſwallow me if I my aid deny'd;
Then I myſelf child of ſome rock muſt own,
And that my roots were veins of hardeſt ſtone:
But truly I do pity ſuch a man,
And the obdurate matter quickly can
Diſſolve; my piercing liquor round it lies,
And ſtraight into a thouſand parts it flies;
The long-obſtructed ſtreams then glide away,
And fragments with them of the ſtone convey.

SUN-DEW; OR, LUSTWORT*.

To ſay the truth, Nature's too kind to thee,
For all thy days thou ſpend'ſt in luxury.
Thy flow'rs are ſilver, and a purple down
Covers thy body like a ſilken gown;
Whilſt, to increaſe thy pomp and pride, each vein
Of thine a golden humour does contain.
Each leaf is hollow made, juſt like a cup,
Which liquor always to the brim fills up.
The drunken ſun cannot exhauſt thy bowl,
Nor Sirius himſelf, that thirſty ſoul.
Full thou ſurvey'ſt the parched fields around,
And enviouſly in thy own floods art drown'd.

* Vulgarly called alſo *Roſa Solis*.

Drinking, the thirſty months thou laugh'ſt away,
The hydra of thy ſpring's reviv'd each day.
Thy Nile from ſecret ſources moiſtens thee,
And bids thee merry, tho' Jove angry be.

UPON THE SAME.

Thy conquer'd ivy, Bacchus! now throw down,
And of this Herb make a far nobler crown.
This Herb with Plenty's bounteous current feeds;
Plenty, which conſtantly itſelf ſucceeds:
So thy extended guts thy godſhip ſwills,
And its own ſelf thy tilted hogſhead fills:
So at Jove's table gods the goblet drain,
But ſtraight with nectar it grows full again.
Nor do the cups the Phrygian ſtripling need
To fill them, each is his own Ganymede.
So in the heart that double luſty bowl,
(In which the ſoul itſelf drinks life and ſoul)
That heav'nly bowl, made by an heav'nly hand,
With purple nectar always crown'd does ſtand:
Of what ſhe ſpends Nature ne'er feels the lack,
What one throws out, another brings it back.
Bleſs'd Plant! brimful of moiſture radical!
No wonder thou the ſpirits, leſt they fall,
Support'ſt, or that conſumptive bodies you,
And the firm limbs, bind with a laſting glue;
Or that life's lamp, which ready is to die,
With ſuch vivacious oil you can ſupply:

No wonder to the lungs thou grateful art,
Thy conſtant waters feed that ſpongy part.
You Venus alſo loves, for tho' you're wet,
Your inſide, like your outſide, is burnt with heat.
Theſe are Luſt's elements; of heat ſhe makes
A ſoul, and moiſture for her body takes.

SOWBREAD *.

The dropping bloody noſe you gently bind,
But looſen the cloſe hemorrhoids behind;
And 'tis but nat'ral that who ſhuts the fore
Should at the ſame time open the back-door.

UPON THE SAME.

See how with pride the grovelling pot-herb ſwells,
And ſaucily the generous vine repels:
Her, that great emp'rors oft' in triumph drew,
A baſe unworthy Colewort does ſubdue:
But tho' o'er that the wretch victorious be,
It cannot ſtand, puiſſant Plant! near thee:
For meat to med'cines ſtill muſt give the place,
That feeds diſeaſes, which away theſe chaſe.
You bravely men and other Plants outvie,
Who no kind office do until they die.

* The Colewort is ſaid to kill the vine, and is itſelf killed by this Herb.

Thy virtues thou, yet living, do'ſt impart,
And ev'n to thy own garden phyſic art.
Tho' on me Greece beſtow'd a graceful name,
Which well the figure of my leaves became,
Th' apothecaries have a new one found,
(Dull knaves! that hate the very Greek word's ſound)
And from a naſty ſow, (whoſe very name
Stinks on my tongue) have ſtigmatiz'd my fame:
But I to them more than to ſwine give bread;
They are the hogs by my large bounty fed.

UPON THE SAME.

My virtue dries all ulcerous running ſores,
And native ſoftneſs to the ſkin reſtores:
My pow'r hard tumours cannot, if I liſt,
Either with water or with fire reſiſt.
Of ſcares, by burning caus'd, I clear the face,
Nor let ſmall-pox the countenance diſgrace.
My conqu'ring hand pimpgenets cannot ſhun,
Nor blackiſh yellow ſpots the face o'er-run;
Morphew departs, and out each freckle flies,
Tho' from our god himſelf they had their riſe.
Nor leave I ought upon the cheeks of laſſes,
To make 'em ſhy of looking in their glaſſes:
Nor doubt I but that ſex much thanks will give,
For that the pangs of childbirth I relieve.

UPON THE SAME.

In my fire that falſe gold, the jaundice, I
Conſume, (true gold ſcarce does more injury)
Black blood, at my command, the back way flows;
Naſty itſelf, thro' naſty holes it goes.
Choler and phlegm, yellow and white, I drain,
They wear the dear metal's colours both in vain.
All meteors from the eyes I drive away,
And whatſoe'er obſcures the ſmall world's day.
I of the gout remove the very ſeed,
And all the humours which that torment breed.
Thorns, ſplinters, nails, I draw, who wond'ring ſtand
How they could ſo come forth without an hand.
This is the leaſt: all poiſons I expel,
And Death force thence, where it was like to dwell.
Infants that know not what it is to live,
Before they 're wretched from the womb I drive.
Oh, Heav'ns! ſays th' ign'rant amaz'd world, what's [this?
Is't a diſtemper to be borne? Yes, 'tis;
For if we make a true account, 'tis more
Advantage life to hinder than reſtore.

DUCKS'-MEAT.

A lusty frog a duck ſwears is ſuch meat
(Fatten'd by me) as Jove himſelf may eat;
And if the learn'd Apicius knew that diſh,
He'd hungry grow, tho' dead, and life would wiſh.

By this our value is in ſome meaſure ſhown;
But I'm not born to fatten ducks alone,
Nor o'er green ponds did Nature carpets ſtrow,
That ſhe to ſlimy frogs good-will might ſhow.
From me great benefits all the world muſt own,
'Tho' long time hid, they 're many yet unknown.
In a ſmall ring the wits of learned men
Run, and the ſame, confin'd, trace o'er agen.
The Plants which Nature thro' the univerſe
In various ſhapes and colours does diſperſe,
Why ſhould I mention? this their ign'rance ſhows,
That ev'n of me mankind ſo little knows:
Something they do, and more I would reveal,
Which Phœbus and the Fates bid me conceal:
But this I'll tell you; dry blew cankers I
And choleric fire of hot St. Anthony,
Do ſoon extinguiſh, and all other flames,
Whatever are their natures or their names.
My native cold and watry temper ſhow
Who my chill parent is, and where I grow:
Thus when the water in the joints enclos'd
Bubbles, by pain and natural heat oppos'd,
The boiling caldron my ſtrong virtue rules,
And ſprinkled with my dew the fury cools.

ROSEMARY.

Touching the bite of the Tarantula.

DAUNIAN Arachne! who ſpinn'ſt all the day,
Nor to Minerva will it ev'n yet give way;
Whilſt thy own bowels thou to lawn doſt weave,
What pleaſure canſt thou from ſuch pains receive?
Why thy ſad hours in ſuch baſe deeds doſt ſpill,
Or do things ſo ridiculouſly ill?
Why doſt thou take delight to ſtop our breath,
Or act the ſerious ſports of cruel Death?
Whom thou ſcarce toucheſt ſtraight to rave he's found,
He raves altho' he hardly feels thy wound.
One atom of thy poiſon in the veins
Dominion ſoon o'er all the body gains;
Within upon the ſoul herſelf it preys,
Which it diſtracts a thouſand cruel ways:
One's ſilent, whilſt another roars aloud;
He's fearful, th'other fights with th'gazing crowd:
This cries, and this his ſides with laughter ſhakes,
A thouſand habits this ſame fury takes;
But all with love of dancing are poſſeſs'd,
All day and night they dance, and never reſt;
As ſoon as muſic from ſtruck ſtrings rebounds,
Or the full pipes breathe forth their magic ſounds,
The ſtiff old woman ſtraight begins a round,
And the lethargic ſleeper quits the ground:
The poor lame fellow, tho' he cannot prance
So nimble as the reſt, he hops a dance:

The old man, whom this merry poiſon fires,
Satyrs themſelves with dancing almoſt tires.
To ſuch a ſad frenetic dance as this
A Siren, ſure, the fitteſt minſtrel is.
Cruel diſtemper! thy wild fury proves
Worſt maſter of the revels which it loves:
When this ſad Pyrrhic meaſure they begin,
Ah! what a weight hangs on their hearts within.
Tell me, Phyſicians! which way ſhall I eaſe
Poor mortals of this ſtrange unknown diſeaſe?
For me may Phœbus never more protect
(Whoſe godhead you and I ſo much reſpect)
If I know any more (to tell you true)
Whence this dire miſchief ſprings, than one of you:
But to the heart (you know it) and the brain,
Thoſe diſtant provinces in which I reign,
(To you, my Friends! I no falſe ſtories feign.)
Auxiliary troops of ſpirits I
Send, and the camp with freſh recruits ſupply.
Many kind Plants beſides me to the war
Attend, nor bluſh that under me they ſoldiers are.
The merry Baum and Rue which ſerpents kills,
Cent'ry, and Saffron, from Cilician hills,
And thou, kind Birthwort! whoſe auſpicious name
From thy good deeds to teeming women came;
The kind Pomegranate alſo does engage,
With her bright arms, and my dear ſiſter Sage.
Berries of Laurel, Myrtle, Tamiriſk,
Ivy nor Juniper are very briſk:

Lavender and ſweet Marjoram march away,
Southernwood and Angelica don't ſtay:
Plantain, the Thiſtle which they Bleſſed call,
And uſeful Wormwood, in their order fall;
Then Carrot, Aniſe, and white Cumin ſeed,
With Gith, that pretty, chaſte, black rogue, proceed:
Next Vipers'-graſs, a Plant but lately known,
And Tormentil, and Roſes red, full blown;
To which I Garlic may, and Onions, join;
All theſe to fight I lead; go, give the ſign.
With indignation I am vex'd, and hate
Soft muſic that great praiſe ſhould arrogate.
Poets will ſay, 'tis true (they 're given to lie)
Willing their miſtreſs ſo to gratify;
But food I ſay it does, not phyſic, prove
To madmen, (witneſs all that are in love!)
She to a ſhort-liv'd folly does ſupply
Conſtant additions of new vanity;
And here (to ſhew her wit and courage too)
Flatters the tyrant whom ſhe ſhould ſubdue.
It is the greateſt part of the diſeaſe
That ſhe does ſo immoderately pleaſe;
'Tis part of the diſeaſe, that ſo they throw
And toſs themſelves, which does for phyſic go,
This plague itſelf is plagu'd ſo night and day,
That, tir'd with labour, it flies quite away.
I alſo lend an hand to eaſe her grief,
When from her own ſtrength Nature ſeeks relief.

'Tis something that I do; but truly I
Think the disease is its own remedy.

MINT.

TAKE my advice, Men! and no riddles use;
Why will not you rather to speak plainly chuse?
If you're afraid your secrets should be told,
Your tongues you (that's the surest way) may hold.
Why should we Sense, with barbarous cruelty,
Put to the rack, to make it tell a lie?
Of this just reason I have to complain;
Old dubious saws long since my fame do stain.
How many ill conjectures grounded are
On this, that I must ne'er be set in war *.
The reader of a thing obscure will be
Inclin'd to carp, and to take liberty:
Hence one says Mint Mars does entirely hate,
And Mint to Venus also is ingrate.
Mars loves as well to get as to destroy
Mankind, the booty of his fierce employ.
Mint from the seed all seminal virtue takes,
And of brisk men dull frigid eunuchs makes.
And then (to make the spreading error creep
Farther and farther still) they hear I keep

* Aristotle gave the world a rule, Neither eat Mint nor plant it in time of war; which being variously understood by his followers, the said Herb does, in his speech, make out that it can with no sense be interpreted to its dishonour, by telling her virtues in cheering the spirits, and exciting the stomach.

Their milk from thickning; but how this I do
I'll tell you on these terms alone, that you
Shall me before resolve how first you gain
Notions of things, then how you them retain.
This I dare boldly say, the fire of love
With genial heat I gently do improve;
Tho' constantly the noble human seed
That sacred lamp with vital oil does feed:
For what to Venus e'er will faithful seem,
If heat itself an enemy you esteem?
Whether I know her Proserpine can tell,
I by my punishment am clear'd too well.
Besides, nought more the stomach rectifies,
Or strengthens the digestive faculties.
Such, such a Plant, that feeds the am'rous flame,
If Venus love not, she is much to blame;
And with ingratitude the seed I may
Charge, if to me great thanks it do not pay.
But other causes others have assign'd,
Who make the reason which they cannot find.
They say wounds, if I touch them, bleed anew,
And I wound wounds themselves; 'tis very true;
For I a dry astringent pow'r retain,
By which all ulcers of their gore I drain:
I bloody-fluxes stop; my virtue's sure
The wounds that Nature's self has made to cure:
On bites of serpents and mad dogs I seize,
And them (war's hurts are slight) I heal with ease.

I ſcarce dare mention that from galling I,
If in the hand I'm borne, preſerve the thigh.
D' ye laugh? laugh on, ſo I with laughter may
Requite the ſcandals which on me you lay;
Of which ſome I omit, and the true cauſe
Of all will tell, (and then ſhe made a pauſe.)
Tho' I abhor my ſorrows to recall,
(And here the tears down her green cheeks did fall)
I did not always in your gardens grow,
But once a comely virgin's face could ſhow.
Black tho' I was, (Cocytus was my ſire)
Yet beauty had to kindle amorous fire.
Leſt any one ſhould think this is a lie,
Ovid will tell you ſo as well as I.
My father had a pleaſant ſhady grove,
Where he perpetually to walk did love;
There mournful yew and funeral cypreſs grow,
Whoſe melancholy greens no winter know,
With other trees whoſe looks their ſorrow ſhow.
Here Pluto (Jove of th' infernal throne)
Saw me as I was walking all alone:
He ſaw me, and was pleas'd; for his deſire
At any face, or white or black, takes fire.
Ah! if you knew him but ſo well as I,
He is an unſatiable deity:
He never ſtands a tender maid to woo,
But cruelly by violence falls to.
He caught me, tho' I fled till out of breath
I was; I thought he would have been my death.

What could I do? his ſtrength was far above
Mine; he the ſtrength has of his brother Jove.
In ſhort, me to a ſecret cave he led,
And there the rav'ſher got my maidenhead;
But in the midſt of all his wickedneſs,
(How it fell out the poets don't expreſs,
Nor can you think that I, poor creature, well
The cauſe, at ſuch a time as that, could tell)
Lo! Proſerpine, his wife, came in, and found
My wretched limbs all proſtrate on the ground.
She no excuſe would hear, nor me again
Let riſe; but ſaid, there fix'd I ſhould remain.
She ſpake, and ſtraight my body I perceiv'd
(Each limb diſſolv'd) of all its ſtrength bereav'd:
My veins are all ſtraight rooted in the earth,
(From whence my ruddy ſtalk receives its birth)
A bluſhing crown of flowers adorn my head,
My leaves are jagged, of a darkiſh red;
And ſo a lovely bed of Mint I make
In the ſame poſture that ſhe did me take.
But the infernal raviſher my fate
('Twould move a devil) did commiſerate;
And his reſpect for what I was to ſhow,
Great virtue on my leaves he did beſtow:
Rich qualities to humble me he gave,
Of which my fragrant ſmell's the leaſt I have.
All this the Ancients underſtood was true,
And thence their great religious caution grew:

They thought me ſacred to th' Infernal King,
And that 'twas ominous for me to ſpring
In times of death and danger, nor would let
Me in the midſt of war and blood be ſet:
But they miſtaken were; for I take care
That others be not caught in his ſtrong ſnare,
Nor paſs the Stygian lake without gray hair.

MISSELTOE.

Welcome, thrice welcome, ſacred Miſſeltoe!
The greateſt gift Teutates * does beſtow:
With more religion Druid prieſts invoke
Thee, than thy ſacred ſturdy ſire the oak:
Raiſe holy altars from the verdant ground,
And ſtrow your various flowers all around;
Next let the prieſt, when to the gods he 'as paid
All due devotion, and his oriſons made,
Cloth'd all in white, by the attendants be
With hands and necks rais'd to the ſacred tree;
Where, that he may more freely it receive,
Let him firſt beg the ſhrub's indulgent leave,
And when he 'as cut it with a golden hook,
Let the expecting crowd, that upward look,
Array'd in white, the falling treaſure meet,
And catch it in a pure, clean, ſnowy ſheet;

* Teutates and Heſus were the two greateſt gods of the Gauls.

Then let two ſpotleſs bulls before him lie,
And with their grateful blood the altars dye;
Which when you 'ave done, then feaſt, and dance, and ſing,
And let the wood with their loud voices ring.
Such honour had the Miſſeltoe, which hate
And envy to it did in gods create.
Th' Egyptian temples do not louder ſound,
When there again the ador'd heifer's found;
Nor did ſhe ſeem leſs majeſty to wear
(If any tree there Miſſeltoe did bear)
When in Dodona's grove upon an oak
She grew, that in its hollow oracles ſpoke;
For this one Plant the Ancients, above all
Protectreſs of their life did think and call;
She only from the earth loaths to be born,
And on the meaner ground to tread thinks ſcorn;
Nor did ſhe from prolific matter come,
But, like the world, from Nothing's fruitful womb:
Others are ſet, and grow by human care,
Her leaves the product of mere Nature are;
Hence ſerpents ſhe of their black ſtings diſarms,
And baffles (man's worſe poiſon) magic charms,
Beſides all other kinds of maladies
(How numberleſs, alas!) that on us ſeize.
Nor wonder that all other ills it beats,
Since the Herculean ſickneſs it defeats;
Than which none more chimera-like appears,
One part of it is dead, the other raves and tears.

This monfter fhe fubdues, hence 'twas believ'd
(And truly tho' 'twas falfe it was received
On no bad grounds) that leffer monfters fhe
Could make the trophies of her victory.
The Ancients thought fo in the infancy
O' th' world, they then knew nought of fallacy:
Nor was fhe then thought only to defend
And guard life's fort, but life itfelf to lend,
Ev'n the womb's fruitful foil t' improve and mend:
For what foil barren to that Plant can be,
Which without feed has its nativity?
Or what to her clofe fhut and lock'd can feem,
That makes th' obdurate oak's hard entrails teem?
That from a tree comes forth in pangs and pain,
Like the Athenian goddefs from Jove's brain?
But if that's true, which ancient bards have writ,
(For tho' they're ancient bards I queftion it)
I wonder not that Miffeltoe's fo kind
To us, fince her the ties of Nature bind:
For men of old (if you'll believe 'twas fo)
Born out of oaks, were the firft Miffeltoe.

CELANDINE*.

See how the yellow gall the delug'd eyes,
And faffron-jaundice, the whole vifage dyes!

* A decoction hereof with white-wine and anife-feeds, is faid to be excellent againft the jaundice. Matthiolus fays it will cure the fame, being applied to the foles of the feet.

That colour which on gold we think ſo fair,
That hue which moſt adorns the treſſed hair,
When, like a tyrant, it unjuſtly gains
Another's throne, and there uſurping reigns,
It frightful grows, and far more beauty lacks
Than, with their ſaddle-noſes, duſky Blacks:
So, I ſuppoſe, to the gods' eyes the ſoul
O th' miſer looks as yellow and as foul:
For if with gold alone the ſoul's inflam'd,
It has th' *aurigo* from the metal nam'd.
This the almighty gods can only cure,
And reaſon, more than Herbs, our minds ſecure.
But th' outward jaundice does our help implore,
When with gall-floods the body's dy'd all o'er.
I cannot tell what others do, but I
Give to that jaundice preſent remedy;
Nor do I raſhly undertake the cure,
I an aſſiſtant have that makes me ſure.
Nature's own patent gives me my command;
See, here's her own ſign manual, here's her hand:
Thro' leaves, and ſtalk, and roots themſelves, it goes,
The yellow blood thro' my whole body flows:
Whoever me diſſects would think, nay ſwear,
O'erflown with gall I ſick o' the jaundice were:
Mean time my ſkin all o'er is freſh and green,
And colour good, as in an Herb you'ave ſeen.

UPON THE SAME.

Ten thoufand bleffings may the gods beftow
Upon thee, tuneful Swallow! and ne'er fhow
They bear the leaft refentment of that crime
Which thou haft fuffer'd for fo long a time:
For that the ufe of a choice Plant thou'ft taught,
Which ne'er before blind * man had feen or fought.
Of thee large rent now ev'ry houfe receives
For th' nefts which they to thee let under th' eaves.
The painted Spring's whole train on thee attend,
Yet nought thou feeft which thou canft more commend:
For this it is that makes thee all things fee,
This Plant a fpecial favour has for thee:
When thou com'ft th' others come; that won't fuffice;
At thy return away this with thee flies:
Yet we to it muft more engagements own;
'Tis a fmall thing to heal the eyes alone;
Ten thoufand torments of our life it cures,
From which good Fortune you, blefs'd Birds! fecures:
The gripes † by its approach it mitigates,
And tortures of an aching tooth abates:
The golden jaundice quickly it defeats,
And with gilt arms at his own weapons beats;
Jaundice, which *morbus regius* they call
From a king, but falfely; 'tis tyrannical.

* The extraordinary faculty of this Herb in healing the eyes is faid to have been found out by the Swallow, who cures its young therewith. † Its other virtues.

Foul ulcers, too, that from the body bud,
This dries and drains of all their putrid blood.
A gaping wound's one lip, like any brother,
Approaches nearer and ſalutes the other.
Nor do thy ſhankers now, foul Luſt! remain,
But all thy ſhelling ſcabs rub off again.
The burning cancer, and the tetter, fly,
Whilſt all hot, angry, red biles, ſink and dry.
Diſeaſes paint wears off, and places where
The ſun once printed kiſſes, diſappear:
Purg'd of all blemiſhes, the ſmiling face
Is cleaner far, and ſmoother, than its glaſs.
Kind friend to th' eyes! who gives not only ſight,
But with it alſo objects that delight:
She may be ſeen, as well as come to ſee,
Whatever woman's doubly bleſs'd by thee.
The gaudy Spring by thy approach is known,
And blooming beauties thy arrival own.

ROCKET*.

You! who in ſacred wedlock coupled are,
(Where all joys lawful, all joys ſeemly are)
Be not ſhy to eat of my leaves heartily,
They do not hunger only ſatisfy,
They'll be a banquet to you all the night,
On them the body chews with freſh delight.

* Rocket is hot and dry in the third degree, of a contrary nature to Lettuce, a friend to Venus and her affairs.

But you! chaſte lads and girls, that lie alone,
And none of love's enjoyments yet have known,
Take care, and ſtand aloof, if you are wiſe,
Touch not this Plant, Venus her ſacrifice;
I bring a poiſon for your modeſties.
In my graſs, like a ſnake, blind Cupid lies,
And with my juice his deadly weapons dyes.
The god of Gardens no Herb values more,
Or courts, preſents, or does himſelf devour.
This is the reaſon, hot Priapus! why
(As I ſuppoſe) you itch ſo conſtantly,
And that your arms ſtill ready are to do
The wicked buſineſs that you put 'em to.
Let him who love would ſhun from me remove,
Says Naſo, that Hippocrates in love:
Yet to his table I was duly ſerv'd,
Who me, choice dainty! to himſelf reſerv'd.
Prove that from love he ever would be free,
More chaſte than Lettuce I'll conſent to be.
The praiſe of chaſtity let others keep,
And gratify the widow'd bed with ſleep,
Action's my taſk, bold lovers to engage,
And to precipitate the ſportive rage.
Frankly I own my nature, I delight
In love unmix'd and reſtleſs appetite.
From curing maladies I ſeek no fame,
(Tho' ev'n for that I might put in my claim)
Fuel I bring that pleaſure may not ceaſe:
Take that from life, and life is a diſeaſe.

If thus you like me, make me your repaſt,
I would not gratify a Stoic's taſte.
If morals groſs and crude be your delight,
Marſh-weeds can beſt oblige your appetite.
Go from my Book, foul bawd of Pleaſure! go,
(For what have I, lewd Bawd! with thee to do?)
From theſe chaſte Herbs and their chaſte poet flee;
Us thou offend'ſt, and we 're aſham'd of thee.
With ſuch a proſtitute to come in view,
Chaſte matrons think a ſin and ſcandal too:
Bluſhes pale Water-lilies' cheeks o'erſpread,
To be with thee in the ſame volume read,
Who ſtill the ſad remembrance does retain
How, when a nymph, in thee ſhe gorg'd her bane;
That very night to Alcides' arms betray'd,
Thro' thy deceitful force, the yielding maid.
While I but mention thee (who would believe?)
And but thy image in my thoughts conceive,
Thro' all my bones I felt thy lightning move,
The ſure forerunner of approaching Love.
With this, of old, he us'd t' attack my ſenſe,
Before the dreadful fight he did commence:
But love and luſt I now alike deteſt,
My Muſe and mind with nobler themes poſſeſs'd.
Laſcivious Plant! ſome other poet find,
For Ovid's or Catullus' verſe deſign'd,
For thou in mine ſhalt have no place at all,
Or in the liſt of pois'nous Herbs ſhalt fall.

The flames of Lust of fuel have no need;
His appetite without thy sauce can feed.
Love, in our very diet, finds his way,
And makes the guards that should defend betray.
Our other ills permit our Herbs to cure,
Venus! who plague enough in thee endure:
Those Plants which Nature made of sex devoid,
Improperly are in thy work employ'd:
Yet Venus, too, much skill'd in impious arts,
These foreign aids to her own use converts.
Who'd think green Plants, with constant dew supply'd,
(Life's friends design'd) such mortal flame should hide?
What wonder, therefore, if, when monarchs feast,
Lust is of Luxury the constant guest?
When he * who with the herd on herbage fed,
Could find her lurking in the verdant bed.

* Pythagoras.

End of the First Book.

OF PLANTS.

BOOK II. OF HERBS.

Tranſlated by J. O.

Cybele's * holy myſteries now begin;
Hence, all you Males! for you it is a ſin
One moment in this hallow'd place to ſtay,
You gibing Males! who no devotion pay:
Into the female ſecrets do not pry,
Or them at leaſt pretend you don't deſcry:
'Tis rude that ſex to inſpect too narrowly,
Whoſe outſide with ſuch beauties treats the eye.
Auſpicious glory of th' enlighten'd ſky,
More ſacred than thy brother's deity,
With thy whole horns, kind Luna! favour me,
And let thy creſcent face look luckily.
Thee many names and offices adorn;
By thy kind aid poor tender babes are born †;
Thou eaſeſt women when their labour's hard,
And the womb's vital gates you, Jana; guard,
The menſtruous courſes you bring down, and them
Changing, convert into a milky ſtream.

* This book treating only of female plants, is dedicated to Cybele, at whoſe myſteries no man ought to be preſent.

† The moon is called Lucina, the goddeſs of Midwifery; and Jana, as the ſun, Janus; and Mena, as ſhe is the governeſs of women's menſtruous courſes.

Women, unconſtant as the ſea, you bind
To rules; both flow according to thy mind.
Oh! may the rivulets of my fancy glide
By the ſame ſecret force which move the tide:
Be thou the midwife to my teeming brain,
And let it fruitful be, as free from pain.
 It was the time when April decks the year,
And the glad fields in pompous garbs appear,
That the recruited Plants now leave their beds,
And at the Sun's command dare ſhew their heads.
How pleas'd they are the heav'ns again to ſee!
And that from Winter's fetters they are free!
The world around, and ſiſters whom they love,
They view; ſuch objects, ſure, their ſmiles muſt move.
Straight their great work the diligent nation ply,
And bus'neſs mind amidſt their luxury.
Each one contends, with all her might and main,
Each day an higher verdant crown to gain;
Each one does leaves with beauteous flow'rs produce,
And haſtens to be fit for human uſe.
Equipp'd, they make no ſtay, but, one and all,
Intent upon th' affair, a council call.
Each tribe (for there are many) as of old
Their cuſtom was, a ſeparate council hold.
They 're near a thouſand tribes; their minutes well
An hundred clerk-like tongues can ſcarcely tell;
Nor could I know them (for they don't reveal
Their ſacred acts, but cautiouſly conceal)

Had not my Laurel told me (whoſe tribe's name
The Female's ſtyl'd) which ſummon'd thither came:
The ſecrets of the houſe ſhe open laid,
Telling how each Herb ſpoke, and what it ſaid.
Ye gentle, florid part of humankind!
(To you and not to men I ſpeak) pray mind
My words, and them moſt ſtedfaſtly believe,
Which from the Delphic Laurel you receive.
'Twas midnight (whilſt the moon, at full, ſhone bright,
And her cheeks ſeem'd to ſwell with moiſten'd light)
When on their looſen'd roots the Plants that grow
In th' Oxford Gardens did to council go,
And ſuch, I mean, as ſuccour women's pains;
Orpheus, you'd think, had mov'd them by his ſtrains.
They met upon a bed, neat, ſmooth, and round,
And ſoftly ſate in order on the ground.
Mugwort firſt took her place, (at that time ſhe
The Preſident of the Council chanc'd to be)
Birthwort, her predeceſſor in the chair,
Next ſate, whoſe virtues breeding women ſhare;
Then Baum, with ſmiles and pleaſure in her face,
Without regard to dignity, took place;
Thyme, Sav'ry, Wormwood, which looks ruggedly,
'Sparagus, Southernwood, both he and ſhe,
And Crocus, too, glad ſtill ſoft maids to cheer,
Once a ſad lover, merry does appear;
And thou, Amaracus! who a trifling ill
Didſt mourn, when thou the fragrant box didſt ſpill

Of ointment in this place, now far more ſweet
Than the occaſion of thy death doſt meet;
There Lilies with red Peonies find a room,
And purple Violets the place perfume;
Yea, noiſome Devil's-turd, becauſe ſhe knows
Her worth, into that ſweet Aſſembly goes;
The milky Lettuce, too, does thither move,
And Water-lily, tho' a foe to love;
Sweet Ladies-glove with ſtinking Horehound come,
And kind Germander, which relieves the womb;
Poley and Calamint, which on mountains dwell,
But againſt froſt and ſnow are guarded well;
Next vital Sage, well join'd with wholeſome Rue,
And Flower-de-luce, nam'd from its ſplendid hue;
Then Hartwort (much more grateful to the deer
Than Dittany) with Wild-carrots, enters there;
Conſound and Plantain, frugal Herbs are they,
Who all things keep ſafe under lock and key;
And Maſterwort, whoſe name dominion wears,
With her who an Angelic title bears;
Lavender, Corn-roſe, Penny-royal ſate,
And that which cats eſteem ſo delicate;
After a while, ſlow-pac'd, with much ado,
Ground-pine, with her ſhort legs, crept thither too;
Behind the reſt Camomile could not ſtay,
Thro' ſtones and craggy rocks ſhe cut her way;
From Spaniſh woods the wholeſome Vett'ny came,
The only glory of the Vettons' name;

Minerva's Plant did likewiſe thither hie,
And was companion to Mercury ;
There ſcarlet Madder, too, a place did find,
Drawing a train of its long root behind;
Thither at laſt, too, Dittany did repair,
Half-ſtarv'd, and griev'd to leave the Cretan air;
With her the bold ſtrong Sowbread came along,
And hundreds more, in ſhort, to them did throng:
Many, beſides, from th' Indies croſs'd the main,
Plants that of our chill clime did much complain;
But Oxford's fame, thro' both the Indies told,
Eas'd all their cares, and warm'd the nipping cold.
The pigmy and gigantic ſons o' th' Wood
Betwixt all theſe in equal ſpaces ſtood,
Spreading their verdant glories round above,
Which did delight and admiration move.
The ſcarlet Oak, that worms for fruit brings forth,
Which the Heſperian fruit exceed in worth,
Was there, good women's maladies to eaſe,
And ſprains, which we as truly call diſeaſe;
Her treacherouſly the Ivy does embrace,
And kills the tree with kindneſs in her face;
Hardly in nobler ſcarlet clad, the Roſe,
The envy of thoſe ſtately berries grows;
Near which the Birch her rigid arms extends,
And Savin, which kind ſinners much befriends;
Next them the Beech, with limbs ſo ſtrong and large,
With the Buſh purchas'd at ſo ſmall a charge;

Nor did the golden Quince herſelf conceal,
Or Myrrh, whoſe wounds diſtemper'd mortals heal;
Laſtly (ye Plants! whom I forget to name,
Excuſe me) Juniper, too, thither came,
And Laurel, ſacred to the ſons of Fame:
Such rev'rend heads did the green Senate fill,
The night was calm, all things were huſh'd and ſtill;
Each Plant, with liſt'ning leaves, ſtood mute to hear
Their Pres'dent ſpeak, and theſe her dictates were.

MUGWORT [THE PRESIDENT] BEGINS.

After long cold, grave Matrons! in this place,
For the good of our's (I hope) and human race,
This ſacred Garden we, whilſt others ſleep,
Bleſs'd April's ſacred nights come here to keep.
Our thanks to thee, great father Sun! we pay,
And to thee, Luna! for thy nurſing ray,
Who the bright witneſs art of what we ſay.
But the ſhort moments of our liberty
(Who fetter'd at day-break again muſt lie)
Let us improve, and our affairs attend,
Nor feſtal hours, like idle mortals, ſpend.
'Tis fit at this time we ſhould truly live,
When winters us of half our life deprive.
Come then, from uſeful pains make no delay,
Winter will give you too much time to play.
How many foes Jove has to you aſſign'd,
And what a taſk you in the conqueſt find,

numerous and great fatigues you 'ave try'd,
And to th' oppreſs'd kind aid have oft' ſupply'd.
You 're gen'rous, noble, Female Plants! nor ought
The glory of your ſex cheap to be bought:
The ſelf-ſame battles you muſt wage again,
Which will as long as teeming wombs remain:
But that to war you may ſecurer go,
'Tis fit the foe's and your own ſtrength you know.
Call the bright Moon to witneſs what you ſay,
Whilſt each ſuch tributes to their country pay:
Let each one willingly both teach and learn,
Nor let that move their envy or their ſcorn.
And firſt, I think, upon the menſtruous ſource,
My conſtant taſk, 'tis fit we ſhould diſcourſe;
From what orig'nal ſpring that Nilus goes,
Or by what influx it ſo oft' o'erflows;
What will reſtrain, and what drive on, the tide,
And what goods or what miſchiefs in it glide:
See you its ſecret myſteries diſcloſe,
A thing ſo weighty 'tis no ſhame to expoſe.
She ſpake, the reſt began, and hotly all
(As ſcholars uſe) upon the bus'neſs fall.

PENNY-ROYAL.

First Penny-royal, to advance her fame,
(And from her mouth a grateful odour came)
Tells 'em, they ſay, how many ills that ſource
Threatens, whene'er it ſtops its purple courſe:

That foggy dulneſs in the limbs attends,
And under its own weight the body bends.
Things ne'er ſo pleaſant once now will not pleaſe,
And life itſelf becomes a mere diſeaſe:
Ulcers and inflammations, too, it breeds,
And dreadful bloody vomiting ſucceeds.
  The womb now lab'ring ſeems to ſtrive for breath,
And the foul ſtruggles with a ſhort-liv'd death:
The lungs oppreſs'd hard reſpiration make,
And breathleſs coughs ſoon all the fabric ſhake:
Yea, the proud foes the capitol, in time,
And all the mind's well-guarded towers, climb:
Hence watchful nights, but frightful dreams proceed,
And minds that ſuffer true, falſe evils breed.
Dropſy at laſt the wearied life o'erflows,
Which floating from its ſhipwreck'd veſſel goes.
How oft,' alas! poor, tender, blooming Maids!
(Before Love's pow'r their kinder hearts invades)
Does this ſad malady with clouds o'ercaſt,
Which all the longing lover's paſſion blaſt?
The face looks green, the ruddy lips grow pale,
Like roſes tinctur'd by a ſulph'rous gale:
To aſhes, coals, and lime, their appetite
(A loathſome treat) their ſtomach does invite:
But 'tis a ſin to ſay the ladies eat
Such things; thoſe are the vile diſtemper's meat.
Thus Penny-royal ſpake, (more paſſionate
In words than human voice can ere relate)

At which, they ſay, the whole Aſſembly, mov'd,
Wept o'er the loſs of beauty once belov'd:
So that good company, when day returns,
The ſetting of the moon, their miſtreſs, mourns.
She told the means, too, by what ſecret aid
That conqu'ring ill did all the limbs invade;
Thro' the womb's arteries, ſaid ſhe, it goes,
And unto all the noted paſſes flows;
(Whether the womb's magnetic pow'r is the cauſe,
As the whole body's floods the kidney draws,
Or that the moon, the queen of fluid things,
Directs and rules that like the ocean's ſprings)
But if the gates it finds ſo fortify'd,
That the due current that way be deny'd,
It rages and it ſwells; the groſs part ſtays:
And in the neighb'ring parts dire revels plays,
Whilſt the more liquid parts does upward riſe,
And into veins of purer nature flies:
It taints the roſy channels as it goes,
And all the ſoil's corrupted where it flows:
The bane its journey thro' the *cava* takes,
And fierce attacks upon the liver makes,
And heart, whoſe right-ſide avenue it commands,
Whilſt that for fear amaz'd and trembling ſtands;
But the left region ſo well-guarded ſeems,
That in her walls ſafe ſhe herſelf eſteems:
Nor ſtops it there, but on the lungs does ſeize,
Where drawing breath itſelf grows a diſeaſe:

Thence thro' a ſmall propontis carried down,
It makes the port, and takes the left-ſide town.
What will ſuffice that covetous diſeaſe,
Which all the heart's vaſt treaſures cannot pleaſe?
But avarice ſtill craves for more and more,
And if it all things don't enjoy is poor.
Th' *aörta* its wild legions next engage,
Bleſs me! how uncontroll'd in that they rage!
The diſtant head and heel no ſafety knows,
Thro' ev'ry part th' unbounded victor flows;
But as the blood thro' all the body's us'd
To run, this plague thro' all the blood's diffus'd.
  They all agreed; for none of them e'er doubt,
How life in purple circles wheels about:
That Plant they'd hiſs out of their company,
Which Harvey's circulation ſhould deny.

DITTANY.

DITTANY, tho' cold winds her lips did cloſe,
Put on her winter-gown, and up ſhe roſe;
For what can hinder Grecian Plants to be
Rhetorical, when they occaſion ſee?
For Penny-royal painting that diſeaſe,
Her nice and quainter fancy did not pleaſe.
She ſpake to what the other did omit,
And pleas'd herſelf with her own prating wit.
  If this dire poiſon's force their duller eyes
Can't ſee whilſt in the body warm it lies,

Think with yourſelves how it offends the ſenſe,
When all alone (nay dead) if driven thence:
Let dogs or men by chance but taſte of it,
(But on dogs rather let ſuch miſchiefs light)
Madneſs the tainted ſoul invades within,
And ſordid leproſy rough-caſts the ſkin;
Whilſt panting dogs quite raving mad appear,
And thirſt for water, but the water fear.
It ſtabs an half-man by abortive birth,
And from the womb (Oh, horrid!) drags it forth.
Now fancy children born of ſuch baſe blood,
Which gives the embryo poiſon 'ſtead of food:
Nor is this all; for corn and vines, too, know
Its baneful force, by which fields barren grow.
A tree, once us'd to bear, its fruit denies;
If young it fades, and if new-born it dies.
Witneſs the Ivies; ('tis no ſhame) to you
What good does their med'cinal virtue do?
Thee alſo, Rue! who all things doſt o'ercome,
From this ſtrong venom muſt receive thy doom.
Plants dry and yellow, as in autumn, grow,
And Herbs as if they had the jaundice ſhow.
Offended bees with one ſmall touch it drives
(Tho' murm'ring to be exil'd) from their hives:
The wretched creatures leave their golden ſtore,
And ſweet abodes, which they muſt ſee no more:
Nor do ſtrong vats their wines within defend,
Which in their very youth draw to their end:

But I name things of little eminence;
The warlike ſword itſelf makes no defence;
And metals, which ſo oft' have won the field,
To this effeminate diſtemper yield.
For frequent bloodſhed, blood now vengeance takes,
And mortal wounds ev'n in the weapons makes.
Beauty, the thing for which we women love,
Th' occaſion of keen ſwords does often prove;
Let then the female-plague thoſe ſwords rebate,
Yea, ev'n the mem'ry of what's ſo ingrate.
Maids with proud thoughts, alas! themſelves deceive,
Whilſt each herſelf a goddeſs does believe;
Like tyrants they miſuſe the pow'r they have,
And make their very worſhipper their ſlave:
But if they truly would conſider things,
And think what filth each month returning brings,
If they their cheating glaſſes then would mind,
(Which now they think ſo faithful and ſo kind)
How beautiful they are they needs muſt find.
The ſmooth corrupter of their looks they taint,
Which long and certain ſigns at that time paint;
Each maid in that ſtill ſuffers the diſgrace
Of being pois'ner to her own ſweet face.
What an unnatural diſtemper's this,
Which ev'n to their own ſhadows mortal is?
  Thus ſhe; and as much more ſhe was about
To ſay, the whole Aſſembly gave a ſhout:

Thro' all the boughs and all the leaves around
There went an angry, loud, and murm'ring, ſound;
For they of women's honour tender are,
Tho' ſhe thereof had ſeem'd to take no care.

PLANTAIN; OR, WAYBREAD*.

Next Waybread roſe, propt by her ſeven nerves,
Who th' honour of a noble houſe preſerves.
Her nature is aſtringent, which great hate
Of her among blood-letters does create.
But her no quarrels more than words engage,
Nor does ſhe ever, like mad mortals, rage.
I envy not the praiſes which to you,
Ye num'rous race of Leachy kind! are due:
The purple tyrant wiſely you expel,
And baniſhing ſuch murdering blood do well;
Proudly he o'er the vital ſpirits reigns,
And cruelly inſults in all the veins:
Arms he of dreadful poiſon bears about,
And leads of maladies a mighty rout.
But why ſhould you ſuch vain additions make,
And ills already great for greater take?
Whilſt you ſo tragically paint the foe,
More dreadful, but leſs credible they grow.
He leſſens, that would raiſe an hero's fame
By lies; falſe praiſes cloud a glorious name.

* The many virtues of Plantain are to be read in Pliny and Fernelius. The old phyſician Themiſon wrote a whole volume concerning them.

One Geryon ſlew, (a mighty feat) and he
Three bodies had; in this I can't agree;
You any monſter eaſily ſubdue,
But I ſcarce think ſuch monſtrous lies are true.
Greek poets, Ditt'ny! you who oft' have read,
Keep up their art of lying tho' they 're dead:
But what their countrymen once ſaid of you
Pray mind it, for I fear 'tis very true.
Let that which blaſts the corn a goddeſs be,
I cannot think her courſes e'er could be
So hurtful to the grain: and then, I'm ſure,
A vat of luſty wine is more ſecure
From danger, where a thouſand damſels ſit,
Than if one drunken beldam come at it.
None, 'cauſe a taſte of that rank blood they 'ave had,
But for the place from whence it comes run mad.
Madneſs of dogs moſt certainly it cures,
As thy own author Pliny us aſſures.
Whether by women's touch the bee's annoy'd
I cannot tell; but maids ſhould bees avoid.
Rue ought to let the fatal blood remain
Within its veſſel, and ne'er force the vein,
If for her pains nought but her death ſhe gain.
Thou, Ivy! too, more careful ought'ſt to be
Both of thyſelf and thy great deity.
But when ſhe ſays ſwords' edges it rebates,
I could rejoice, methinks, and bleſs the Fates,
If that be all the miſchief it creates.

I only wiſh a beauty might remain
Perfect, till that the looking-glaſs would ſtain.
But I waſte time.——By this ſufficiently
Theſe Grecian wonders are o'erthrown, that I
No woman ſee of this dread poiſon die.
 At which the Bramble roſe, (whoſe fluent tongue
With thorny ſharpneſs arm'd is neatly hung)
And ſaid, All ſerpents have the gift to be,
As much as theſe, from their own venom free;
Nor would the baſiliſk, whoſe baneful eye
All other kills, by his own image die.
This mov'd 'em, and they quaver'd with a ſmile,
Some wind you would have thought paſs'd by the while;
For by that Cynic ſhrub great freedom's ſhown,
Which he by conſtant uſe has made his own.
 Waybread at this took pet, diſpleas'd that ſhe
By ſuch an one ſhould interrupted be,
And ſate her down; when ſtraight before 'em all
Theſe words the Roſe from her fair lips let fall,
Whilſt modeſt bluſhes beautify'd her face,
Like thoſe in ſpring that blooming flowers grace.

THE ROSE.

You, Cretan Dittany! who ſuch poiſons mix
(For on my kinſman Wild-roſe I'll not fix)
With women's blood, ſee what a ſprightly grace
And ardent ſcarlet decks their lovely face!

No flower, no, not Flora's ſelf to ſight
Or touch than them appears more ſoft and white;
But at the ſame time alſo take a view
Of man's rough prickly limbs and ruſty hue:
You'll ſay with Butchers'-broom ſweet Violets grow,
And mourn that Lilies ſhould with Brambles go:
Then let their eyes and reaſon teſtify
Whether pure veins their purer limbs ſupply.
You cannot ſay that dying-vat is bad
From whence a florid colour may be had:
But this, you'll ſay, committed ſome offence,
Or the juſt Moon had never driv'n it thence.
No; you 're miſtaken; it has done no wrong,
But all the fault lies in its copious throng:
'Tis therefore from the reſt, by the great law
Of public ſafety, order'd to withdraw.
So, if a nation to ſuch numbers riſe,
That them their native country can't ſuffice,
To ſeek new lands ſome part of them are ſent,
And ſuffer, for their country, baniſhment.
But why does womankind ſo much abound;
Oh! think not Nature e'er was laviſh found:
Nor does ſhe lay up riches to the end
(Like prodigals) ſhe more may have to ſpend.
Whate'er ſhe does is good; what then remains?
No room for doubt, the thing itſelf explains.
This bloody vintage, ſee, laſts all the year,
And the freſh chyle duly does life repair:

The preſſes ſtill with juice ſwell to the brink,
Of which their fill the hot male-bodies drink;
But temperate women ſeem to kiſs the cup,
Nor does their heat ſuck all the liquor up.
A vital treaſure for great uſes ſhe
Lays up, leſt Nature ſhould a bankrupt be;
Leſt both the parents' ſhares of mingled love
Too little to beget a child ſhould prove;
Unleſs the mother ſome addition made,
To perfect the deſign they both had laid;
One part of it is red, the other white as ſnow,
And both from ſprings of the ſame colour flow:
One wood, you'd think, and th' other ſtones did yield,
Whilſt out of both a living houſe they build:
The former, of ſuch poiſoning arts accus'd,
In which you fancy venom is infus'd,
(Perhaps with this the fatal robe was dy'd
Which Hercules had ſent him from his bride)
The tender embryo's body does compoſe,
And for ten months to kind nutrition goes.
Nor is this all, but on the mother's breaſt
Again it meets the little infant gueſt;
Then chang'd it comes both in its hue and courſe,
Like Arethuſa thro' a ſecret ſource:
Then from the paps it flows in double tides,
Far whiter than the banks in which it glides.
The Golden Age, of old, ſuch rivers drank,
That ſprang from dugs of ev'ry happy bank.

The candor and ſimplicity of men
Deſerv'd the milky food of th' infants then.
How juſt and prudent is Dame Nature's care!
Who for each age does proper food prepare?
Before the liver's form'd, the mother's blood
Supplies the babe with neceſſary food;
And when to work the novice Heat firſt goes,
In its new ſhop, and ſcarce its bus'neſs knows,
Its firſt employment is in ſcarlet-grain
(A childiſh taſk for learners) milk to ſtain;
At laſt in ev'ry kind its ſkill it tries,
And ſpends itſelf in curioſities.
Now ſay it venom in the members breeds,
With which her child the careful mother feeds.
Their bane to infants cruel ſtepdames give,
Whilſt mothers ſuck from better ſprings derive.
But how, you'll ſay, does that which infants love
So prejudicial to their mothers prove?
'Tis lively whilſt i' th' native womb it lies,
But by the veins flung out, decays and dies;
Then ſhipwreck'd on the neighb'ring ſhore it lies,
And gaſping wiſhes for its obſequies;
This being deny'd, new ſtrength it does recover,
And flies in vapours all the body over.
But what firſt taſte fruits from the tree receive,
When rotten they no natural ſign can give:
So in pure ſeed the life's white manſion ſtands,
But ſurly Death corrupted ſeed commands.

Of Life Death 's no good witneſs; do not think
A living man can like a carcaſs ſtink.
But you a running ſtream (that duly flows,
And no corruption by long-ſtanding knows)
To be as hurtful in their nature hold,
As if from ſome corrupted ſprings they roll'd:
But now do you go on, (for much you know,
Part falſe, I think, part very true) and ſhow
If any hurtful ſeeds you can deſcry
In human bodies, (where they often lie)
How quickly Nature's orders they obey,
When to the blood the floodgates once give way.
The courſes this, perhaps, may putrify,
'Tis dangerous to keep bad company.
Is this the blood's fault? I'm no witch, I hope,
Tho' with my juice a man ſhould poiſon tope.
She ſpake, and with ambroſial odours clos'd
Her ſpeech, which many there, they ſay, oppos'd.
At laſt the Laurel's thoughts they all deſir'd;
Th' oracular Laurel's words they all admir'd.

LAUREL.

That fate which frequently attends on all
Great men, does thee, egregious Blood! befal.
Some praiſe what others too much diſapprove,
Exceſſive in their hatred as their love.
This man in prej'dice, that in favour lies,
Whilſt to their ears a various rumour flies.

Hear Dittany; ſhe ſays each woman's known
The moon to bring each month with poiſons down.
Nor need we mingle Herbs or charms, each one
Medea proves in her own blood alone.
Yet the fair Roſe, if all be true ſhe 'as ſaid,
Each woman has in that a goddeſs made:
From thence, ſhe ſays, life ſpins its purple thread,
And tells you how the half-form'd embryo's fed.
But if my dear Apollo be not unkind,
Nor I in vain his ſacred temples bind,
Such blood nor form nor nouriſhment ſupplies,
And ſo that triumphs in falſe victories.
The many reaſons here I need not tell
Which me induce, this one will ſerve as well:
Woman's the only animal we know
Whoſe veins with ſuch immoderate courſes flow:
Yet every beaſt produces young, we ſee,
And outdoes mankind in fertility.
How many do ſmall mice at one time breed!
Scorning the product of the Trojan ſteed,
With what a bulk does your vaſt el'phant come!
She ſeems to have a caſtle in her womb.
Thy circuits, Luna! comes almoſt tell,
By kindling, near like thee their bellies ſwell;
And yet their young no bank of blood maintains,
Or nouriſhment that flows from gaping veins:
For when i' th' amorous war a couple vies,
A living ſpark from the male's body flies,

Which the womb's thirſty jaws, when they begin
To feel and taſte, immediately ſuck in
Into receſſes, which ſo turn and wind,
That them diſſecters' eyes can hardly find:
In the ſame chambers part o' th' female life
Keeps a briſk virgin, fit to make a wife;
Them Venus joins, and with connubial love
In mingled flames they both begin to move.
There redneſs, caus'd by motion, you may ſee,
And blood, the ſign of loſt virginity.
Of their invention, blood, they 're mighty glad,
And to inventions eaſy 'tis to add:
The ſmalleſt ſpark 'tis eaſy to augment
If you can get it proper nutriment.
You need not introduce new flames beſides,
Th' elixir by this touch rich ſtore provides.
All fires, (provide them fuel) think it ſhame
To yield to Veſta's never-dying flame.
Thus the firſt generous drop of blood is bred,
Which proudly ſcorns hereafter to be fed.
With the ſeed's native white at firſt 'tis fill'd,
And takes delight with its own ſtock to build;
But when that fails, then life grows burthenſome,
And aid it wiſely borrows from the womb;
Herſelf the ſtuff ſhe borrows purifies,
And of a roſy ſcarlet colour dyes;
From whom the womb's full paps, with thirſty lips
Into its veiny mouths it daily ſips.

Look where a child's new-born, how ſoon it goes,
And that food ſwallows which of old it knows:
Kindly it plays and ſmiles upon the breaſt,
O'erjoy'd again to find its former feaſt.
Shall Nature glut her tender young with blood?
No; that can't be their elemental food;
That, ſure, would make them ſavage, were it ſo,
And all mankind fierce Cannibals would grow:
I Nero's acts could hardly then diſpraiſe,
Nor would Oreſtes' fury wonder raiſe,
If mother's blood for wretched infants firſt
By Heav'n is deſign'd, to ſatisfy their thirſt.
Yet ſtill that flux's cauſe we don't reveal,
Which does ſo cautiouſly its ſpring conceal.
A female brute whate'er her womb contains
Cheriſhes, yet no moon diſſolves her veins.
Some qual'ty then we for the cauſe muſt find
Which is peculiar to the female kind.
This is the only thing which I can tell,
That man in form and ſoftneſs they excel.
No horſe a mare outdoes, nor bull a cow,
If thro' this Io, thro' that Jove may low.
The lions ſavage are both he and ſhe,
And in their aſpect equally agree.
The ſhe is no neater lick'd than rough he-bears,
Nor fitter to adorn the ſtarry ſpheres.
She-tigers have not than males more ſpotted charms,
And ſows are clean as boars whom thunder arms.

No painted bird for want of feathers fcorns
Her mate, but Heav'n them both alike adorns.
The fwans (who are fo downy, foft, and white)
Leda can fcarce diftinguifh by the fight.
In fifhes you no difference can fee,
Both in the glittering of their fcales agree:
Venus in them, arm'd by their naked fex,
The darts of Beauty needed not t' annex:
In them no killing eyes the conqueft gain,
Their fmell alone their triumphs can maintain.
But human race in flames more bright are try'd,
By reafon and refplendent heat fupply'd.
Nor is fruition their original,
(A paltry, fhort-liv'd joy) oh, may they all
Perifh who that alone true pleafure call.
Kind Nature beauty has on maids beftow'd,
And with a thoufand charms all o'er endow'd;
Men fhe with golden fetters chofe to bind,
And with fweet force their roving fouls confin'd;
Nor women made for beftial delight,
But with chafte pleafure, too, to rape the fight:
Hence all that blood which after preffing fqueeze
Out of the groffer chyle, as dregs or lees,
And that which on the body and the chin
With dufky clouds o'ercafts the hairy fkin,
From their fair bodies conftantly fhe drains,
And Luna her commiffion for it obtains:

But if thoſe ſlimy floods, by chance ſuppreſs'd,
Exceſſive heats to nutriment digeſt,
Manlike in time the women's cheeks become,
And they, poor Iphis! undergo thy doom.
So Phaëthuſa, once ſo ſmooth and fair,
Wonder'd to feel her face o'ergrown with hair;
Her hand ſhe often blam'd, and for a glaſs
She call'd, to look how 'twas; but there, alas!
A bearded chin and lips ſhe found, and then,
Blaming the glaſs, felt with her hands agen:
Long looking, ſhe her own ſtrange viſage fear'd,
And ſtarted when an unknown voice ſhe heard.
Thus and much more (but who can all relate)
Apollo's Laurel did expatiate:
Hence to the wonders of the teeming bed
The way itſelf their grave diſcourſes led:
Then Birthwort, Juno's Plant, the court commands
To ſpeak, who women lends her midwife hands.
Willing enough to talk, her ſtalk ſhe rais'd,
And her own virtues very boldly praiſ'd.

BIRTHWORT.

Green berries I, and ſeed, and flowers, bear;
And Patroneſs o' th' Womb is my character:
But deeper yet my great perfection lies,
For as my chiefeſt fruit my root I prize.
This Nature did with the womb's figure ſeal,
Nor ſuffer'd me its virtues to conceal;

Thence am I call'd Earth's Apple; ſuch a one
As in th' Heſperian gardens there are none.
Had this, fair Atalanta! then been thrown
Before you, when you ran, (I know you'll own)
Now you are married, it has ſo ſweet a face,
You for this ſooner would have ſlack'd your pace,
Than that for which you loſt your maiden race.
Hence in her own embraces mother Earth
Retains and hugs it where ſhe gave it birth,
Nor truſts dull trees with things of ſo much worth.
Eaſing all births, 'tis I the wonder prove
O' th' earth our univerſal parents' love.
That poet was no fool, nor did he lie,
Who ſaid each Herb could ſhew a Deity.
Nor ſhould we Egypt's piety deſpiſe,
Which to green gods paid daily ſacrifice.
Rome! why doſt jeer? "They are in gardens born,
" And vegetable gods the fields adorn."
What's Ceres elſe but corn, and Bacchus vines?
And every holy plain with godheads ſhines.
And I Lucina am; for I make way,
And life's ſtraight folding-doors wide open lay.
Oh! pardon, Luna! what I raſhly ſpoke,
That from my lips ſuch impious words have broke.
In me, in me, Lucina! you remain,
And in diſguiſe a goddeſs I contain;
For in my root's ſmall circle you incloſe
Part of thoſe virtues which your wiſdom knows.

Triumphant conqueſts over Death I make;
Arms from myſelf, but power from thee, I take:
O'erſeer o' th' ways, the body's roads I clear,
And ſtreets, as I that city's edile were.
Straight paſſages I widen, ſtops remove,
And every obſtacle down headlong ſhove:
The ſoul and her attendants nothing ſtays,
But they may freely come and go their ways.
I alſo dry each ſink and fenny flood,
Leſt the ſwift meſſengers ſhould ſtick i' th' mud.
But to my ſtricter charge committed is
The pleaſant, ſacred, way that leads to bliſs.
When dawning Life Cimmerian night would leave,
And its relation, Day's bright rays, perceive,
I keep Death off the womb's ſtraight paſſages,
That them the watchful foe can ne'er poſſeſs.
You'd wonder (for great Nature, when ſhe ſhows
Her greateſt wonders, nothing greater does)
Which way the narrow womb, ſo void of pain,
Such an unwieldy weight could e'er contain;
How ſuch a bulk, forc'd from its native place,
Thro' ſuch a narrow avenue ſhould paſs.
When ſuch croſs motions teeming wombs attain,
Firſt to dilate, then fold themſelves again;
What knots unties, and ſolid bones divides,
And what again unites the diſtant ſides;
But this I cannot do, nor all the earth,
Wherever pow'rful Plants receive their birth.

'Tis true, both I and you, my Siſters! ſhare
In this great work, and humble handmaids are;
But God, you know, performs the chiefeſt part;
This work is fit for the Almighty art:
He to the growing embryo bids the womb
Extend, and bids the limbs for that make room:
He parts the meeting rocks, and with his hand
They gently forth at open order ſtand.
Mean time th' induſtrious infant, loath to ſtay,
Struggles, and with his head would make its way;
Whilſt the tormented labouring wretch would fain
Be eas'd both of her burthen and her pain.
Them, too, my piercing heat both inſtigates,
And the inclining quarters ſeparates.
Sometimes within his mother's fatal womb,
Before he is born, the infant finds his tomb.
Life from her native ſoil Death's terrors chaſe,
Who fertile is herſelf in ſuch a place.
Th' included carcaſs breathes forth dire perfumes,
And its own grave the buried corpſe conſumes.
Strange! the prepoſterous child's his mother's death,
And, dead, deprives his living tomb of breath.
From that ſad fate, ye Gods! chaſte women guard,
And let it be adultery's reward.
As far as in me lies I ſave the tree,
And take the rotten thing away with me.
The goods to drown 'tis the beſt way I think,
Leſt in a ſtorm the ſhip and all ſhould ſink.

Rash infants often make escapes, unbind
Their cords, and leave their luggage all behind:
Their thicker coats and thinner shirts they leave,
And that sweet cake where they their food receive.
Lucina twice poor women then implore,
Their throes return, altho' the birth be o'er.
Here to the womb again my aid I lend,
And hard as well as noisome work attend.
What I to cleanse the passage undergo
You wot, but let no man, I pray you, know;
For if he do, 'twill Cupid's power impair,
Nor will he such an awe o'er mortals bear.
But tho' in me a secret virtue lie,
Of pulling darts from deepest wounds, yet I
Thy pleasant darts, kind Cupid! never strove
To draw; that me no friend to th' womb would prove.
In me one virtue I myself admire,
(Ah! who can know themselves as they desire)
For 'tis a riddle; wherefore I would know
How I so oft' have done the thing I do:
For tho' I life to human creatures give,
Yet if he eats of me no fish can live;
As soon as me they taste, away they fly
Under the water, and in silence die.
What may the cause of this strange quarrel be?
I know them not, nor have they injur'd me:
No animals than these more fruitful prove,
Whom yet I hate, tho' fruitfulness I love.

Th' effect is plain and eaſy to be found,
But deep the cauſe lies rooted under ground.

THE MASTIC TREE.

Then Chian Maſtic thus began. Said ſhe,
This ſuits not with this opportunity.
To fiſhes, Siſter, do whate'er you pleaſe,
Depopulate and poiſon all the ſea;
This let that Herb beware, who back again
Made Glaucus' fiſhes bounce into the main,
Which with new forms the watry world ſupplies,
And changes men into ſea-deities.
But theſe are trifles; ſince curs'd Savin here
Dares in a throng of pious Plants appear,
She who the altars of the womb profanes,
And deep in blood that living temple ſtains;
Impatient to be wicked, ſhe deſtroys
The naked hopes of thouſand future boys.
'Tis one of War's extreme and greateſt harms
To ſnatch an infant from his mother's arms;
But here the womb (oh, ſtrange!) cloſe ſhut and barr'd,
The mother's very bowels are no guard.
Whilſt poiſons only in a civil rage,
And ling'ring ills the ſtep-dames' hands engage,
Oh! ſimple Colchis, rude and ignorant,
Who the new arts of wickedneſs doſt want!
Medea, Savin knows a better way
Than thy Medea-children to deſtroy.

Thou, Progne! know'ſt not how revenge to take;
Let Itys live; thy ſtay amends will make.
Lie with thy huſband, tho' againſt thy will,
Let thy ſwell'd womb with hopes fierce Tereus fill:
When you are ripe for hate, let Savin come,
And dreſs the fatal banquet in your womb;
The reeking bits let thy curs'd huſband take,
And meat of thine and his own bowels make.
Abortion caus'd for ſpite is a generous crime,
Th' effect of pleaſure at the preſent time;
Officious Savin is at the expenſe
Of ſo much wit and ſo much diligence
To make the lewdeſt whore moſt chaſte appear,
That of her crimes no token ſhe may wear.
To make her lechery frugal, and provide
That thy apartment, Luſt! be not made too wide,
The wrinkles from her belly to remove,
Which with diſgrace may her a mother prove,
If men ſhould all conſpire with ſuch a Plant,
The whole world ſoon inhabitants would want;
You then the brutes alone in vain would ſee,
And no employment for your art would be.
But you, who ſnatch the rapid wheeling days,
And Fate beguile with art and ſweet delays;
You verdant Conſtellations here below,
To whom their birth and fate all mortals owe;
Do you take care this tree-like hag to burn,
Who makes the womb the infant's living urn:

Let Nature's mortal foe receive her doom,
And with moiſt laurel purge the tainted room:
Or let her live in Crete, her native home,
And with her virtues purge Paſiphae's womb;
There two miſcarriages ſhe might have made
At once; oh! prize now never to be had!
But I ſuppoſe ſhe never would have torn,
Or kept that hopeful monſter from being born;
For ſeven boys, whoſe death to her was dear,
That half-man was to ſwallow ev'ry year.
Haſte, Savin! home to Crete; we won't complain
Tho' Ditt'ny, too, with thee return again.
  At this they were divided, and the ſound
Of various murmurs flew the court around;
Whilſt ſharpen'd leaves did Savin's anger ſhow,
As when a lion briſtles at his foe:
Thoſe three degrees of heat which ſhe before
From Nature had, her anger now made four.

SAVIN.

Thou wretched Shrub! (in paſſionate tones) ſaid ſhe,
Doſt thou pretend to be my enemy?
Doſt thou, a Plant which thro' the world is known
Diſparage? All mankind my virtues own,
Whilſt thou for hollow teeth a med'cine art,
And ſcarcely bear'ſt in barbers' ſhops a part.
Go, hang thy tables up, to ſhew thy vows,
And with thy trophies load thy bending boughs:

Among the monuments of thy chivalry,
The greateſt ſome old rotten tooth will be.
What? cauſe thy tears ſtops weeping rheum, and lays
A dam which currents of defluction ſtays,
Doſt think thy force can keep the womb ſo right,
As to reſtrain conception's liquid flight?
No, ſure; but thou by cheats a name haſt ſought,
And wouldſt, tho' vile thou art, too dear be bought.
By falſe pretences you on Fame impoſe,
But I the truth of what I am diſcloſe.
Children, I own, I from the belly wreſt;
Go now, of my confeſſion make your beſt.
I own, I ſay, nor canſt thou for thy heart,
Tho' thou more tender than the mother wert,
Prevent me with thy tears, or all thy art.
Thee let the pregnant mother eat, and fence
With thee her womb, with pitch and frankincenſe;
A loadſtone, too, about her let her bear;
(That, I ſuppoſe, does thy great virtues wear)
For that, we know, fix'd to their native place,
Retains the iron-ſeeds of human race*;
Let emeralds and coral her adorn,
And many jaſpers on her fingers worn;
With diamonds and pearl, child of a ſhell,
Whoſe fiſh herſelf and that ſecures ſo well;
But, above all, let her the eagle's ſtone
Carry, and two of them, not only one;

* Sennertus, and other phyſicians, recommend theſe ſtones to be held in the hand, or otherwiſe applied, to thoſe who fear abortion.

For nothing ſtrengthens Nature more than that,
Nothing the womb does more corroborate;
Let her do all, yet all ſhall prove in vain,
If once acceſs to her my juices gain.
I own it, nor will I ungrateful be
To bounteous Nature, leſt I anger thee,
Tho' thou haſt done thy worſt to anger me.
'Tis Nature's gift, whoſe wiſdom I eſteem
Much more than thine, tho' thou a Cato ſeem.
Into the womb by ſtealth I never creep,
Nor force myſelf on women whilſt they ſleep:
I'd rather far, untouch'd, uncropt, be ſeen
In gardens always growing, freſh and green.
I'm gather'd, pounded, and th' untimely blow
Muſt give, which I myſelf firſt undergo.
You juſtly blame Medea, but, for ſhame,
The guiltleſs knife ſhe cut with do not blame.
The liſt'ning trees will think thee drunk with wine,
If thou of drunkenneſs accuſe the vine.
Nor this bare pow'r do I to Heaven owe,
Which greater virtues did on me beſtow;
For I the courſes and the after-birth,
With the dead member's deadly weight, bring forth.
Poor infants from their native gaol I free,
And with aſtoniſh'd eyes the ſun they ſee.
But nothing can they find worth ſo much pain,
And would return into the dark again:
They wiſh my fatal draught had come before,
Ere the great work of life was yet quite o'er.

That which you call a crime I own to be,
But you muſt lay it on men, and not on me.
Ah! what at firſt would tender infants give
(When newly form'd they ſcarce began live)
For this, if poſſibly they could but know,
Thro' what a paſſage they muſt after go?
Ah! why did Heav'n (with rev'rence let me ſay)
Into this world make ſuch a narrow way?
You'd think the child by his pains to heav'n ſhould go,
Whilſt he thro' pain is born to a world of woe.
Thro' deadly ſtrugglings he receives his breath,
And pangs i'th' birth reſemble thoſe of death.
Mothers the name of mothers dearly buy,
And purchaſe pleaſure at a rate too high.
But thou, child-bearing Woman! who no eaſe
Canſt find, (tormented with a dear diſeaſe)
Whoſe tortur'd bowels that ſweet viper gnaws,
(That living burthen, of thy rack the cauſe)
Take but my leaves, with ſpeed their virtue try,
(In them, believe me, ſovereign juices lie)
Thy barriers they by force ſoon open lay,
And out o'th' world 'tis ſcarce a wider way.
The infant ripe, drops from the bows, and cries,
The whilſt his half-dead mother ſilent lies;
But hearing him, ſhe ſoon forgets her pain,
And thinks to do that pleaſant trick again.
But thou, on whom the ſilver Moon's moiſt rays
(For the womb's night its Lady-moon obeys)

No influence have; I charge thee do not take
My leaves, but haſte, tho' loaded, from 'em make.
Down from the trees by my force ſhaken, all
The fruits, tho' ne'er ſo green and ſour, fall:
(This I foretel you, leſt, when you 're aggriev'd,
You then ſhould ſay by me you are deceiv'd)
For innocent girls ſin ſore againſt their will,
None ever wiſh'd her womb a child might fill.
Yet if I were not in the world, they would
Incline to do the fact, but never could.
But many other Plants the ſame can do,
Wherefore if baniſhment you think my due,
Companions in it I ſhall have I know,
And into Crete a troop of us ſhall go.
Thou, Myrrh! for one ſhalt go, who heretofore
For lewdneſs puniſh'd, now deſerv'ſt the more;
But, thou, tho' lewd, didſt not prevent the birth *,
Tho' 'twas a crime to bring the infant forth;
And All-heal too, who Death affrights, muſt pack,
With Galbanum and Gum-armoniac;
And Benzoin, to Cyrenians never ſold,
Unleſs they brought the ſweeter ſmell of gold:
Ground-pine and Saffron, too, will exiles prove,
Saffron, once Crocus, yellow-dy'd by Love;
Madder and Coloquintida with me,
And Dragon too, the Cretan ſhore muſt ſee;
And Sowbread too, whoſe ſecret darts are found
Child-bearing women diſtantly to wound;

* Plants that procure abortion.

And Rue, as noble a Plant as any is here,
Phyſic to other things, is poiſon there.
What ſhould I name the reſt? we make a throng;
Thou, Birthwort! too, with us muſt troop along;
Nor muſt you, Preſident! behind us ſtay,
Riſe then, and into exile come away.
She ended with great favour and applauſe,
And there's no doubt but ſhe obtain'd her cauſe.
The Mugwort next began, whoſe awful face
Check'd all their ſtirs, and ſilence fill'd the place.

MUGWORT [THE PRESIDENT.]

If the Green nation, Siſter! baniſh thee,
I'll go along, and bear thee company:
If we for women's faults muſt bear diſgrace,
We, the Ecbolics *, are a wretched race.
On her head let it (if a woman ſhall
To her own bowels prove inhuman) fall,
Not part of death's ſad penalties, but all.
Why are we ſent for at untimely hours;
That day when lucky Juno † comes is ours.
She's wicked, and deſerves the worſt of fates,
Who to ill ends that time anticipates;
For the admitted juice knows no delay,
But torpid as it is will force its way:
Nor is it hard a fabric to confound,
Ill fix'd within itſelf, or to the ground.

* Ecbolics, i. e. ſuch medicines as bring away dead children, or cauſe abortion.
† The goddeſs of Childbearing.

A ſhip well tackled, which the winds may ſcorn,
Ill rigg'd, away by ev'ry guſt is borne.
The elements of life what can't o'erthrow?
No wonder, life itſelf is an empty ſhow.
Sometimes it ſmells a candle's ſnuff and dies *;
The weaker fume before the ſtronger flies.
Let Cæſar round the globe with his Eagles fly,
And grieve with Jove to ſhare equality;
Yet what a trifle might have been his death,
Preventing all his triumphs with his breath?
One farthing candle, by its dying flame,
Would have depriv'd the world of his great name;
Nor had we had ſuch numerous ſupplies
Of mighty lords and new-found deities.
Thou, Alexander! too, might'ſt ſo have dy'd,
(How well the world that ſmell had gratify'd!)
(Thou! who, a petty king of th' univerſe,
Thought'ſt with thyſelf alone thou didſt converſe;
Yea, the ſame chance might have remov'd from us
Both thee, Jove's ſon, and thy Bucephalus,
And if thy groom † his candle out had ſlept,
Bucephala he from being built had kept.
So ſlight a ſtink you'd ſcarce think this could do,
Unleſs the niceneſs of the womb you knew:
How ſhy it is of an ungrateful ſmell,
You by its ſecret coyneſs know full well.

* The ſmell of a candle's ſnuff, it is ſaid, will make women miſcarry.

† The ſtink of the ſnuff of a candle is ſaid alſo to cauſe abortion in mares.

(But that's no prudence in it, ſince that place
For pleaſure no good ſituation has.)
But greedily ſweet things it meets half way,
And into its own boſom does convey:
The ſecret cauſe of which effect to find
Is hard, nor have the learned it aſſign'd.
Let 's ſee if any thing farther we can ſay;
The night grows late, and now 'tis toward day,
Wherefore a thouſand wonders that remain
Concerning childbirth us may entertain
I' th' next Aſſembly, when we meet again.
You, Myrrh! who from a line of monarchs came,
The glory of their angry fathers' name,
Sacred and grateful to the gods, again
A virgin, and ſhalt always ſo remain;
You know the ſecrets of the female kind,
And what you know, I hope, can call to mind:
Then, ſurely, you the nature of a ſmell,
Among rich odours born, muſt clearly tell:
Beſides, when formerly their reaſon ſtrove,
Weak as it was, to cope with conqu'ring Love,
You in the middle of the fight would fall,
They ſay, and lie in fits hyſterical.
Come, then, let 's hear what you at laſt can ſay:
Speak, modeſt Myrrh! why do you ſo delay?
Why do the tears run down thy bark ſo faſt?
Thou need'ſt not bluſh for faults ſo long time paſt:
Ah! happy faults, that can ſuch tears produce,
Which to the world are of ſuch ſovereign uſe.

No woman e'er deſerv'd, before this time,
So much for virtue as thou for a crime.

MYRRH.

At laſt when Myrrh had wip'd her od'rous tears,
Putting aſide her leaves, her face and head ſhe rears:
Then ſhe began, but bluſh'd and ſtopp'd anon,
Nor could ſhe be entreated to go on.
So a dry pump at firſt will hardly go,
From whence a river by and by will flow.
'Tis known the female tribe, of all that live,
Above the reſt is far more talkative,
And that a Plant, who was a maid before,
Speaks faſter much than all the reſt, and more.
Her ſtory, therefore, gently ſhe begins,
And with her art upon the audience wins.
Her wars with unchaſte Love ſhe reckon'd o'er;
For fear of doing ill, what ills ſhe bore!
She told how oft' her breaſts her hands had try'd
To ſtab, whilſt chaſte fair Myrrha might have dy'd;
How long and oft' unequally with Love,
Who even goddeſſes ſubdu'd, ſhe ſtrove;
And many things beſides, which I'll not name,
Since Ovid with more wit has ſaid the ſame:
Then of the womb's intollerable pains
(She 'ad felt them) ſadly ſhe, 'tis ſaid, complains.
Had I an hundred fluent women's tongues,
Or made of ſturdy oak a pair of lungs,

The kinds, and forms, and names, of cruel Fate,
And monſtrous ſhapes, I hardly could relate.
What meant the gods, Life's native ſeat to fill
With ſuch a numerous hoſt, ſo arm'd to kill?
What is it, Pleaſure! guards man's happineſs,
If thy chief city, Pain, thy foe poſſeſs?
But me my Laurel told, then moſt ſhe rail'd
When the ſad fits o' th' mother ſhe bewail'd.
Woe to the body's wretched town, ſaid ſhe,
When the womb's fort contains the enemy!
Thence baneful vapours every way they throw,
Which rout the conquer'd ſoul where'er they go;
The troops of flying ſpirits they deſtroy,
As ſtenches from Avernus birds annoy.
If they the ſtomach ſeize, the appetite is gone,
And taſks deſign'd for veins lie by half done.
No meats it now endures, much leſs requires,
And the crude kitchen cools for want of fires.
If they the heart invade, that's walls they ſhake,
And in the vital work confuſion make;
New waves they thither bring, but thoſe the vein
Which *vena cava* is call'd, bears back again.
The art'ries by weak pulſings notify,
Or elſe by none, the ſoul's then paſſing by.
By that black cloud all joy's extinguiſh'd quite,
And hopes, that make the mind look gay and bright:
So when grim Stygian ſhades, they ſay, appear,
The candles tremble, and go out for fear.

Grief, fear, and hatred of the light, invade
Their heart, the ſoul a ſcene of trouble is made:
Then ſtraight the jaws themſelves, the torturing ill
With deadly ſtrangling vapours ſtrives to fill.
T'ethereal air it never ſhews deſire,
But, ſalamander-like, lives all on fire.
Sometimes theſe reſtleſs plagues the head do ſeize,
And rifle all the ſoul's rich palaces.
In barbarous triumph led, then Reaſon ſtands,
Hoodwink'd and manacled her eyes and hands;
For the poor wretch a merry madneſs takes,
And her ſad ſides with doleful laughter ſhakes.
Her dreams (in vain awake) ſhe tells, and thoſe,
If no body admire, amaz'd ſhe ſhows.
She fears or threatens ev'ry thing ſhe ſpies;
A piteous ſhe, and dreadful, object lies:
One ſeems to rave, and from her ſparkling eyes
Fierce fire darts forth; another throbs and cries:
Some Death's exacteſt image ſeizes, ſo
That ſleep compar'd to that like life would ſhow:
A ſolid dulneſs all the ſenſes keeps
Lock'd up; no ſoul of trees more ſoundly ſleeps.
Her breath, if any from her noſtrils go,
The down from Poppy-tops would hardly blow.
If you one dead with her compar'd, you'd ſay
Two dead ones there, or two hyſteric lay.
But then ('tis ſtrange, and yet we muſt believe
What we from long experience receive)

Under her noſe ſtrong-ſmelling odours lay,
The other vapours theſe will chaſe away:
Burn partridge feathers, hair of man or beaſt,
Horns, leather, warts, that horſe's legs moleſt,
All theſe are good, but what ſtrange accident
Firſt found them out, or could ſuch cures invent?
Burn oil, that Nature from hard rocks diſtils,
And ſulphur, which all things with odour fills,
To which the ſtinking aſſa you may add,
And oil which from the beaver's ſtones is had:
Thro' pores, nerves, arteries, and all, they go,
And throng t' invade the labouring womb below:
But that each avenue, which upward lies,
With mounds and ſtrong-built rampires fortifies;
Then being contracted to a narrower place,
(For force decays, ſpread in too wide a ſpace)
No humours foul, or vapours, there muſt ſtay,
But out it purges them the lower way.
On foreign parts now no aſſaults ſhe makes,
But care of her domeſtic ſafety takes.
Carthage to Hann'bal now ſends no ſupply,
To break the force of diſtant Italy,
When from their walls with horror they deſcry
The threat'ning Roman darts and Eagles fly.
This for the noſe; the womb, then, you muſt pleaſe
With ſuch ſweet odours as the gods appeaſe;
With Cinnamon, and Goat-bread, Ladanum,
With healing Balſam, and my oily Gum;

Civet, and Muſk, and Amber, too, apply,
(Scarce yet well known to human induſtry)
With all that my rich native ſoil ſupplies,
Such fumes as from the phœnix' neſt ariſe;
Nor fear from gods to take their Frankincenſe;
In ſuch a pious caſe 'tis no offence:
Then ſhalt thou ſee the limbs faint motions make,
A certain ſign that now the ſoul's awake;
Then will the guts, with an unuſual noiſe,
The enemy o'erthrown, ſeem to rejoice;
Blood will below the ſecret paſſage ſtain,
And arteries recruited beat again.
Oft', glad to ſee the light, themſelves the eyes
Lift up; the face returning purple dies;
One jaw from th' other, with a groan, retires,
And the diſeaſe itſelf, like life, expires.
  Tell me, ſweet Odours! tell me what have you
With parts ſo diſtant from the noſe to do?
Or what have you, ill Smells! ſo near the noſe
To do, ſince that and you are mortal foes?
And why doſt thou, abominable Stench!
Upon remote dominions ſo intrench?
Say by what ſecret force you fling your darts,
Whom from your bow, the noſe, ſuch diſtance parts;
For ſome believe that to the brain alone
They fly, thro' ways which in the head are known;
And that the brain to the related womb
Sends (good and bad) all ſmells that to it come.

The womb, too, oft' rejoices for that's ſake,
And when that's griev'd, does all its griefs partake.
The womb is Oreſtes, Pylades the brain,
And what to one to th' other is a pain.
I don't deny the native ſympathy,
And like reſpects, in which theſe parts agree;
Each its conception has, and each its birth,
And both their offsprings like the fire come forth;
Still to produce both have a conſtant vein,
And their ſtraight boſoms mighty things contain.
Much I omit in both; but know, that this
O' th' body, that o' th' ſoul, the matrix is;
But th' womb has this one proper faculty,
Its actions oft' from head and noſe are free;
Oft' when it ſtrives to break its bonds in vain,
(And often nought its fury can contain)
A ſweet perfume apply'd (unknown to the noſe)
Does with a grateful glew its body cloſe;
But when oppreſs'd with weight the womb falls down,
(As ſometimes it, when weak, does with its own).
With dreadful weapons arm'd, a noiſome ſmell
Meets it, and upward quickly does repel:
So when th' Helvetians their own land forſook,
(People which in their neighbours terror ſtrook)
A ſtronger foe, their wand'ring to reſtrain,
To their old quarters beat 'em back again.
Here different reaſons different authors ſhow,
But none worth ſpeaking of, I'm ſure, you know.

What can I add? You, learn'd Preſident! pleaſe
To bid me ſpeak; the caſe ſays hold your peace:
Yet you I muſt obey; Heav'n is ſo kind
To let us ſeek that truth we cannot find.
This truth muſt be i' th' well's dark bottom ſought,
Pardon me if I make an heavy draught.
You ſee the wondrous wars and leagues of things
From whence the world's harmonious conſort ſprings;
This he that thinks from th' elements may be had,
Is a grave ſot, and ſtudiouſly mad:
Here many cauſes branch themſelves around,
But to 'em all one only root is found;
For thoſe which mortals the four elements call,
In the world's fabric are not firſt of all;
Treaſures in them wiſe Nature laid, as ſtore,
Ready at hand, of things that were before;
Whence ſhe might principles draw for her uſe,
And mixtures new eternally produce.
Infinite ſeeds in thoſe ſmall bodies lie
To us, but number'd by the Deity:
Nor is the heat to fire more natural,
Nor coldneſs more to water's ſhare does fall,
Than either bitter, ſweet, or white, or black,
Or any ſmells that noſes e'er attack.
Our purging or aſtringent quality
Have proper points of matter where they lie.
With earth, air, water, fire, Heav'n all things bore;
Why do I faintly ſpeak? they were before:

For what earth, air, fire, water, now we call,
Are compounds from the firſt original:
For—but a ſudden fright her ſenſes ſhock'd,
And ſtopp'd her ſpeech; ſhe heard the gate unlock'd;
And Rue from far the gardener ſaw come in,
Trembling, as ſhe an Aſpen leaf had been,
(For Rue, a ſovereign Plant to purge the eyes,
Remoteſt objects eaſily deſcries)
She ſoftly whiſper'd, Hence, make haſte away;
Here's Robert * come; make haſte, why do we ſtay?
Day was not broken, but 'twas almoſt light,
And Luna ſwiftly roll'd the wheeling night;
Nor was the fellow us'd ſo ſoon to riſe,
But him a ſudden chance did then ſurpriſe:
His wife in pangs of childbed loudly roar'd,
And gentle Juno's preſent aid implor'd:
But he who Plants that in his garden grew,
Than forty Juno's of more value knew,
Came thither Sowbread, all in haſte, to gather,
That he with greater eaſe might prove a father.
Soon as they ſaw the man ſtraight up they got,
With gentle haſte, and ſtood upon the ſpot,
When briefly Mugwort, I this Court adjourn;
What we have left we'll do at our return.
Without tumultuous noiſe away they fled,
And every Plant crept to her proper bed.

* The name of the gardener of the Phyſic-garden in Oxford.

End of the Second Book.

OF PLANTS.

BOOK III. OF FLOWERS.

Tranſlated by C. Cleve.

FLORA.

Now Muſe! if ever, now look briſk and gay,
The Spring's at hand; blithe looks like that diſplay:
Uſe all the ſchemes and colours now of ſpeech,
Uſe all the flow'rs that poetry enrich;
Its glories all, its blooming beauties, bring,
As may reſemble the returning ſpring:
Let the ſame muſic thro' thy verſe reſound,
As in the woods and ſhady groves is found:
Let every line ſuch fragrant praiſe exhale,
As riſes up from ſome ſweet-ſmelling vale:
Let lights and ſhades, as in the woods, appear,
And ſhew in painted verſe the ſeaſon of the year.
Come then away, for the firſt welcome morn
Of the ſpruce month of May begins to dawn.
This day, ſo tells the poet's ſacred page,
Bright Chloris did in nuptial bands engage;
This very day the knot was ty'd, and thence
The lovely maid a goddeſs did commence:
The ſigns of joy did every where appear,
On earth, in heav'n, throughout the ſea and air;

No wand'ring cloud was ſeen in all the ſky,
And if there were, 'twas of a curious dye.
The air ſerene, not an ungentle blaſt
Ruffled the waters with its rude embrace;
The wind that was breath'd odours all around,
And only fann'd the ſtreams, and only kiſs'd the ground.
Of unknown Flow'rs now ſuch a num'rous birth
Appear'd, as ever aſtoniſh'd mother Earth.
The Lily grew 'midſt barren Heath and Sedge,
And the Roſe bluſh'd on each unprickly hedge;
The purple Violet and the Daffadil,
The places now of angry nettles fill.
This great and joyful day, on which ſhe knew
What 'twas to be a wife and goddeſs too,
The grateful Flora yearly did expreſs
In ſhews, religious pomp, and gaudineſs,
Long as ſhe thriv'd in Rome, and reign'd among
The other gods, a vaſt and num'rous throng;
But when the ſacred tribe was forc'd from Rome,
Among the reſt an exile ſhe became,
Stripp'd of her plays, and of her fane bereft,
Nought of the grandeur of a goddeſs left:
Since then no more ador'd on earth by men,
But forc'd o'er Flowers to preſide and reign,
The beſt ſhe can ſhe ſtill keeps up the day,
Not as of old, when bleſs'd with ſtore ſhe lay;
When with a laviſh hand her bounties flew;
She has not the heart and means to do it now;

But in a way fitting her humble ſtate
She always did, and ſtill does celebrate:
And now that ſhe the better may attend
The Flow'ry empire under her command,
To all the world, at times, ſhe does reſort,
Now in this part, now that, ſhe keeps her court;
And ſo the ſeaſons of the year require,
For here 'tis ſpring, perhaps 'tis autumn there.
With eaſe ſhe flies to the remoteſt ſhores,
And viſits in the way a world of Flow'rs:
In Zephyr's painted car ſhe cuts the air,
Pleas'd with the way, her ſpouſe the charioteer.
It was the year, (thrice bleſs'd that beauteous Year!)
Which mighty Charles's ſacred name did bear;
A golden year the heavens brought about
In high proceſſion with a joyful ſhout;
A year that barr'd up Janus' brazen gates,
That brought home Peace, and laid our monſtrous heats:
A greater gift, bleſs'd Albion! thou did'ſt gain,
It brought home godlike Charles, and all his peaceful [train,
Compos'd our chaos, cover'd o'er the ſcars,
And clos'd the bleeding wounds of twenty years.
Nor felt the gown alone the fruits of peace,
But gardens, woods, and all the Flow'ry race.
This year to every thing freſh honours brought,
Nor 'midſt theſe were the learned Arts forgot.
Poor exil'd Flora, with the ſylvan gods,
Came back again to their old lov'd abodes.

I ſaw her (thro' a glaſs my Muſe vouchſaf'd)
Plac'd on the painted bow ſecurely waft;
Triumphantly ſhe rode, and made her courſe
Towards fair Albion's long-forſaken ſhores.
That ſhe our goddeſs was to me was plain
From the gay various colours of her train:
She light, renowned Thames! upon thy ſhore,
Long time belov'd, and known to her before:
'Twas here the goddeſs an appointment ſet
For all the Flow'rs: accordingly they met;
Thoſe that are parch'd with heat, or pinch'd with cold,
Or thoſe which a more temp'rate clime does hold,
Thoſe drunk with dew the ſun juſt riſing ſees,
Or thoſe, when ſetting, with a face like his:
All ſorts that Eaſt and Weſt can boaſt were there,
But not ſuch Flow'rs as you ſee growing here,
Poor mortal Flow'rs, obnoxious ſtill to harms,
Which quickly die out of their mother's arms,
But thoſe that Plato ſaw, Ideas nam'd,
Daughters of Jove, for heav'nly extract fam'd:
Ethereal Plants! what glories they diſcloſe,
What excellence the firſt celeſtial Roſe;
What bluſh, what ſmell! and yet on many ſcores,
The learned ſay, it much reſembles ours;
Only 'tis ever freſh, with long life bleſs'd,
Not in your fading mortal colours dreſs'd.
This Roſe the image of the heav'nly mind,
The other growing on our earth we find,

Which is the image of that image, then
No wonder it appears leſs freſh and fine.
Theſe heav'n-born ſpecies of the Flow'ry race
Aſſembled all the wedding-morn to grace.
  Phœbus! do thou the pencil take, the ſame
With which thou gild'ſt the world's great checker'd frame;
Light's pencil take; try if thou canſt diſplay
The various ſcenes of this reſplendent day:
And yet I doubt thy ſkill, tho' all muſt bow
To thee, as god of Plants and Poets too:
I'm ſure 'tis much too hard a taſk for me,
Yet ſome I'll touch in paſſing, like the bee:
Where the whole garden can't be had, we know
A noſegay may, and that, if ſweet, will do.
  Now when a part of this triumphant day
In ſacred pompous rites had paſs'd away,
Rites which no mortal tongue can duly tell,
And which, perhaps, 'tis not lawful to reveal,
At length the ſporting goddeſs thought it beſt
(Tho' ſure the humour went beyond a jeſt)
A pleaſant ſort of trial to propoſe,
And from among the Plants a queen to chuſe,
Which ſhould preſide over the Flow'ry race,
Be a vice-goddeſs, and ſupply her place:
Each Plant was to appear, and make its plea,
To ſee which beſt deſerv'd the dignity.
The ſcene arch'd o'er with wreathing branches ſtood,
Which like a little hollow temple ſhow'd;

The ſhrubs and branches, darting from aloof
Their pretty fragrant ſhades, compos'd the roof;
Red and white Jaſmine, with the Myrtle-tree,
The favourite of the Cyprian deity,
The Golden Apple-tree with ſilver bud,
Both ſorts of Pipe-tree, with the Sea-dew ſtood;
There was the twining Woodbine to be ſeen,
And Yellow Hather, Roſes mixt between.
Each Plant its notes and known diſtinctions brought,
With various art the gaudy ſcene was wrought.
Juſt in the nave of this new-modell'd fane,
A throne the judging goddeſs did ſuſtain,
Rob'd in a thouſand ſeveral ſorts of leaves,
And all the colours which the garden gives,
Which join'd together trim in wondrous wiſe,
With their deluding figures mock'd your eyes.
A noble checker'd-work, which real ſeems,
And firmly ſet with gliſt'ring ſtones and gems,
It real ſeem'd, tho' gods ſuch bodies wear
For weight, as Flow'rs upon their down may bear.
The goddeſs, ſeated in majeſtic-wiſe,
With all the pride the wealthy ſpring ſupplies,
Had Ariadne's crown, and ſuch a veſt
With which the rainbow on bright days is dreſs'd;
Before her throne did the officious band
Of Hours, Days, Months, in goodly order ſtand:
The Hours upon ſoft-painted wings were borne,
Painted, but ſwift, alas! and quickly gone;

The Days with nimble feet advanc'd apace,
And then the Month, each with a different face;
On Cynthia's orb they tend with conſtant care,
In monthly courſes whirling round her ſphere.
Firſt Spring, a roſy-colour'd youngſter, ſtood,
With looks enough to bribe a judging god;
Summer appear'd, rob'd in a yellow gown,
Full ears of ripen'd corn compos'd her crown;
Then Autumn, proud of rich Pomona's ſtore,
And Bacchus, too, treading the bluſhing floor;
Poor half-ſtarv'd Winter ſhivering in the rear,
The Stoical and ſullen part o' the year:
Yet not by ſtep-dame Nature wholly left
Of every grace is winter-time bereft;
Some friends it has in this afflicted ſtate,
Some Plants that faith and duty don't forget:
Some Plants the winter-ſeaſon does ſupply,
Born purely for delight and luxury,
Which brave the froſt and cold, and merit claim,
Tho' few, indeed, and of a lower frame.
The New-year did him thus peculiar grace,
And Janus favouring with his double face,
That he ſhould firſt be heard, and have the pow'r
To draw forth all his poor and ſlender ſtore.
Winter obeys, and ranks 'em, beſt he can,
More truſting to the worth than number of his men.
Juſt in the front of Winter's ſcanty band,
Two lofty Plants, or Flow'ry giants, ſtand,

Spurge-olive one, th' other a kind of Bay,
Both high, and largely ſpreading every way,
But did they in a milder ſeaſon ſprout,
Whether they e'er could paſs for Flow'rs I doubt;
But now they do, and ſuch their looks and ſmell,
The place they hold they ſeem to merit well.
Next Wolfs'-bane, us'd in ſtep-dames' poiſoning trade,
Born of the foam of Pluto's porter ſaid;
A baneful Plant, ſpringing in craggy ground,
Thence its hard name, itſelf much harder found;
Briſkly its gilded creſt it does diſplay,
And boldly ſtares i' th' face the god of Day,
Which Cerberus, its ſire, durſt ne'er aſſay.
The Plant call'd Snowdrop, next in courſe appear'd,
But trembling, by its frightful neighbour fear'd;
Yet clad in white herſelf, like fleecy ſnow,
Near her bad neighbour finer ſhe does ſhow.
The noble Liverwort does next appear,
Without a ſpeck, like the unclouded air,
A Plant of noble uſe and endleſs fame,
The liver's great preſerver, thence its name;
The humble Plant, conſcious of inbred worth,
In winter's hardeſt froſt and cold ſhoots forth.
Let other Plants, ſaid ſhe, for ſeaſons wait,
For ſummer gales, or the ſun's kindly heat,
She ſcorns delay; naked, without a coat,
As 'twere in haſte, the noble Plant comes out.

Next the blue Primroſe, which in winter blows,
But wears the ſpring both in its name and clothes;
The Saffron then, and tardy Celandine,
To theſe our Lady's-ſeal, and Sowbread join;
But theſe appearing out of ſeaſon, were
Bid to their homes and proper tribes repair:
There now remain'd of Winter's genuine ſtore
And offspring Bear'sfoot, or the Chriſtmas Flow'r,
The pride of Winter, which in froſt can live,
And now alone for empire dar'd to ſtrive:
On its black ſtalk it rear'd itſelf, and then
With pale but fearleſs face to plead began.

HELLEBORUS NIGER;

OR, CHRISTMAS FLOWER.

I MEAN not now my beauty to oppoſe
To that of Lilies or the bluſhing Roſe:
Old Prætus' daughters me from that do ſcare,
Who once with Juno durſt their face compare.
Mad with conceit, each thought herſelf a cow;
Juſt judgment! teaching all themſelves to know.
My noble Plant baniſh'd this wild caprice,
And gave 'em back their human voice and ſpeech.
Melampus by my aid ſoon brought relief,
And for the cure had one of 'em to wife:
And none will charge me with that madneſs, ſure,
Or the ſame folly I pretend to cure.

The goddeſſes above a beauty claim,
Laſting and firm as their immortal frame,
Which time can't furrow, or diſeaſes wrong;
To be immortal, is to be for ever young.
Flow'rs' or girls' beauty is a tranſient thing;
Expect as well the whole year will be ſpring.
Ye flow'ry Race! that open to the ſky,
And there have ſeen a cloud of curious dye,
The gaudy phantom now with pride appears,
Look up again, 'tis ſtraight diſſolv'd in tears
Such is the ſhort-liv'd glory Flowers have,
Bending, they point ſtill tow'rds their womb and grave;
The wind and rain aim at their tender head;
Beſides, the ſtars their baneful influence ſhed;
Like the fam'd Semele, they die away
In the embraces of the god of Day:
Expos'd to air, to heat an open prey,
Colds thro' their tender fibres force their way.
The ſwallow or the nightingale abhors
Not winter more than do th' whole race of Flow'rs.
If among theſe a Flower you can deſcry
(Fitter to be tranſplanted to the ſky)
Which is ſo hardy as to ſtand the threat
Of ſtorms and tempeſts that around her beat;
That with contending winds dare boldly ſtrive,
Scorns cold, and under heaps of ſnow can live,
To this, great Goddeſs! to this noble Plant
You ought the empire of the garden grant.

Kings are Jove's image: and, if that be true,
To virtue only fovereign fway is due.
Trufting to this, and not the empty name
Of beauty, I the Flow'ry empire claim:
Nor will this foft, luxurious, pamper'd race
Of Flow'rs, were things well weigh'd, deny me place;
For, lo! the winter's come; what change is there,
What looks, what difmal afpect of the year!
The winds, from prifon broke, no mercy yield,
But fpoil the native glories of the field:
Firft on the infant-boughs they fpend their rage,
And fcarcely fpare the poor trunk's rev'rend age;
Either with fwelling rains the ground below
Is drown'd, or cover'd thick in beds of fnow;
Or ftiff with froft, the ftreams, all iced o'er,
Are pent within a bank unknown before.
Each nymph complains, and ev'ry river-god
Feels on his fhoulders an unufual load;
Nature, a captive now to Froft become,
Lies fairly buried in a marble tomb.
And can you wonder then that Flowers fhould die,
Or, hid within their beds, the danger fly?
D' ye fee the fun, how faint his looks, that tell
The god of Plants himfelf is not o'er-well.
Now let me fee the Violet, Tulip, Rofe,
Or any of 'em their fine face difclofe;
Ye Lilies! with your fnowy treffes, now
Come forth, this is the proper time for fnow.

Deaf to the call, none of 'em all appear,
But cloſe in bed they lie, half dead with fear;
I only, in this univerſal dread
Of Nature, dare exalt my fearleſs head:
Winter, with thouſand ſeveral arms prepar'd
To be my death, ſtill finds me on my guard.
Great umpire then of all this harmleſs fray,
If you are fix'd to crown ſome Plant to-day,
Let all appear and take the field, let all
Agree to give the chiefeſt Plant the ball;
Yet let it be in winter, I deſire;
That ſeaſon does a hardy chief require.
If any of theſe tender, dainty dames,
Deck'd with their rich perfumes and gaudy names,
Dare but at ſuch a time ſhew half an eye,
I'll frankly yield, and ſtraight let fall my plea.
Not a Plant's ſeen, I'll warrant you; they hate
To gain a kingdom at ſo dear a rate;
They fear th' unequal trial to ſuſtain;
None dare appear but thoſe that fill my train,
And none of theſe are ſo ambitious grown
To ſtand themſelves, but beg for me the crown.
Theſe num'rous hardſhips I can undergo;
I'll tell you now, fair Judge, what I can do,
My virtue active is, and paſſive too.
Kings get no fame by conquering at home;
That from ſome foreign vanquiſh'd land muſt come.
If equal to my triumphs names I bore,
And ev'ry vanquiſh'd foe increas'd the ſtore,

Old Rome's moſt haughty champion I'd defy
With me in honours, titles, names, to vie.
I act ſuch wonders, I may ſafely ſay,
The twelve Herculean labours were mere play.
The ſpreading cancer my bleſs'd Plant does chaſe,
And new-ſkins o'er the leper's monſtrous face:
The ling'ring quartan fever I oblige
To draw his forces off, and raiſe the ſiege;
Swimmings i' th' head that do from vapours come,
I exorciſe ſtraight by my counter fume:
In every ſwelling part, when dropſies reign,
I dry the fen, the ſtanding waters drain:
The falling-ſickneſs, too, to wave the reſt,
Tho' ſacred that diſeaſe by ſome confeſs'd.
Why in theſe cures thus trifle I my breath?
Death yields to me, the apoplectic death;
Into each part my Plant new vigour ſends,
And quickly makes the ſoul and body friends.
Theſe are great things, you'll ſay, and yet the reſt
That follow muſt much greater be confeſs'd.
I do compoſe the mind's diſtracted frame,
A gift the gods and I alone can claim;
Madmen and fools are caſt beneath my pow'r;
What to my grandeur can the gods add more?
Who thus can do, the world his province is,
Cæſar can't boaſt a larger ſway than this.
She ſpoke; her train with ſhouts the area fill'd,
Nay Winter (if you will believe it) ſmil'd.

Next the gay Spring draws out his warlike bands,
Which to the ſcene a grateful ſhadow lends.
Homer, tho' well the Grecian camp he paints,
Would fail, I fear, in muſtering up theſe Plants.
Bright Spring! what various nations doſt thou boaſt?
The Xerxes of a numerous Flow'ry hoſt,
Which could (ſince Flow'rs without due moiſture die)
Like his, I fancy, drink whole rivers dry.
His flow'ry troops made the ſame ſtately ſhew,
Whoſe painted arms a dazzling luſtre threw.
Then a gay Flow'r, for ſhape the Trumpet nam'd,
Blew thrice, and with a ſtrenuous voice proclaim'd,
That all but candidates ſhould quit the place,
Firſt, as they went, bowing with awful grace.
And now, the pleaſure of the goddeſs known,
The Herb call'd Ragwort paſs'd before the throne;
A bunchy ſtalk, and painted bees ſhe bore,
With ſeveral fooliſh fancies, on her Flow'r.
Ragwort the Satyrs and Priapus love,
Venus herſelf and the fair Judge approve.
Dogs'-tooth paſs'd next, to Ragwort near ally'd,
A faithful friend to love, and often try'd;
Next Hyacinths, of violet-kind, proceed,
A noble, pow'rful, and a num'rous breed;
They wanted courage, tho', to keep the place,
Lab'ring, alas! under a late diſgrace;
Of noble houſe themſelves they did pretend,
From Ajax' blood directly to deſcend;

The cause in Flora's court of chivalry
Was heard, where they fail'd to make out their plea;
They bore no coat of arms, nor could they show
Those mournful notes said from his blood to flow:
The next a-kin, a Flow'r which Greeks of old
From excrements of birds descended hold,
Which Britain, nurse of Plants, a milder clime,
Gentilely calls the Star of Bethlehem;
The Daisy next march'd off in modest wise,
Dreading to wait the issue of the prize,
Tho' the Spring don't a trustier party know,
After, before, and in the spring they grow,
Quick in the charge, and in retreating slow;
They dare not venture, tho' the sons of Art
The name of Binders to 'em do impart;
They cure all wounds, yet make none, which you [grant
Is the true office of a warlike Plant.
Next spotted Sanicle and Navelwort,
Tho' both have signs of blood, forsake the court;
Moonwort goes next, borne on its reddish stalk,
And after that does gentle Cranebill walk;
They all gave way; 'tis nat'ral in a Flow'r
More in its form to trust than worth and pow'r;
Nay, more than that, the Cornflag quits the field,
Tho' made sword-wise, does to the Tulip yield;
Tho', like some tyrant, rounded with the same,
Yet to affected empire waves all claim;
How much this Swordflow'r differs as to harm
From those which we on mortal anvils form!

Nature on this an unguent has beſtow'd,
Which when our's make it iſſue, ſtops the blood.
Next you might ſee the gaudy Columbine,
Call'd ſometimes Lion's-mouth, deſert the ſcene,
Tho' of try'd courage and of high renown
In other things, curing diſeaſes known:
The Sea-gull Flow'r expreſs'd an equal fear,
The tigers more and prettier ſpots don't bear;
Theſe beauty-ſpots ſhe ought to prize like gold,
Citron held her's at dearer rates of old:
The Perſian Lily, of a ruddy hue,
And next the Lily of the Vale, withdrew;
Lilies o' th' Vale ſuch looks and ſmell retain,
They 're fit to furniſh ſnuff for gods and men;
Nor a Plant kinder to the brain does live;
A glaſs of wine does leſs refreſhment give.
Next Periwinkle, or the Lady's-bow'r,
Weakly, and halting, crept along the floor;
All kinds of Crow-foot paſs'd, and bow'd their head,
The worſt ran wild, the beſt in gardens bred;
Day-lily next, the root by Heſiod lov'd,
Altho' not for the chiefeſt diſh approv'd;
Then came a Flow'r of a far differing look,
Which on it thy lov'd name, Adonis! took;
But Celandine, thy genuine offspring ſtyl'd,
They tell us at the proud uſurper ſmil'd;
Stock-July-flow'r the year's companion is,
Which the ſun ſcarce in all his rounds does miſs,

Officious Plant! which ev'ry month can bring,
But rather would be reckon'd to the ſpring;
This paſs'd along with a becoming mien,
And in her train the Wall-flow'r would be ſeen:
The conſtant Marigold next theſe went out,
And Lady's-ſlipper, fit for Flora's foot;
Then Goat's-beard, which each morn abroad does peep,
But ſhuts its flower at noon, and goes to ſleep;
Then Ox-eye did its rolling eyeball ſpread,
Such as Jove's wife and ſiſter had, they ſaid;
Next Viper-graſs, full of a milky juice,
Good againſt poiſon, which curs'd ſtep-dames uſe;
Then Hollow-root, cautious and full of fear,
Which neither ſummer's heat nor cold can bear,
Comes after ſpring, before it does retire;
Then Sattin-flower, and Moth-mullein withdraw,
Worthy a nobler title to enjoy:
The Lady's-ſmock, and Lugwort, went their way,
With ſeveral more, too tedious here to ſay;
With many an humble Shrub that took their leaves,
To which the garden entertainment gives;
As Honeyſuckle, Roſemary, and Broom,
That broom which does of Spaniſh parents come;
Both ſorts of Pipe-tree, neat in either dreſs,
White or ſky-colour'd, whether pleaſe you beſt;
Next the round-headed Elder-roſe, which wears
A conſtellation of your little ſtars;
The Cherry; our's and Perſian Apple add,
Proud of the various Flow'rs adorn'd its head;

Nature has iſſue, eunuch-like, deny'd,
But (like them too) by a fine face ſupply'd:
Theſe, and a thouſand more, were fain to yield,
And left the candidates to keep the field;
Each Flow'r appear'd with all its kindred, dreſs'd
Each in its richeſt robes of gaudieſt veſt:
The Violet firſt, Spring's uſher, came in view,
From whoſe ſweet lips theſe pleaſing accents flew.

THE VIOLET.

The Ram now ope the golden portal throws,
Which holds the various ſeaſons of the year,
And on his ſhining fleece the Spring does bear;
Ye Mortals! with a ſhout ſalute him as he goes.
(Iö, triumph!) now, now the ſpring comes on
In ſolemn ſtate and high proceſſion,
Whilſt I, the beauteous Violet, ſtill before him go,
And uſher in the gaudy ſhow:
As it becomes the child of ſuch a ſire,
I'm wrapp'd in purple; the firſt-born of Spring
The marks of my legitimation bring,
And all the tokens of his verdant empire wear:
Clad like a princely babe, and born in ſtate,
I all your regal titles hate,
Nor priding in my blood and mighty birth,
Unnatural Plant, deſpiſe the lap of mother Earth.
Love's goddeſs ſmiles upon me juſt new-born,
Rejoicing at the year's return:

The ſwallow is not a more certain ſign
That love and warm embraces now begin.
To the lov'd babe a thouſand kiſſes
The goddeſs gives, a thouſand balmy bliſſes.
Beſides, my purple lips
In ſacred nectar dips;
Hence 'tis no ſooner does the Violet burſt,
By the warm air to a juſt ripeneſs nurs'd,
But from my opening, blooming head,
A thouſand fragrant odours ſpread.
I do not only pleaſe the ſmell,
And the moſt critic taſte beguile,
Not only with my pretty dye
Impoſe a cheat upon the eye;
But more for profit than for pleaſure born,
I furniſh out a wholeſome juice,
Which the fam'd Epicurus did not ſcorn,
Upon a time, when ſick, to uſe.
O'er preſſing and vexatious pain
I ſuch a ſilent vict'ry gain,
That tho' the body be the ſcene,
It ſcarcely knows whether a fight has been.
The fever's well-known valour I invade,
Which bluſhes with mere rage to yield
To one that ne'er knew how to tread a field,
But only was for fights and nuptial banquets made;
It yields, but in a grumbling way,
Juſt as the winds obedience pay,

When Neptune from the flood does peep,
And ſilences thoſe troublers of the deep.
What tho' ſome Flow'rs a greater courage know,
Or a much finer face can ſhow?
That does but ſtill the fancy feed,
Whilſt I for bus'neſs fit, in real worth exceed.
Search over all the globe, you'll find
The glory of a princely Flower
Conſiſts not in tyrannic power,
But in a majeſty with mildneſs join'd.
  She ſpoke, and from her balmy lips did come
A ſweet perfume that ſcented all the room;
The ſmell ſo long continued, that you'd ſwear
The Violet, tho' you heard no ſound, was there.
Quitting the ſtage, the next that took her place
Were Ox-lips, Pugles, with their numerous race;
A party-colour'd tribe, of various hue,
Red, yellow, purple, pale, white, duſky, blue:
The Primroſe and the Cowſlip, too, were there,
Both of 'em kin, but not ſo handſome far;
Bear's-ear, ſo call'd, did the whole party head,
And Yellow, claiming merit, needs would plead;
Toſſing her hundred heads in ſlanting rate,
Each had a mouth, and could at pleaſure prate.

AURICULA URSI; BEAR'S-EAR.

Great Queen of Flow'rs! why is thy ſnowy breaſt
With ſuch a ſight of various poſies dreſs'd?

Whereas one ſtalk of mine
Alone a noſegay is, alone can make thee fine.
A lovely, harmleſs monſter, I
Gorgon's many heads outvie;
Others, as ſingle ſtars, may glory beam;
Take me, for I a conſtellation am:
Let thoſe who ſubjects want purſue the flow'ry crown,
A flow'ry nation I alone;
Nor did kind Nature thus, in vain,
So many heads to me aſſign;
I for man's head, life's chiefeſt ſeat,
Am ſet apart and wholly conſecrate:
The mind's imperial tow'r, the brain,
(A poor apartment for ſo great a queen)
The lighthouſe where man's reaſon ſtands and ſhines,
Maugre the malice of contending winds,
I guard the ſacred place, repel the rout,
And keep the everlaſting fire from going out.
Go now, and mock me with this monſtrous name
Which the late barbarous age did coin and frame;
The true and proper names of things of old,
Thro' a religious ſilence ne'er were told:
Thus guardian gods' true names were ſeldom known,
Leſt ſome invading foe might charm 'em from the town.
Impudent Fool! that firſt ſtyl'd beauteous Flow'rs
By a deteſted name, the Ears of Bears;
Worthy himſelf of aſſes' ears, a pair
Fairer than Midas once was ſaid to wear.

At this rate ſinging (for your merry Flow'rs
Still ſing their words, not bring 'em forth like our's)
The Daffadil ſucceeded, once a youth,
(As many poets tell, a ſacred truth)
And all his clients and his kindred came,
A num'rous train, to vote and poll for him;
All of 'em, pale or yellow, did appear,
The livery which wounded lovers wear.
Tho' Virgil purple honours has aſſign'd
And bluiſh dye, too liberal and kind,
The Chalcedonic, with white flow'r, thought beſt
To be the mouth, and ſing for all the reſt.

THE DAFFADIL; NARCISSUS.

WHAT once I was, a boy, not ripen'd to a man,
My roots of one year's growth explain;
A lovely boy, of killing eyes,
Where ambuſcading witchcraft lies,
Which did at laſt the owner's ſelf ſurpriſe:
Of fatal beauty, ſuch as could inſpire
Love into coldeſt breaſts, in water kindle fire.
Me the hotbeds of ſand in Libya burn,
Or Iſter's frozen banks to ruin turn.
I, when a boy, among the boys
Had ſtill the nobleſt place;
The ſame my Plant among the Flow'rs enjoys,
And is the garden's ornament and grace:

Become a Flow'r, I cannot tell
Why my face ſhould not pleaſe me ſtill;
Downward I lean my bending head,
Longing my looks in the ſame glaſs to read;
Shew me a ſtream, that liquid glaſs
Will put me in the ſelf-ſame caſe.
In the colour with the ſame nymphs I am dreſs'd,
Who wear me in their ſnowy breaſt,
Who with my flowers their pride maintain,
And wiſh I were a boy again.
She ſpoke; Anemone her ſtation took,
To whom the goddeſs deign'd a ſmiling look;
For with the Tulip's leave, I needs muſt ſay
No race more num'rous, none more fine or gay.
The Purple, with its large and ſpreading leaf,
Was choſen, by conſent, to be their chief;
Of fair Adonis's blood undoubted ſtrain,
And to this hour it ſhews the dying ſtain:
As ſoon as Zephyr had unloos'd its tongue,
The beauteous Plant after this manner ſung.

ANEMONE; OR, EMONIES.

Thou, gentle Zephyr! who didſt Flora wed,
Thrice worthy of the goddeſs' bed;
Who in a winged chariot, hurl'd
With breezing airs, doſt fan this nether world,
Which kind refreſhing motion far
I before lazy reſt prefer;

That air with which thou ev'ry thing doſt cheer,
Inſpire into the goddeſs' ear,
That the fair Judge would mindful be
Of her lov'd conſort and of me;
For ſince I take my name from thee,
Nay, of thy kindred ſaid to be;
Since I with thee do ſympathize,
Who in Æolian dungeon captive lies,
And viewing Zephyr's doleful ſtate,
All dreſs and ornament I hate,
And locking up my mournful Flow'r,
Myſelf a pris'ner make, the ſame reſtraint endure:
Since I have change of ſuits and gaudy veſts,
Which in my various Flowers are expreſs'd;
In brief, ſince I'm a-kin to gods above,
All theſe together, ſure, may favour move;
Sprung from the fair Adonis' purple tide,
And Venus' tears, to both I am ally'd;
The roſy youth, the lov'd Adonis, ſtood
The pride and glory of the wood,
Till a boar's fatal tuſk let out the precious blood;
Into each flowing drop that ſtill'd,
A falling tear the goddeſs ſpill'd,
Which to a bloody torrent ſwell'd:
The lovers' tears and blood combine,
As if they would in marriage join.
From ſuch fair parents, and that wedding morn
Was I, their fairer offspring, born.

My force and power, perhaps, you queſtion now:
My power? why, I a handſome face can ſhow;
Beſides, my heav'nly extract I can prove,
And that I'm ſiſter to the god of Love.
The Crown Imperial (as ſhe ſtepp'd aſide)
Advanc'd with ſtately but becoming pride;
Not buſkin'd heroes ſtrut with nobler pride,
Nor gods in walking uſe a finer ſtride;
No friends or clients made her train, not one;
Conſcious of native worth, ſhe came alone:
With an erect and ſober countenance
In following terms ſhe did her plea commence.

THE IMPERIAL CROWN.

With furious heats and unbecoming rage,
Ye flow'ry Nations! ceaſe t' engage;
Since on my ſtately ſtem
Nature has plac'd th' imperial diadem,
Why all theſe words in vain? why all this noiſe?
Be judg'd by Nature, and approve her choice.
Perhaps it does your envy move,
And to my right may hurtful prove,
That I an upſtart novel Flower am,
Who have no rumbling hard Greek name;
Perhaps I may be thought
In ſome plebeian bed begot,

Becauſe my lineage wears no ſtain,
Nor does romantic ſhameful ſtories feign
That I am ſprung from Jove, or from his baſtard ſtrain.
I freely own I have not been
Long of your world a denizen;
But yet I reign'd for ages paſt,
In Perſia and in Bactria plac'd,
The pride and joy of all the gardens of the Eaſt.
My flow'r a large-ſiz'd golden head does wear,
Much like the ball kings in their hands do bear,
Denoting ſovereign rule, and ſtriking fear.
My purple ſtalk I, like ſome ſceptre, wield,
Worthy in regal hands to ſhine,
Worthy of thine, great god of Wine!
When India to thy conquering arms did yield.
Beſides all this, I have a flow'ry crown
My royal temples to adorn,
Whoſe buds a ſort of honey liquor bear,
Which round the crown like ſtars or pearls appear;
Silver threads around it twine,
Saffron, like gold, with them does join;
And over all
My verdant hair does neatly fall.
Sometimes a three-fold rank of Flowers
Grows on my top, like lofty towers.
Imperial ornaments I ſcorn,
And, like the Pope, affect a triple crown;
The Heav'ns look down, and envy earth
For teeming with ſo bright a birth;

For Ariadne's ſtarry crown
By mine is far outſhone,
And as they 'ave reaſon, let 'em envy on.
She thunder'd out her ſpeech, and walk'd to greet
The Judge, not falling meanly at her feet,
But as one goddeſs does another meet.
A Flow'r that would too happy be and bleſs'd,
Did but its odour anſwer all the reſt,
The Tulip! next appear'd, all over gay,
But wanton, full of pride, and full of play;
The world can't ſhew a dye but here has place,
Nay, by new mixtures ſhe can change her face.
Purple and gold are both beneath her care,
The richeſt needlework ſhe loves to wear;
Her only ſtudy is to pleaſe the eye,
And to outſhine the reſt in finery;
Oft' of a mode or colour weary grown,
By which their family had long been known,
They'll change their faſhion ſtraight, I know not how,
And with much pain in other colours go;
As if Medea's furnace they had paſs'd,
(She without Plants old Æſon ne'er new-caſt)
And tho' they know this change will mortal prove,
They'll venture yet—to change ſo much they love.
Such love to beauty, ſuch the thirſt of praiſe,
That welcome death before inglorious days!
The cauſe by all was to the White aſſign'd,
Whether becauſe the rareſt of the kind,

Or elſe becauſe every petitioner,
In ancient times, for office, white did wear.

THE TULIP.

Somewhere in Horace, if I don't forget,
(Flow'rs are no foes to poetry and wit,
For us that tribe the like affection bear,
And of all men the greateſt floriſts are)
We find a wealthy man
Whoſe wardrobe did five thouſand ſuits contain;
He counted that a vaſt prodigious ſtore,
But I that number have twice told, and more.
Whate'er in ſpring the teeming earth commands;
What colours e'er the painted pride of birds,
Or various lights the gliſtering gem affords,
Cut by the artful lapidary's hands;
Whate'er the curtains of the heav'ns can ſhow,
Or light lays dyes upon the varniſh'd bow,
Rob'd in as many veſts I ſhine,
In every thing bearing a princely mien.
Pity I muſt the Lily and the Roſe,
(And the laſt bluſhes at her threadbare clothes)
Who think themſelves ſo highly bleſs'd,
Yet have but one poor tatter'd veſt.
Theſe ſtudious, unambitious things, in brief,
Would fit extremely well a college-life,
And when the god of Flow'rs a charter grants,
Admiſſion ſhall be given to theſe Plants:

Kings ſhould have plenty and ſuperfluous ſtore,
Whilſt thriftineſs becomes the poor.
Hence Spring himſelf does chiefly me regard:
Will any Flow'r refuſe to ſtand to his award?
Me for whole months he does retain,
And keeps me by him all his reign;
Careſs'd by Spring, the ſeaſon of the year
Which before all to Love is dear.
Beſides, the god of Love himſelf's my friend,
Not for my face alone, but for another end:
Lov'd by the god upon a private ſcore,
I know for what—but ſay no more.
But why ſhould I
Become ſo ſilent or ſo ſhy?
We Flow'rs were by no peeviſh ſire begot,
Nor from that frigid ſullen tree did ſprout,
So fam'd in Ceres' ſacred rites;
Nor in moroſeneſs Flora's ſelf delights.
My root, like oil in ancient games, prepares
Lovers for battle, or thoſe ſofter wars;
My quick'ning heat their ſluggiſh veins inſpires
With vigorous and ſprightly fires;
Had but chaſte Lucrece us'd the ſame,
The night before bold Tarquin try'd his flame,
Upon record ſhe ne'er a fool had been,
But would have liv'd to reap the pleaſure once again.
  The goddeſs, conſcious of the truth, a while
Contain'd, but then was ſeen to bluſh and ſmile.

The Flower-de-luce next loos'd her heav'nly tongue,
And thus, amidſt her ſweet companions, ſung.

IRIS; OR, THE FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

If empire is to beauty due,
(And that in Flow'rs, if any where, holds true)
Then I by Nature was deſign'd for reign,
Elſe Nature made a beauteous face in vain.
Beſides, I boaſt a ſparkling gem,
And brighter goddeſs of my name.
My lofty front towards the heav'ns I bear,
And repreſent the ſky, when 'tis ſerene and clear.
To me a godlike pow'r is given
With a mild face reſembling heav'n;
And in the kingly ſtyle no dignity
Sounds better than Serenity!
Beauty and Envy oft' together go;
Handſome myſelf, I help make others ſo *;
Both gods and men of the moſt curious eyes
With ſecret pleaſure I ſurpriſe;
Nor do I leſs oblige the noſe
With fragrance from my root that blows.
Not Sibaris or ſoft Capua did know
A choicer Flow'r for ſmell or ſhow,
Tho' both with pleaſure of all kinds did flow.
I own the Violet and the Roſe
Divineſt odours both diſcloſe;

* The juice of the root takes away freckles and morphews.

The Saffron and Stock-July-flower,
With many more;
But yet none can ſo ſweet a root produce *.
My upper parts are trim and fair,
My lower breathe a grateful air.
I am a Flow'r for ſight, a drug for uſe.
Soft as I am, amidſt this luxury,
Before me rough diſeaſes fly.
Thus a bold Amazon with virgin-face,
Troops of daſtard men will chaſe:
Thus Mars and Venus often greet,
And in ſingle Pallas meet:
Equal to her in beauty's charms,
And not to him inferior in arms.
By ſecret virtue and reſiſtleſs power
Thoſe whom the jaundice ſeizes I reſtore;
Tho' moiſt with unguent, and inclin'd to love,
I rather was for luxury deſign'd;
And yet, like ſome enraged lioneſs,
Before my painted arms the yellow foe does haſte.
The dropſy headlong makes away
As ſoon as I my arms diſplay;
The dropſy, which man's microcoſm drowns,
Pulling up all the ſluices in its rounds;
I follow it thro' ev'ry winding vein,
And make it quit in haſte the delug'd man.

* Of the root is made that called Powder of Cyprus, or Orris powder.

The nation of the Jews, a pious folk,
Tho' our gods they don't invoke,
And not to you, ye Plants! unknown
I' th' days of that great florift Solomon,
Tell us that Jove, to cheer the drooping ball,
After the flood a promife paft,
That fo long as earth fhould laft
No future deluge on the world fhould fall
And as a feal to this obliging grant,
The rainbow in the fky did plant.
I am that bow, in poor hydropic man
The fame refrefhing hopes contain;
I look as gay, and fhow as fine,
I am the thing of which that only is the fign:
My Plant performs the fame
Towards man's little worldly frame,
And when within him I appear,
He needs no deluge from a dropfy fear.
  The Peony then, with large red flow'r, came on,
And brought no train but his lov'd mate alone;
Numbers could not make him the caufe efpoufe,
'Las! the whole nation made but one poor houfe;
Nor did her coftly wardrobe pride infpire,
All drefs'd alike, all did one colour wear;
And yet he wanted not for majefty,
Appearing with a fober gravity;
For he advanc'd his purple forehead, which
A Flower with thoufand foldings did enrich:

Some love to call it the Illuſtrious Plant,
And we may well, I think, that title grant;
Phyſicians in their public writing ſhow
What praiſe is to the firſt inventor due.
Pæon * was doctor to the gods, they ſay,
By the whole college honour'd to this day:
With her own merits, and this mighty name,
Hearten'd and buoy'd, ſhe thus maintain'd her claim.

PÆONIA; THE PEONY.

If the fond Tulip, ſwell'd with pride,
In her fool's coat of motley colours dy'd;
If lov'd Adonis' flower, the Celandine,
Would proudly be preferr'd to mine,
Then let Jove's bird, the eagle, quit the field,
The thunder to the painted peacock yield;
Then let the tyrant of the woods be gone,
The lion yield to the chameleon.
You'll ſay, perhaps, the nymphs make much of you;
They gather me for garlands too:
And yet, do ye think I value that?
Not I, by Flora! not a jot.
Virtue and courage are the valuable things
On difficult occaſions ſhown:
Not painted arms ennoble kings;
Virtue alone gives luſtre to a crown.

* Homer ſays, Pæon cured Pluto with this Plant, when he was wounded by Hercules.

Hence I the known Herculean diſeaſe,
The falling-ſickneſs, cure with eaſe,
Which, like the club that hero once did wear,
Down with one ſingle blow mankind does bear.
I fancy hence the ſtory riſe,
That Pluto, wounded once by Hercules,
My juice, infus'd by Pæon, gave him eaſe,
And did the groaning god appeaſe.
Pæon was fam'd, I'm ſure, for curing this diſeaſe.
Pluto is god of Hell; it ſhould ſeem
Prince of inexorable Death;
Now this diſeaſe is death; but not like him,
Without a ſting, plac'd in the ſhades beneath.
I ſhould be vain, extremely vain, indeed,
A quarrel on punctilios to breed,
Since a more noble Flow'r than I
The ſun in all his journey does not ſpy:
Nor do I go in Phyſic's beaten road,
By other plants before me trod,
But in a way worthy a healing god.
I never with the foe come hand to hand;
My odour death does at a diſtance ſend;
Hung round the neck, ſtraight, without more ado,
I put to flight the rampant foe:
I neither come (what think you, Cæſar! now)
Nor view the camp, and yet can overthrow.
She ſpoke, and bow'd, and ſo the court forſook.
Her conſort follow'd with a bluſhing look;

When ſtraight a fragrant air of ſtrong perfume,
And a new luſtre, darted thro' the room.
No wonder, for the Roſe did next appear;
Spring wiſely plac'd his beſt and choiceſt troops i' the [rear.
Some wild in woods, yet worth and beauty ſhow,
Such as might in Heſperian gardens grow.
Nought by experience than the Wood Roſe found,
Better to cure a mad dog's pois'nous wound:
This brings away the gravel and the ſtone,
And gives you eaſe tho' to a quarry grown.
The beauteous Garden Roſe ſhe did not ſhame,
Tho' better bred, and of a ſofter name;
Which in four ſquadrons drawn, the Damaſk Roſe,
In name of all the reſt maintain'd the cauſe;
Which ſprung, they ſay, from Syrian Venus' blood *,
Long time the pride of rich Damaſcus ſtood.

THE ROSE.

And who can doubt my race, ſays ſhe,
Who on my face Love's tokens ſee?
The god of Love is always ſoft, and always young;
I am the ſame; then to his blood what wrong?
My brother winged does appear;
I leaves inſtead of wings do wear:
He is drawn with lighted torches in his hand;
Upon my top bright flaming glories ſtand.

* The Roſe is ſaid at firſt to have grown white only, till Venus, running after Adonis, ſcratched her legs upon its thorns, and ſtained the Flowers red with her blood.

The Roſe has prickles, ſo has Love,
Tho' theſe a little ſharper prove:
There's nothing in the world above, or this below,
But would for Roſy-colour'd go;
This is the dye that ſtill does pleaſe
Both mortal maids and heav'nly goddeſſes:
I am the ſtandard by which beauty's try'd,
The wiſh of Chloe, and immortal Juno's pride.
The bright Aurora, queen of all the Eaſt,
Proud of her roſy fingers is confeſs'd;
When from the gates of Light the riſing Day
Breaks forth, his conſtant rounds to go,
The winged Hours prepare the way,
And roſy clouds before him ſtrow.
The windows of the ſky with Roſes ſhine;
I am Day's ornament as well as ſign;
And when the glorious pomp and tour is o'er,
I greet it poſting to the Weſtern ſhore.
The god of Love, we muſt allow,
Should tolerably beauty know:
Yet never from thoſe cheeks he goes,
Where he can ſpy the bluſhing Roſe.
Thus the wiſe bee will never dwell
(That, like the god of Love, has wings;
That, too, has honey, that has ſtings)
On vulgar Flow'rs that have no grateful ſmell.
Tell me, bleſs'd Lover! what's a kiſs,
Without a roſy lip create the bliſs?

Nor do I only charming ſweets diſpenſe,
But bear arms in my own and man's defence:
I, without the patient's pain,
Man's body, that Augean ſtable, clean;
Not with a rough and preſſing hand,
As thunder-ſtorms from clouds command,
But as the dew and gentle ſhowers
Diſſolving light on Herbs and Flowers:
Nor of a ſhort and fading date,
Was I the leſs deſign'd for rule and ſtate;
Let proud ambitious Floramour,
Uſurping on the gods' immortal name,
Joy to be ſtyl'd the Everlaſting Flower,
I ne'er knew yet that Plant that near to Neſtor came.
We too, too bleſs'd, too pow'rful ſhould be grown,
Which would but envy raiſe,
If we could ſay our beauty were our own,
Or boaſt long life and many days.
But why ſhould I complain of Fate
For giving me ſo ſhort a date?
Since Flowers, the emblems of mortality,
All the ſame way and manner die:
But the kind gods above forbid
That Virtue ere a grave ſhould find;
And tho' the Fatal Siſters cut my thread,
My odour, like the ſoul, remains behind.
To a dead lion a live worm's preferr'd,
Tho' once the king of all the ſavage herd.

After my death I ſtill excel
The beſt of Flowers that are alive and well:
If that the name of dead will bear,
From whoſe mere corpſe does come,
(Like the dead body's ſtill-ſurviving heir)
So ſweet a ſmell and ſtrong perfume.
Let them invent a thouſand ways
My mangled corpſe to vex and ſqueeze,
Tho' in a ſweating limbec pent,
My aſhes ſhall preſerve their ſcent.
Like a dead monarch to the grave I come,
Nature embalms me in my own perfume.
She ſpoke; a virgin bluſh came o'er her face,
And an ambroſian ſcent flew round the place;
But that which gave her words a finer grace,
Not without ſome conſtraint ſhe ſeem'd to tell her
Her rivals trembled; for the Judge's look [praiſe.
A ſecret pleaſure and much kindneſs ſpoke.
The virgin did not for well-wiſhers lack,
Her kindred-ſquadrons ſtood behind her back:
The Yellow neareſt ſtood, unfit for war,
Nor did the ſpoils of cur'd diſeaſes bear;
The White was next, of great and good renown,
A kind aſſiſtant to the eyeſight known;
The third, a mighty warrior, was the Red,
Which terribly her bloody banner ſpread:
She binds the flux with her reſtringent arts,
And ſtops the humours' journey to thoſe parts;

She brings a preſent and a ſure relief
To head and heart, the fountains both of life:
The fever's fires by her are mildneſs taught,
And the hagg'd man to ſweet compoſure brought.
By help of this, Jaſon of old, we read,
Yok'd and ſubdu'd the Bulls of fiery breed;
One doſe to ſleep the watchful Dragon ſent,
By which no more but an high fever's meant.
Between this ſquadron and the White, we 're told,
A long and grievous ſtrife commenc'd of old;
Strife is too ſoft a word for many years'
Cruel, unnatural, and bloody wars:
The fam'd Pharſalian fields, twice dy'd in blood,
Ne'er of a nobler quarrel witneſs ſtood;
The thirſt of empire, ground of moſt our wars,
Was that which ſolely did occaſion theirs;
For the Red Roſe could not an equal bear,
And the White would of no ſuperior hear:
The chiefs by * York and Lancaſter upheld,
With Civil rage haraſs'd the Britiſh field.
What madneſs drew ye, Roſes! to engage,
Kin againſt kin, to ſpend your thorns and rage!
Go, turn your arms where you may triumph gain,
And fame unſullied with a bluſhing ſtain;
See the French Lily ſpoils and waſtes your ſhore;
Go, conquer there, where you'ave twice beat before:

* The Civil wars between the houſes of York and Lancaſter, of which the firſt bore the White Roſe, and the other the Red, coſt more Engliſh blood than did twice conquering France.

Whilst the Scotch Thistle, with audacious pride,
Taking advantage, gores your bleeding side.
Do Roses no more sense and prudence own,
Than to be fighting for domestic crown?
From Venus you much of the mother bear,
You both take pleasure in the god of War;
I now begin to think the fable true,
That Mars sprung from a Flower, fulfill'd by you.
War ravages the field, and like the furious boar,
That turns up all the garden's beauteous store,
O'erthrows the trees and hedges, and does wound
With his ungentle tusk the bleeding ground;
Roots up the Saffron and the Violet bed,
And feasts upon the gaudy Tulip's head:
You'd grieve to see a beauteous plat so soon
Into confusion by a monster thrown.
  But, oh, my Muse! oh whither do'st thou tow'r!
This is a flight too high for thee to soar;
The harmless strife of Plants, their wanton play,
Thy pipe, perhaps, may well enough essay;
But for their wars, that is a theme so great,
Rather for Lucan's martial trumpet fit:
To him that sung the Theban brothers' death,
To Maro, or some such, that task bequeath.

End of the Third Book.

OF PLANTS.

BOOK IV. OF FLOWERS.

Tranſlated by N. Tate.

HAPPY the man whom, from ambition freed,
A little field and little garden feed;
The field does frugal Nature's wants ſupply,
The garden furniſhes for luxury:
What farther ſpecious clogs of life remain,
He leaves for fools to ſeek, and knaves to gain.
  This happy life did th' old Corycian chuſe,
A life deſerving Maro's noble Muſe;
This happy life did wiſe Abdol'm'nus charm,
The mighty monarch of a little farm.
While hoeing weeds that on his walks encroach'd,
Great Alexander's meſſenger approach'd;
" Receive," ſaid he " the enſigns of a crown,
" A ſceptre, mitre, and Sidonian gown."
To empire call'd, unwillingly he goes,
And longing looks back on his cottage throws.
Thus Aglaus' farm did frequent viſits find
From gods, himſelf a ſtranger to mankind.
Gyges, the richeſt king of former times,
(Wicked, and ſwelling with ſucceſsful crimes)
" Is there," ſaid he, " a man more bleſs'd than I?"
Thus challeng'd he the Delphic deity.

"Yes, Aglaus," the plain-dealing god reply'd:
"Aglaus! who's he?" the angry monarch cry'd.
"Say, is there any king ſo call'd?" "There's none;
"No king was ever by that title known,
"Or any great commander of that name,
"Or hero, who with gods does kindred claim;
"Or any who does ſuch vaſt wealth enjoy,
"As all his luxury can ne'er deſtroy.
"Renown'd for arms, for wealth, or birth, no man
"Was found call'd Aglaus: who's this Aglaus, then?"
At laſt, in the retir'd Arcadian plains,
(Silence and ſhades ſurround Arcadian ſwains)
Near Ptophis town (where he but once had been)
At plough this man of happineſs was ſeen;
In this retirement was that Aglaus found,
Envy'd by kings, and by a god renown'd.
Almighty Pow'r! if lawful it may be,
Amongſt fictitious gods to mention thee,
Before encroaching age too far intrude,
Let this ſweet ſcene my life's dull farce conclude!
With this ſweet cloſe my uſeleſs toil be bleſs'd,
My long toſs'd bark in that calm ſtation reſt.
Once more my Muſe in wild digreſſion ſtrays,
Ne'er ſatisfy'd with dear Retirement's praiſe.
A pleaſant road—but from our purpoſe wide;
Turn off, and to our point directly guide.
Of Summer-flow'rs a mighty hoſt remain,
With thoſe which Autumn muſters on the plain,

Who with joint forces fill the ſhining field,
Grudging that Spring ſhould equal numbers yield
To both their liſts, or, 'cauſe ſome Plants had been
Under the ſervice of both ſeaſons ſeen.
Of theſe, my Muſe! rehearſe the chief, (for all,
Tho' Mem'ry's daughter, thou can'ſt ne'er recall)
The ſpikes of Summer's corn thou may'ſt as well,
Or ev'ry grape of fruitful Autumn tell.
  The flamy Panſy uſhers ſummer in,
His friendly march with ſummer does begin;
Autumn's companion too, (ſo Proſerpine
Hides half the year, and half the year is ſeen)
The Violet is leſs beautiful than thee,
That of one colour boaſts, and thou of three:
Gold, ſilver, purple, are thy ornament,
Thy rivals thou might'ſt ſcorn, hadſt thou but ſcent.
  The Heſperis aſſumes a Violet's name,
To that which juſtly from the Heſper came;
Heſper does all thy precious ſweets unfold,
Which coyly thou didſt from the day with-hold:
In him more than the ſun thou tak'ſt delight;
To him, like a kind bride, thou yield'ſt thy ſweet at
  The Anthemis, a ſmall but glorious Flower, [night.
Scarce rears his head, yet has a giant's tower;
Forces the lurking fever to retreat,
(Enſconc'd, like Cacus, in his ſmoky ſeat)
Recruits the feeble joints, and gives them eaſe;
He makes the burning inundation ceaſe;

And when his force againſt the ſtone is ſent,
He breaks the rock, and gives the waters vent.
Not thunder finds thro' rocks ſo ſwift a courſe,
Nor gold the rampir'd town ſo ſoon can force.
  Blue Bottle, thee my numbers fain would raiſe,
And thy complexion challenges my praiſe;
Thy countenance, like ſummer-ſkies, is fair,
But, ah! how diff'rent thy vile manners are!
Ceres for this excludes thee from my ſong,
And ſwains, to gods and me a ſacred throng:
A treach'rous gueſt, deſtruction thou doſt bring
To th' hoſpitable field where thou doſt ſpring:
Thou blunt'ſt the very reaper's ſickle, and ſo
In life and death becom'ſt the farmer's foe.
  The Fenel Flow'r does next our ſong invite,
Dreadful at once, and lovely to the ſight:
His beard all briſtly, all unkemb'd his hair,
Ev'n his wreath'd horns the ſame rough aſpect bear;
His viſage, too, a watriſh blue adorns,
Like Achelous, ere his head wore horns:
Nor without reaſon, (prudent Nature's care
Gives Plants a form that might their uſe declare)
Dropſies it cures, and makes moiſt bodies dry,
It bids the waters paſs, the frighted waters fly;
Does thro' the body's ſecret channels run,
A water-goddeſs in the little world of man.
  But ſay, Corn Violet, why thou doſt claim
Of Venus' Looking-glaſs the pompous name?

Thy ſtudded purple vies, I muſt confeſs,
With the moſt noble and Patrician dreſs;
Yet wherefore Venus' Looking-glaſs? that name
Her offspring Roſe did ne'er preſume to claim.
  Antirrhinon, more modeſt, takes the ſtyle
Of Lion's-mouth, ſometimes of Calf-ſnout vile,
By us Snap-dragon call'd, to make amends,
But ſay what this chimera name intends?
Thou well deſerv'ſt it if, as old wives ſay,
Thou driv'ſt nocturnal ghoſts and ſprights away.
  Why does thy head, Napellus! armour wear?
Thy guilt, perfidious Plant! creates thy fear:
Thy helmet we could willingly allow,
But thou, alas! haſt mortal weapons too!
But wherefore arm'd, as if for open fight,
Who work'ſt by ſecret poiſon all thy ſpight?
  Helmet 'gainſt helmet juſtly thou doſt wear,
Blue Anthora, upon thy lovely hair;
This cov'ring from fell wounds thy front does ſhield;
With ſuch a headpiece Pallas goes to field.
What god to thee ſuch baneful force allow'd,
With ſuch heroic piety endow'd?
Thou poiſon'ſt more than e'er Medea ſlew,
Yet no ſuch antidote Medea knew.
Nor pow'rful only 'gainſt thy own dire harms,
Thy virtue ev'ry noxious Plant diſarms:
Serpents are harmleſs creatures made by thee,
And Africa itſelf is from poiſon free.

Air, earth, and ſeas, with ſecret taint oppreſs'd,
Diſcharge themſelves of the unwelcome gueſt;
On wretched us they ſhed the deadly bane,
Who die by them that ſhould our life maintain:
Then Nature ſeems t' have learnt the pois'ning trade,
Our common parent our ſtepmother made:
'Tis then the ſickly world perceives thy aid;
By thy prevailing force the plague is ſtaid.
A noble ſtrife 'twixt Fate and thee we find,
That to deſtroy, thou to preſerve mankind.
 Into thy liſts, thou martial Plant! admit
Goat's-rue, Goat's-rue is for thy ſquadrons fit.
 Thy beauty, Campion! very much may claim,
But of Greek Roſe how didſt thou gain the name?
The Greeks were ever privileg'd to tell
Untruths, they call thee Roſe, who haſt no ſmell:
Yet formerly thou waſt in garlands worn,
Thy ſtarry beams our temples ſtill adorn,
Thou crown'ſt our feaſts, where we in mirth ſuppoſe,
And in our drink allow, thee for a Roſe.
 The Chalcedonian ſoil did once produce
A Lychnis of much greater ſize and uſe;
Form'd like a ſconce, where various branches riſe,
Bearing more lights than Juno's bird has eyes:
Like thoſe in palaces, whoſe golden light
Strikes up, and makes the gilded roofs more bright:
This great men's tables ſerves, while that's preferr'd
To altars, and the gods' celeſtial board.

Should Maro aſk me in what region ſprings
The race of Flow'rs inſcrib'd with names of kings?
I anſwer, that of Flow'rs deſerv'dly crown'd
With royal titles many may be found;
The Royal Looſe-ſtrife, Royal Gentian, grace
Our gardens, proud of ſuch a princely race.
Soapwort! tho' coarſe thy name, thou doſt excel
In form, and art enrich'd with fragrant ſmell:
As great in virtue too, for thou giv'ſt eaſe
In dropſies and fair Venus' foul diſeaſe;
Yet doſt not ſervile offices decline,
But condeſcend'ſt to make our kitchens ſhine.
Rome's great Dictator thus, his triumph paſt,
Return'd to plough, nor thought his pomp debas'd;
The ſame right hand guides now the humble ſtive,
And oxen yokes that did fierce nations drive.
Next comes the Flow'r in figure of a bell;
Thy ſportive-meaning, Nature! who can tell?
In theſe what muſic, Flora! doſt thou find?
Say for what jocund rites they are deſign'd.
By us theſe bells are never heard to ſound,
Our ears are dull, and ſtupid is our mind;
Nature is all a riddle to mankind.
Some Flow'rs give men as well as gods delight,
Theſe qualify nor ſmell, nor taſte, nor ſight;
Why, therefore, ſhould not our fifth ſenſe be ſerv'd?
Or is that pleaſure for the gods reſerv'd?

But of all Bell-flow'rs Bindweed does ſurpaſs,
Of brighter metal than Corinthian braſs.
My Muſe grows hoarſe, and can no longer ſing,
But Throatwort haſtes her kind relief to bring;
The Colleges with dignity inſtal
This Flow'r; at Rome he is a Cardinal.
The Fox-glove on fair Flora's hand is worn,
Leſt while ſhe gathers Flow'rs ſhe meet a thorn.
Love-apple, tho' its Flow'r leſs fair appears,
Its golden fruit deſerves the name it bears:
But this is new in love, where the true crop
Proves nothing; all the pleaſure was i' th' hope.
The Indian Flow'ry Reed in figure vies,
And luſtre, with the Cancer of the Skies.
The Indian Creſs our climate now does bear,
Call'd Lark's-heel, 'cauſe he wears a horſeman's ſpur.
This gilt-ſpur knight prepares his courſe to run,
Taking his ſignal from the riſing ſun,
And ſtimulates his Flow'r to meet the day;
So Caſtor mounted, ſpurs his ſteed away.
This warrior, ſure, has in ſome battle been,
For ſpots of blood upon his breaſt are ſeen.
Had Ovid ſeen him, how would he have told
His hiſtory, a taſk for me too bold?
His race at large and fortunes had expreſs'd,
And whence thoſe bleeding ſignals on thy breaſt:
From later bards ſuch myſteries are hid,
Nor does the god inſpire as heretofore he did.

With the ſame weapon, Larkſpur! thou doſt mount
Amongſt the Flow'rs, a knight of high account;
To want thoſe warlike enſigns were a ſhame
For thee, who kindred doſt with Ajax claim:
Of unarm'd Flow'rs he could not be the ſire,
Who for the loſs of armour did expire.
Of th' ancient Hyacinth thou keep'ſt the form,
Thoſe lovely creatures, that ev'n Phœbus charm;
In thee thoſe ſkilful letters ſtill appear,
That prove thee Ajax his undoubted heir.
That upſtart Flow'r that has uſurp'd thy fame,
O'ercome by thee, is forc'd to quit his claim.
The Lily, too, would fain thy rival be,
And brings, 'tis true, ſome ſigns that well agree,
But in complexion differs much from thee.
At ſpring thou may'ſt adorn the Aſian bow'rs;
We reap thee here among our ſummer-flow'rs:
But Martagon a bolder challenge draws,
And offers reaſon to ſupport his cauſe;
Nor did Achilles' armour ere create
'Twixt Ajax and Ulyſſes ſuch debate,
So fierce, ſo great, as at this day we ſee,
For Ajax' ſpoils, 'twixt Martagon and thee.
That baſtard Dittany, of ſanguine hue,
From Hector's reeking blood conception drew;
I cannot ſay but ſtill a crimſon ſtain
Tinctures its ſkin, and colours every vein.

In man the three chief ſeats it does maintain,
Defends the heart, the ſtomach, and the brain:
But all in vain thy virtue is employ'd
To ſave a town muſt be at laſt deſtroy'd;
In vain thou fight'ſt with Heav'n and Deſtiny,
Our Troy muſt fall, and thou our Hector die.
Next comes the Candy-tufts, a Cretan flower,
That rivals Jove in country and in power.
The Pellitory healing fire contains,
That from a raging tooth the humour drains;
At bottom red, above 'tis white and pure,
Reſembling teeth and gums, for both a certain cure.
The Sowbread does afford rich food for ſwine,
Phyſic for man, and garlands for the ſhrine.
Mouſe-ear, like to its nameſake, loves t' abide
In places out o' the way, from mankind hid;
It loves the ſhade, and Nature kindly lends
A ſhield againſt the darts that Phœbus ſends:
'Tis with ſuch ſilky briſtles cover'd o'er,
The tend'reſt virgin's hand may crop the flow'r:
From all its num'rous darts no hurt is found;
Its weapons know to cure, but not to wound.
Sweet-William ſmall, has form and aſpect bright,
Like that ſweet Flower that yields great Jove delight;
Had he majeſtic bulk, he'd now be ſtyl'd
Jove's Flower; and if my ſkill is not beguil'd,
He was Jove's Flower when Jove was but a child.
Take him with many Flow'rs in one conferr'd,
He's worthy Jove ev'n now he has a beard.

The Catch-fly with Sweet-William we confound,
Whoſe nets the ſtragglers of the ſwarm ſurround;
Thoſe viſcous threads that hold th' entangled prey
From its own treach'rous entrails force their way.
Three branches in the Barrenwort are found,
Each branch again with three leſs branches crown'd;
The leaves and flowers adorning each are three;
This frame muſt needs contain ſome ſacred myſtery.
Small are thy bloſſoms, Double Pellitory,
Which yet united are the garden's glory:
Sneezing thou doſt provoke, and Love for thee,
When thou wert born, ſneez'd moſt auſpiciouſly.
But thou that from fair Mella tak'ſt thy name,
Thy front ſurrounded with a ſtarlike flame,
Scorn not the meads, for from the meads are borne
Wreaths which the temples of the gods adorn;
Kind ſuſtenance thou yield'ſt the lab'ring bee,
When ſcarce thy mother Earth affords it thee:
Thy winter ſtore in hardeſt months is found,
And more than once with flow'rs in ſummer crown'd;
Thy root ſupplies the place of flow'rs decay'd,
And fodder for the fainting hive is made.
Behold a monſter loathſome to the eye,
Of ſlender bulk, but dang'rous policy;
Eight legs it bears, three joints in every limb,
That nimbly move, and dex'trouſly can climb;
Its trunk (all belly) round deform'd, and ſwell'd,
With fatal nets and deadly poiſon fill'd:

For gnats and wand'ring flies ſhe ſpreads her toils,
And, robber-like, lives high on raviſh'd ſpoils:
The city-ſpider, as more civiliz'd,
With this leſs hurtful practice is ſuffic'd.
With greater fury the tarantula,
Tho' ſmall itſelf, makes men and beaſts its prey,
Takes firſt our reaſon, then our life, away.
Thou, Spiderwort! doſt with the monſter ſtrive,
And from the conquer'd foe thy name derive.
Thus Scipio, when the world's third part he won,
While to the ſpoils the meaner captains run,
The only plunder he deſir'd was fame,
And from the vanquiſh'd foe to take his name.
The Marvail of the World comes next in view,
At home, but ſtyl'd the Marvail of Peru:
(Boaſt not too much, proud Soil! thy mines of gold,
Thy veins much wealth, but more of poiſon hold)
Bring o'er the root, our colder earth has power
In its full beauty to produce the Flower;
But yields for iſſue no prolific ſeed,
And ſcorns in foreign lands to plant and breed.
The Holyhock diſdains the common ſize
Of Herbs, and like a tree does proudly riſe;
Proud ſhe appears, but try her, and you'll find
No Plant more mild, or friendly to mankind;
She gently all obſtructions does unbind.
The Africans their rich leaves cloſely fold,
Bright as their country's celebrated gold;

Each hollow leaf, envelop'd, does impart
The form of a gilt pipe, and ſeems a work of art:
Would kind Apollo once theſe pipes inſpire,
They'd give ſuch ſounds as ſhould ſurpaſs his lyre.
A more than common date this Flow'r enjoys,
And ſees a month completed ere ſhe dies.
Theſe only Fate permits ſo long to ſtand,
And crops 'em then with an unwilling hand.
The calyx where her fertile ſeeds are laid
In likeneſs of a painted quiver made,
With ſtore of arrows, too, this quiver's grac'd,
And decently on Flora's ſhoulder plac'd.
When ſhe in gardens hunts the butterfly,
In vain the wretch his ſun-burnt wings does try,
Secure enough, did fear not make him fly:
Himſelf would ſeem a Flow'r if motionleſs,
And cheat the goddeſs with his gaudy dreſs;
Retreating, the keen ſpike his ſides does goad,
To earth he falls, a light and unfelt load.
  Such was the Punic Caltha, which, of yore,
Of Juno's Roſe the lofty title bore:
Of famous Carthage, now by Fate bereft,
This laſt (and ſurely) greateſt pride is left.
How vain, O Flow'rs! your hopes and wiſhes be,
Borne like yourſelves by rapid winds away:
Once you had hopes, at Hannibal's return
From vanquiſh'd Rome, his triumphs to adorn,
And ev'n imperious Carthage' head ſurround,
When ſhe the Miſtreſs of the World was crown'd;

Preſum'd that Flora would for you declare,
Tho' ſhe that time a Latian goddeſs were:
But now, alas! reduc'd to private ſtate,
Thou ſhar'ſt, poor Flow'r! thy captive country's fate.
Why, Holly-Roſe! doſt thou, of ſlender frame,
And without ſcent, aſſume a Roſe's name?
Fate on thy pride a ſwift revenge does bring,
The day beholds thee dead that ſees the ſpring;
Yet to the ſhades thy ſoul triumphing goes,
Boaſting that thou didſt imitate the Roſe.
A better claim Sweet Ciſtus may pretend,
Whoſe ſweating leaves a fragrant balſam ſend.
To crop this Plant the wicked goat preſumes,
Whoſe fetid beard the precious balm perfumes;
But in revenge of the unhallowed theft,
The caitiff is of his larded beard bereft.
Baldneſs thou doſt redreſs, nor are we ſure
Whether the beard or balſam gives the cure.
Thy ointment, Jeſſamine! without abuſe
Is gain'd, yet grave old ſots condemn the uſe;
Tho' Jove himſelf, when he is moſt enrag'd,
With thy ambroſial odour is aſſwag'd.
Capricious men! why ſhould that ſcent diſpleaſe,
That is ſo grateful to the deities?
Flora herſelf to th' Orange-tree lays claim,
Calls it her own, Pomona does the ſame;
Hard words enſue (for under ſenſe of wrong;
Ev'n goddeſſes themſelves can find a tongue)

If apples pleaſe you ſo, Pomona cries,
Take your Love-apple, and let that ſuffice:
To claim another's right is harlots' trade,
So may a goddeſs of an harlot made.
And on what ſcore, Flora, incens'd, reply'd,
Were you by kind Vertumnus deify'd?
You kept (no thanks) your maiden-virtue when
He was a matron, when a youth—what then?
Such fragrant fruits as theſe may Flow'rs be call'd,
And henceforth with that name ſhall be inſtall'd.
On ſundry ſorts of pulſe we do beſtow
That title, tho' in open field they grow,
As others oft' are in the garden ſeen,
Witneſs the Everlaſting Peaſe and Scarlet Bean.
The vulgar Bean's ſweet ſcent who does not prize?
With iv'ry forehead, and with jet-black eyes,
Amongſt our garden beauties may appear,
If gardens only their cheap crop did bear.
Pythagoras, not rightly underſtood,
Has left a ſcandal on the noble food.
Take care, henceforth, ye Sages! to ſpeak true;
Speak truth, and ſpeak intelligibly too.
Lupine unſteep'd to harſhneſs does incline,
And, like old Cato, is of temper rough,
But drench the pulſe in water, him in wine,
They'll loſe their ſourneſs, and grow mild enough.
Theſe Flowers, and thouſands more, whoſe num'rous tribe
And pompous march 'twere endleſs to deſcribe,

The Mandrake only imitates our walk,
And on two legs erect is ſeen to ſtalk.
This monſter ſtruck Bellona's ſelf with awe,
When firſt the man-reſembling Plant ſhe ſaw.
  The Water-lily ſtill is wanting here;
What cauſe can Water-lily have to fear,
Where beauties of inferior rank appear?
Her form excels, and, for nobility,
The whole Aſſembly might her vaſſals be:
A water-nymph ſhe was, Alcides' bride,
(Who ſprung from gods, himſelf now deify'd)
This coſt her dear—by love of him betray'd,
The water-goddeſs a poor Plant was made:
From this misfortune ſhe does triſtful prove,
And to this hour ſhe hates the name of Love:
All freedom ſhe renounces, mirth and play,
That to more cloſe embraces lead the way:
And ſince our Flora's former pranks are known,
(If in a goddeſs we ſuch crimes may own)
In life the common miſtreſs of the town:
She ſcorns at the tribunal to be ſeen,
Nor would on terms ſo ſcandalous be queen:
To be from earth divorc'd ſhe'd rather chuſe,
And to the ſun her wither'd root expoſe.
  Thee, Maracot *! a much more ſacred cauſe
From theſe profane ridic'lous rites withdraws;

* *Flos Paſſionis Chriſti.* The Paſſion Flower; or Virginian Climber. The firſt of theſe names was given it by the Jeſuits, who pretended to find in it all the inſtruments of our Lord's paſſion; not ſo eaſily diſcerned by men of ſenſes not ſo fine as they.

With ſignals of a real god adorn'd,
Poets' and painters' gods by thee are ſcorn'd.
T' unfold the emblems of this myſtic Flower,
Tranſcends, alas! my feeble Muſe's power;
But Nature, ſure, by chance did ne'er beſtow
A form ſo diff'rent from all Plants that grow.
Enrob'd with ten white leaves, the proper dreſs
Of virgins chaſte, and ſacred prieſteſſes,
Twice round her two-fold ſelvedge you may view
A purple ring, the ſacred martyr's hue:
Thick ſprouting ſtems of ruddy Saffron-grain
Strive to conceal the flow'r, but ſtrive in vain.
This coronet, of ruby ſpikes compos'd,
The thorny blood-ſtain'd crown may be ſuppos'd;
The blood-ſtain'd pillar, too, a curious eye
May there behold, and if you cloſely pry,
The ſpunge, the nails, the ſcourge, thereon you'll ſpy,
And knobs reſembling a crown'd head deſcry.
So deep in earth the root deſcends, you'd ſwear
It meant to viſit Hell, and triumph there:
In ev'ry ſoil it grows, as if it meant
To ſtretch its conqueſt to the world's extent.
Beſide the fore-nam'd candidates, but few
Remain'd, and moſt of them were modeſt too;
But where ſuch fragrant rivals did appear,
Who would have thought to find rank Moly there?
Amongſt competitors of ſuch fair note,
Sure Garlic only will for Moly vote:

Yet ſomething 'twas (and Plants themſelves confeſs
The honour great) that Homer did expreſs
Her famous name in his immortal ſong;
Swell'd with this pride, ſhe preſſes thro' the throng.
Deep ſilence o'er the whole Aſſembly ſpreads,
Whilſt with unſav'ry breath her title thus ſhe pleads.

MOLY.

To find a name for me the gods took care,
A myſtic name, that might my worth declare:
They call me Moly: dull grammarians' ſenſe
Is puzzled with the term——
But Homer held divine intelligence.
In Greek and Latin both my name is Great,
The term is juſt, but Moly ſounds more neat:
My pow'rs prevented Circe's dire deſign;
Ulyſſes but for me had been a ſwine;
In vain had Mercury inſpir'd his brain
With craft, and tipt his wheedling tongue in vain,
Had I not enter'd timely to his aid.
Thus Moly ſpoke, and would much more have ſaid;
But by miſchance (as if ſome angry power
Had ow'd her long a ſhame) a belch moſt ſour
Broke from her throat, perfuming all the Court,
And made her rivals unexpected ſport.
Her pompous name no longer can take place,
Her odour proves her of the Garlic race;

Forthwith with one conſent the gibing throng
Set up their notes,and ſung the well-known ſong.

" He that to cut his father's throat
" Did heretofore preſume,
" To 'ave Garlic cramm'd into his gut
" Receiv'd the dreadful doom."

Flora, to ſilence the tumultuous jeſt,
(Tho' ſecretly, ſhe ſmil'd amongſt the reſt)
That ſhe herſelf would ſpeak a ſign expreſs'd;
Then with ſweet grace into theſe accents broke,
Th' unhallow'd place perfuming while ſhe ſpoke.

FLORA.

Homer I will not vain or careleſs call,
Tho' he no mention makes of me at all;
That he blame-worthy was in this 'tis true,
But the Blind Bard gives other gods their due.
To doubt his truth were piety to ſlight;
Ev'n what of Moly he affirms is right.
I once had ſuch a Flower, but now bereft
O' the happineſs, the name is only left.
No ſooner men its wondrous virtue knew,
But jealous gods the pow'rful Plant withdrew.
'Tis ſaid that Jove did Mercury chaſtiſe
For ſhewing to Ulyſſes ſuch a prize.

To ſay I ſaw him do it I'll not preſume,
But witneſs am of Moly's unjuſt doom.
E'en to the ſhades below her root ſtrikes down,
As ſhe would make th' infernal world her own;
As from their native ſeats the fiends ſhe'd drive,
And, ſpight of flames and blaſting ſulphur, thrive.
Jove ſaw it, and ſaid, "Since fire can't ſtop thy courſe,
"We'll try ſome magic-water's ſtranger force."
Then calling Lympha to him, thus at large
Unfolds his mind, and gives the goddeſs charge:
"Thou know'ſt," ſaid he, "where Cicones reſide,
"There runs a marv'llous petrifying tide;
"Take of that ſtream (but largely take) and throw
"Where'er thou ſeeſt the wicked Moly grow;
"Our empire is not ſafe, her pow'r is ſo large;
"Whole rivers, therefore, on her head diſcharge."
Lympha with lib'ral hand the liquor pours,
While thirſty Moly her own bane devours:
Her ſtem forthwith is turn'd (O prodigy!)
Into a pillar; where her flower ſhould be
The ſculpture of a flow'r is only ſhown.
Poor Moly, thus transform'd to marble-ſtone,
The ſtory of her fate does ſtill preſent,
And ſtands in death her own ſad monument.
Here ended little Moly's mighty reign,
By jealous gods for too much virtue ſlain.
  What wonder, then, if that bold Flow'r doth prove
The object of his wrath that rivall'd Jove;

That to embrace chaſte Juno did aſpire,
Gallant to a goddeſs, of a god the ſire?
The vigorous Herb begat a deity,
A god like Jove himſelf for majeſty,
And one that thunders, too, as loud as he:
With one ſhort moment's touch begot him too,
That's more than ever threſhing Jove could do.
The Flow'r itſelf appears with warrior's mien,
(As much as can in growing Plants be ſeen)
With ſtabbing point and cutting edge 'tis made,
Like warlike weapon, and upon its blade
Are ruddy ſtains, like drops of blood, diſplay'd.
Its ſpikes, of falchion-ſhape, are ſanguine too,
Its ſtem and front is all of bloody hue:
The root in form of any ſhield is ſpread,
A creſted helmet's plac'd upon its head:
Upon his ſtalk ſtrings, bow, and arrows grow,
A horſeman's ſpur upon his heel below.
Minerva I would have this warrior wed,
A warrior fit for chaſte Minerva's bed;
o might ſhe teem, yet keep her maidenhead.
My garden had but one of theſe, I own,
And therefore by the name of Phœnix known.
The Herb that could increaſe Jove's mighty breed,
T' itſelf an eunuch was, and wanted ſeed.
Grieving that earth ſo rich a prize ſhould want,
I try'd all means to propagate the Plant.

What cannot wit, what cannot art fulfil?
At leaſt where pow'rs divine would ſhew their ſkill.
One tender bulb another did ſucceed,
And my fair Phœnix now began to breed;
But mark th' event; Shall I expecting ſit,
Cries Jove, till this young ſprout more gods beget?
To have a rival in my heav'n, and ſee
An Herb-race mingle with Jove's progeny?
A dreadful and blind monſter then does make,
That on his rival dire revenge might take;
Tho' leſs of ſize, ſhap'd like a foreſt boar,
And turns him looſe into my garden's ſtore.
What havoc did the ſavage make that day?
(I weep to think what flow'ry ruins lay)
With ſulphur's fume I ſtrove to drive him thence,
The fume of ſulphur prov'd too weak defence:
Great Spurge and Aſſa-fœtida I try'd,
In vain, in vain, ſtrong Moly's ſcent apply'd;
Small vermine did his anceſtors ſuffice,
When they could catch a beetle 'twas a prize,
But ſuch coarſe fare this ſalvage does deſpiſe.
He like a ſwine of Epicurus' breed,
On the beſt dainties of my ſoil muſt feed.
Tulips of ten pounds price (ſo large and gay
Adorn'd my bow'r) he'd eat me ten a day:
For twice the ſum I could not now ſupply
The like, tho' Jove himſelf ſhould come to buy.
Yet like a goddeſs I the damage bore
With courage, truſting to my art for more:

While, therefore, I contrive to trap the foe,
The wretch devours my precious Phœnix too:
Nor to devour the ſire is ſatisfy'd,
But tears the tender offspring from his ſide.
O impious fact—Here Flora paus'd a while,
And from her eyes the cryſtal tears diſtil;
But, as became a goddeſs, check'd her grief,
And thus proceeds, in language ſweet and brief.
Thee, Moly! Homer did perhaps devour,
For, to Heav'n's ſhame be't ſpoke, the bard was poor,
But in thy praiſe would ne'er vouchſafe to ſpeak;
From theſe examples, Moly! warning take:
To fatal honours ſeek not then to riſe,
'Tis dangerous claiming kindred with the ſkies;
Thou honeſt Garlic art, let that ſuffice:
Of country-growth own then thy earthly race,
Nor bring by pride on Plants or man diſgrace.
She ſaid—and to the Lily, waiting by,
Gave ſign that ſhe her title next ſhould try.

WHITE LILY.

Such as the lovely ſwan appears,
When riſing from the Trent or Thame,
And as aloft his plumes he rears,
Deſpiſes the leſs beauteous ſtream;
So when my joyful Flow'r is born,
And does its native glories ſhow,
Her clouded rival ſhe does ſcorn;
They 're all but foils where Lilies grow.

Soon as the infant comes to light,
With harmlefs milk alone 'tis fed,
That from the innocence of white
A gentle temper may be bred.
The milky teat is firft apply'd
To fierceft creatures of the earth,
But I can boaft a greater pride,
A goddefs' milk produc'd my birth *.
When Juno, in the days of yore,
Did with this great Alcides teem,
Of milk the goddefs had fuch ftore,
The nectar from her breaft did ftream:
Whit'ning beyond the pow'r of art
The pavement where it lay,
Yet thro' the crevifes fome part
Made fhift to find its way.
The earth forthwith did pregnant prove,
With Lily-flowers fupply'd,
That fcarce the Milky Way above
With her in whitenefs vy'd.
Thus did the race of man arife,
When fparks of heav'nly fire
Breaking thro' crannies in the fkies,
Did earth's dull mafs infpire.

* Jupiter, in order to make Hercules immortal, clapped him to Juno's breafts while fhe was afleep. The lufty little rogue fucked fo hard, that too great a gufh of milk coming forth, fome fpilt upon the fky, which made the Galaxy, or Milky-way, and out of fome which fell to the earth arofe the Lily.

Happy thoſe ſouls that can, like me,
Their native white retain,
Preſerve their heav'nly purity,
And wear no guilty ſtain.
Peace in my habit comes array'd,
My dreſs her daughters wear;
Hope and Joy in white are clad,
In ſable weeds Deſpair.
Thus Beauty, Truth, and Chaſtity,
Attir'd we always find;
Theſe in no female meet but me;
From me are ne'er disjoin'd.
Nature on many Flow'rs beſide
Beſtows a muddy white;
On me ſhe plac'd her greateſt pride,
All over clad in light.
Thus Lily ſpoke, and needleſs did ſuppoſe,
Secure of form, her virtues to diſcloſe.
Then follow'd Lilies of a diff'rent hue,
Who ('cauſe their beauty leſs than her's they knew)
From birth and high deſcent their title drew.
Of theſe the Martagon chief claim did bring,
(The noble Flow'r that did from Ajax ſpring)
But from the nobleſt hero's veins to flow,
Seem'd leſs than from a goddeſs' milk to grow.
At laſt the drowſy Poppy rais'd her head,
And ſleepily began her cauſe to plead:
Ambition ev'n the drowſy Poppy wakes,
Who thus to urge her merit undertakes.

POPPY.

O SLEEP! the gentle eafe of grief,
Of care and toil the fweet relief;
Like fov'reign balm thou canft reftore,
When doctors give the patient o'er.
Thou to the wretched art a friend,
A gueft that ne'er does harm intend;
In cottages mak'ft thy abode;
To th' innocent thou art a god.
On earth with Jove bear'ft equal fway,
Thou rul'ft the night, as Jove the day;
A middle ftation thou doft keep,
'Twixt Jove and Pluto, pow'rful Sleep!
As thou art juft, and fcorn'ft to lie,
Confefs before this company,
That by the virtue of my flow'r
Thou holdeft thy nocturnal pow'r.
Why do we call thee Loiterer,
Who fly'ft fo nimbly thro' the air?
The birds on wing confefs thy force,
And ftop in th' middle of their courfe.
Thy empire, as the ocean wide,
Rules all that in the deep refide;
That moving ifland of the main,
The whale, is fetter'd in thy chain.
The defert lands thy pow'r declare,
Thou rul'ft the lion, tiger, bear;
To mention thefe, alas! is vain,
O'er city-tyrants thou doft reign.

The bafilifk, whofe looks deftroy,
And nymph more fatal, if fhe's coy;
Whofe glances furer death impart
To her tormented lover's heart:
When Sleep commands, their charms give way,
His more prevailing force obey;
Their killing eyes they gently clofe,
Difarm'd by innocent repofe.
That careful Jove does always wake
The Poet fay; a foul miftake!
For when to pow'r the wicked rife,
Can Jove look on with open eyes.
When Blood to Heav'n for vengeance calls,
So loud it fhakes his palace-walls,
Yet does unheard, unanfwer'd fue,
Muft Jove not fleep, and foundly too?
That Ceres with my flow'r is griev'd,
Some think, but they are much deceiv'd,
For where her richeft corn fhe fows,
The inmate Poppy fhe allows.
Together both our feeds does fling,
And bids us both together fpring;
Good caufe, for my fleep-giving juice
Does more than corn to life conduce.
On us the mortals freely feed;
Of other Plants there's little need;
Full of Poppy, full of corn,
Th' Hefperian garden you may fcorn.

Bread's more refreſhing, mix'd with me *,
Honey and I with bread agree;
Our taſte ſo ſweet, it can excite
The weak or ſated appetite.
In Ceres' garland I am plac'd;
Me ſhe did firſt vouchſafe to taſte,
When for her daughter loſt ſhe griev'd,
Nor in long time had food receiv'd.
'Bove all, ſhe does extol my Plant;
For if ſuſtaining corn you want,
From me ſuch kind ſupplies are ſent,
As give both ſleep and nouriſhment.
The reaſon, therefore, is moſt plain
Why I was made the fruitfull'ſt grain;
The Perſian brings not to the field
Such armies as my camp does yield.
Diſeaſes in all regions breed,
No corner of the world is freed;
Hard labour ev'ry where we find
The conſtant portion of mankind.
Sick Earth great Jove beheld with grief,
And ſent me down to her relief,
And 'cauſe her ills ſo faſt did breed,
Endu'd me with more fertile ſeed.
Thus Poppy ſpake, nor did, as I ſuppoſe,
So ſoon intend her bold harangue to cloſe,
But, ſeiz'd with ſleep, here finiſh'd her diſcourſe,
Nor could reſiſt her own lethargic force.

* In old time the ſeed of the White Poppy, parched, was ſerved up a as deſert.

I tell ſtrange things, (but nothing ſhould deter,
Since 'tis moſt certain truth what I aver)
Nor would I ſacred hiſtory profane,
As poets uſe with what is falſe and vain.
While Poppy ſpoke—
Th' Aſſembly could no longer open keep
Their eyes, ev'n Flora's ſelf fell faſt aſleep.
So Daffadils, with too much rain oppreſs'd,
Recline their drooping heads upon their breaſt.
Zephyr not long could bear this foul diſgrace;
With a briſk breeze of air he ſhook the place:
Flora, who well her huſband's kiſſes knew,
Wak'd firſt, but rear'd her head with much ado:
With heavy motion to her drowſy eyes
Her fingers lifts, and, " What's a clock ?" ſhe cries.
At which the reſt (all by degrees) unfold
Their eyelids, and the open day behold.
The Sun-flow'r, thinking 'twas for him foul ſhame
To nap by day-light, ſtrove t' excuſe the blame;
It was not ſleep that made him nod, he ſaid,
But too great weight and largeneſs of his head:
Majeſtic then before the Court he ſtands,
And ſilence with Phœbean voice commands.

SUN-FLOWER.

If by the rules of Nature we proceed,
And likeneſs to the fire muſt prove the breed,

Believe me, Sirs, when Phœbus looks on you,
He ſcarce can think his ſpouſe, the Earth, was true.
No ſooner can his eye on me be thrown,
But he by Styx will ſwear I am his own.
My orblike golden aſpect bound with rays,
The very picture of his face diſplays.
Among the ſtars, long ſince, I ſhould have place,
Had not my mother been of mortal race.
Preſume not then, ye Earth-born Muſhroom brood!
To call me Brother——I derive my blood
From Phœbus' ſelf, which by my form I prove,
And, more than by my form, my filial love.
I ſtill adore my ſire with proſtrate face,
Turn where he turns, and all his motions trace:
Who ſeeing this, (all things he ſees) decreed
To you, his doubtful if not ſpurious breed,
Theſe poorer climes to be in dow'r enjoy'd,
Of that divine Phœbean metal void;
On me that richer ſoil he did beſtow,
Where gold, the product of his beams, does grow.
Amongſt his treaſures well might he aſſign
A place for me, his like and living coin.
He ſaid, and bowing twice his head with grace
To Flora, thrice to his ſire, reſum'd his place.
To him ſucceeds a Flow'r of greater name,
Who from high Jove himſelf deriv'd his claim.

JULY-FLOWER.

How this pretender, for no med'cine good,
Can be allow'd the ſon of Phyſic's god.

I leave to the wiſe judgment of the Court;
With better proofs my title I ſupport.
Jove was my ſire, to me he did impart
(Who beſt deſerv'd) the empire of the heart:
Let him with golden aſpect pleaſe the eye,
A ſov'reign cordial to the heart am I.
Not Tagus, nor the treaſures of Peru,
Thy boaſted ſoil, can grief, like me, ſubdue.
Should Jove once more deſcend in golden ſhow'r,
Not Jove could prove ſo cordial as my flow'r.
One golden coat thou haſt, I do confeſs,
That's all, poor Plant! thou haſt no change of dreſs:
Of ſev'ral hues I ſev'ral garments wear,
Nor can the Roſe herſelf with me compare:
The gaudy Tulip and the Emony
Seem richly coated when compar'd with thee:
View both their ſtocks, my wardrobe has the ſame,
The very Crœſus I of colours am.
Rich but in dreſs they are, in virtue poor,
Or keep, like miſers, to themſelves their ſtore;
Moſt lib'rally my bounty I impart;
'Tis joy to mine to eaſe another's heart.
Some Flowers for phyſic ſerve, and ſome for ſmell,
For beauty ſome—but I in all excel.
While thus ſhe ſpake, her voice, ſcent, dreſs and
Majeſtic all, drew rev'rence from the Court. [port,
Well might th' inferior Plants concern'd appear,
The very Roſe herſelf began to fear.

Her next of kin, a fair and num'rous hoſt,
Of their alliance to Carnation boaſt:
Then divers more, who, tho' to fields remov'd,
From Garden-July-flower their lineage prov'd.
They of the Saffron houſe next took their courſe,
Of dwarfiſh ſtature, but gigantic force:
Led by their Purple chief, who dares appear,
And ſtand the ſhock of the declining year:
In Autumn's ſtormy months he ſhews his head,
When tainted ſkies their baneful venom ſhed.
He ſcarce began to ſpeak, when, looking round,
The Colchic tribe amongſt his train he found:
Hence, ye Profane! he cry'd, nor bring diſgrace
On my fair title, I diſown your race;
Repair to Circe's or Medea's tent,
When on ſome fatal miſchief they are bent;
To baneful Pontus fly, ſeek kindred there,
You who of Flowers, earth, heav'n, the ſcandal are.
Thus did he ſtorm; for tho' by Nature mild,
Againſt the pois'nous race his choler boil'd:
His ſacred virtue the intruders knew,
And from th' Aſſembly conſciouſly withdrew.

SAFFRON.

While others boaſt their proud original,
And Sol or Jove their parents call,
I claim (contented with ſuch ſlender Flow'rs)
No kindred with almighty pow'rs.

I from a conſtant lover took my name,
And dare aſpire no greater fame:
Whom after all the toils of anxious life,
'Twixt hopes and fears a tedious ſtrife,
Great Jove, to quit me of my hopeleſs fire,
(My patron he, tho' not my ſire)
Transform'd me to a ſmiling Flower at laſt,
To recompenſe my ſorrows paſt.
" Live cheerful now," he ſaid, " nor only live
" Merry thyſelf, but gladneſs give."
Then to my ſacred Flow'r with ſkill he join'd
Stems three or four, of ſtarlike kind,
Made them the magazines of mirth and joy,
Whate'er can ſullen Grief deſtroy.
Gay humours there, conceit, and laughter, lie,
Venus' and Cupid's armory.
Bacchus may, like a quack, give preſent eaſe,
That only ſtrengthens the diſeaſe:
You cruſh, alas! the ſerpent's head in vain,
Whoſe tail ſurvives to ſtrike again.
All noxious humours from the heart I drive,
And ſpite of poiſon keep alive.
The heart ſecur'd, thro' all the parts beſide
Freſh life and dancing ſpirits glide.
But ſtill 'tis vain to guard th' imperial ſeat,
If to the lungs the foe retreat;
If of thoſe avenues he is once poſſeſs'd,
Famine will ſoon deſtroy the reſt.

I watch and keep thofe paffes open too,
For vital air to come and go.
Ungrateful to his friend that breath muft be,
That can abftain from praifing me.
But having been an inftance of Love's pow'r,
To females ftill a facred Flow'r,
'Tis juft that I fhould now the womb defend,
And be to Venus' feat a friend.
'Gainft all that would the teeming part annoy,
My ready fuccour I employ:
I eafe the lab'ring pangs, and bring away
The birth that paft its time would ftay.
If this Affembly then my claim fufpend,
Who am to Nature fuch a friend,
Who all that's good protect, and ill confound,
If you refufe to have me crown'd,
If you decline my gentle, cheerful fway,
Let my pretended kinfman come in play,
Punifh your folly, and my wrongs repay.
He faid, and fhaking thrice his fragrant head,
Thro' all the Court a cordial flavour fpread,
While of his fcatter'd fweets each Plant partakes,
And on th' ambrofial fcent a banquet makes.
Touch'd with a fenfe of joy, his rivals fmil'd,
Ev'n them his virtue of their rage beguil'd;
Ev'n Poppy's felf, refrefh'd, erects her head,
Who had not heard one word of what he faid.
Flower-gentle laft, on lofty ftem, did rife,
And feem'd the humble Saffron to defpife:

On his high name and ſtature he depends,
And thus his title to the crown defends.

AMARANTH; FLOWER-GENTLE *.

What can the puling Roſe or Violet ſay,
Whoſe beauty flies ſo faſt away?
Fit only ſuch weak infants to adorn,
Who die as ſoon as they are born.
  Immortal gods wear garlands of my flow'rs,
Garlands eternal as their pow'rs;
Nor Time, that does all earthly things invade,
Can make a hair fall from my head.
Look up, the gardens of the ſky ſurvey,
And ſtars that there appear ſo gay,
If credit may to certain truth be giv'n,
They are but th'Amaranths of heav'n.
  A tranſient glance ſometimes my Cynthia throws
Upon the Lily or the Roſe,
But views my Plant, aſtoniſh'd, from the ſky,
That ſhe ſhould change and never I.
  Becauſe with hair inſtead of leaves adorn'd,
By ſome, as if no Flow'r, I'm ſcorn'd;
But I my chiefeſt pride and glory place
In what they reckon my diſgrace:
My priv'lege 'tis to differ from the reſt;
What has its like can ne'er be beſt;
Nor is it fit immortal Plants ſhould grow
In form of fading Plants below.

* Amaranthus, that never withers.

That gods have fleſh and blood we cannot ſay;
That they have ſomething like to both, we may:
So I reſembling an immortal power,
Am only as it were a Flower.
Their pleas thus done, the ſeveral tribes repair,
And ſtand in ranks about the goddeſs' chair,
Silent and trembling betwixt hope and fear.
Flora, who was of temper light and free,
Puts on a perſonated gravity,
As with the grave occaſion beſt might ſuit,
And in this manner finiſh'd the diſpute.

FLORA.

Amongst the miracles of ancient Rome,
When Cineas thither did as envoy come,
Th' auguſt and purpled Senate he admir'd,
View'd them, and if they all were kings inquir'd?
So I in all this num'rous throng muſt own
I ſee no head but what deſerves a crown.
On what one Flow'r can I beſtow my voice,
Where equal merits ſo diſtract my choice?
Be rul'd by me, the envious title wave;
Let no one claim what all deſerve to have.
Conſider how from Roman race we ſpring,
Whoſe laws, you know, would ne'er permit a king.
Can I, who am a Roman deity,
A haughty Tarquin in my garden ſee?

Ev'n your own tribes, if I remember right,
Rejoic'd when they beheld the tyrant's flight.
With Gabine ſlaughter big, think how he ſlew
The faireſt Flow'rs that in his platforms grew;
Mankind and you, how he alike annoy'd,
And both with ſportive cruelty deſtroy'd.
You who are lords of earth as well as they,
Should free-born Romans' government diſplay.
Reſt ever, then, a Common-wealth of Flow'rs,
Compos'd of people and of ſenators.
This, I preſume the beſt for you and me,
With ſenſe of men and gods does beſt agree.
Lily and Roſe this year your Conſuls be,
The year ſhall ſo begin auſpiciouſly.
Four Prætors to the ſeaſons four I make,
The vernal Prætorſhip thou, Tulip! take:
Jove's Flow'r the ſummer; Crocus autumn ſway;
Let winter warlike Hellebore obey.
Honour's the ſole reward that can accrue;
Tho' ſhort your office, to your charge be true.
Your life is ſhort—the goddeſs ended here;
The choſen with her verdict pleas'd appear,
The reſt with hope to ſpeed another year.

End of the Fourth Book.

OF PLANTS.

BOOK V. OF TREES.

Tranſlated by N. Tate.

POMONA.

LET now my Muſe more lofty numbers bring,
Proportion'd to the lofty theme we ſing,
The race of Trees, whoſe tow'ring branches riſe
In open air, and almoſt kiſs the ſkies.
Too light thoſe ſtrains that tender Flow'rs deſir'd,
Too low the verſe that humbler Herbs requir'd;
Thoſe weaklings near the ſurface of the earth
Reſide, nor from the ſoil, that gave them birth,
Dare launch too far into the airy main,
The winds' rough ſhock unable to ſuſtain:
Theſe to the ſkies with heads erected go,
Laughing at tender Plants that crouch below.
Not man, the earth's proud lord, ſo high can raiſe
His head; they touch thoſe heav'ns which he ſurveys.
Between th' Herculean bounds and golden ſoil
By great Columbus found, there lies an iſle,
Of thoſe call'd Fortunate, the faireſt ſeat
Indulg'd by Heav'n, and Nature's bleſs'd retreat:
A conſtant ſettled calm the ſky retains,
Diſturb'd by no impetuous winds or rains:
Zephyr alone with fragrant breath does cheer
The florid earth, and hatch the fruitful year:

No clouds pour down the tender Plants to chill,
But fatt'ning dews inftead from heav'n diftil,
And friendly ftars with vital influence fill:
No cold invades the temp'rate fummer there,
More rich than autumn, and than fpring more fair:
The months without diftinction pafs away,
The Trees at once with leaves, fruit, bloffoms, gay:
The changing moon all thefe, and always, does
furvey.
Nature fome fruits does to our foil deny,
Nor what we have can ev'ry month fupply;
But ev'ry fort that happy earth does bear,
All forts it bears, and bears 'em all the year.
This feat Pomona now is faid to prize,
And fam'd Alcinous' Gardens to defpife:
Betwixt th' Old world and New makes this retreat
Of her Green empire the imperial feat;
And wifely too, that Plants of ev'ry fort
May from both worlds repair to fill her court.
Hedges inftead of walls this place furround,
Brambles and Thorns of various kinds abound,
With Hawthorn, that does magic fpells confound.
The well-rang'd Trees within broad walks difplay,
Thro' which her verdant city we furvey:
I' th' mid'ft her palace ftands, of bow'rs compos'd,
With twining branches and green walls inclos'd;
By Nature deck'd with fruits of various kind,
You'd fwear fome artift had the work defign'd.

When Autumn's reign begins, the goddefs here,
(Autumn with us, eternal fummer 's there)
When Scorpio with his venom blafts the year,
The goddefs her Vertumnal rites prepares,
(So call'd from various forms Vertumnus wears)
No coft fhe fpares thofe honours to perform,
(For no expenfe can that rich goddefs harm)
She then brings forth her garden's choice delights,
To treat the rural gods whom fhe invites.
The twelve, of heav'nly race, her guefts appear,
Wanton Priapus, too, is prefent there,
The fair hoft more attracts him than the fare.
Then Pales came, and Pan, Arcadia's god;
On his dull afs the fat Silenus rode,
Lagging behind; the Fauni next advance,
With nimble feet, and to the banquet dance;
Nor heav'n's inferior pow'rs were abfent thence,
Whofe altars feldom fmoke with frankincenfe:
Picumnus, who the barren land manures;
Tutanus, too, who gather'd fruit fecures;
Collina from the hills; from vallies low
Vallonia came; Rurina from the plough,
With whom a hundred ruftic nymphs appear,
Who garments form'd of leaves or bark did wear:
To thefe ftrange pow'rs from new-found India came,
Moft dreadful in their afpect, form, and name.
The hundred mouths of Fame could ne'er fuffice
To tafte or tell that banquet's rarities.

With change of fruits the table ſtill was ſtor'd,
For ready ſervants waited at the board:
In various dreſs the Months attending too,
In number twelve, twelve times the feaſt renew:
Of apples, pears, and dates, they fill'd the juice;
The Indian Nut ſupply'd the double uſe
Of drink and cup: the more luxuriant Vine
Afforded various kinds of ſprightly wine,
Canaria's neighb'ring iſle the moſt divine.
Of this glad Bacchus fills a bowl, and cries,
O ſacred Juice! O wretched Deities!
Who abſent hence of ſober nectar take
Dull draughts, nor know the joys of potent ſack.
The reſt, who Bacchus' judgment could not doubt,
Pledg'd him in courſe, and ſent the bowl about.
Venus and Flora chocolate alone
Would drink—the reaſon to themſelves beſt known.
The gods (who ſurely were too wiſe to ſpare,
When they both knew their welcome and their fare)
Fell freely on; till now diſcourſe began,
And one, exclaiming, cry'd, " O fooliſh Man!
" That groſsly feeds on fleſh, when ev'ry field
" Does eaſy and more wholeſome banquets yield;
" Who in the blood of beaſts their hands imbrue,
" And eat the victims to our altars due."
From hence the reſt occaſion take at laſt
The goddeſs to extol, and her repaſt:

The Orange one, and one the Fig commends,
Another the rich fruit that Perſia ſends:
Some cry the Olive up above the reſt,
But by the moſt the Grape was judg'd the beſt.
The Indian god, who heard them nothing ſay
Of fruits that grow in his America,
(Of which her ſoil affords ſo rich a ſtore,
Her golden mines can ſcarce be valu'd more)
Thus taxes their unjuſt partiality,
As well he might, the Indian Bacchus he.
" Can prejudice," ſaid he, " corrupt the pow'rs
" Of this Old world? far be that crime from our's.
" If when, to furniſh out a noble treat,
" You ſeek our fruits, the banquet to complete,
" (Which I with greedineſs have ſeen you eat)
" Are theſe your thanks, ingrateful Deities!
" Your tongues reproach what did your palates pleaſe:
" You only praiſe the growth of your own ſoil,
" Becauſe the product of long Age's toil;
" But had not Fortune been our country's foe,
" And parent Nature's ſelf forſook us too;
' Had not your armed Mars in triumph rode
" O'er our Ochecus, a poor naked god;
" Had not your Neptune's floting palaces
" Sunk our tall Ochus' fleet of hollow trees,
" Nor thund'ring Jove made Viracocha yield,
" Nor Spaniards, yet more fierce, laid waſte our field,

" And left alive no tiller to recruit
" The breed of Plants, and to improve the fruit,
" Our products soon had silenc'd this dispute:
" But as it is, my climate I'll defend,
" No soil can to such num'rous fruits pretend;
" We still have many, to our conqu'rors' shame,
" Of which you are as yet to learn the name,
" So little can you boast to shew the same.
" This I assert, if any be so vain
" To contradict the truth that I maintain,
" (Since from both worlds this feast has hither brought
" All fruits with which our diff'rent climes are fraught)
" The deities that are assembled here
" Shall judge which world the richest will appear;
" In fruits I mean: for that our lands excel
" In gold, you to our sorrow know too well."
His comrade gods in this bold challenge join,
Nor did our pow'rs the noble strife decline;
Minerva in her Olive safe appear'd;
Bacchus, who with a smile the boaster heard,
As in the East his conquest had been shown,
Now reckons the West Indies, too, his own.
His courage with ten bumpers first he cheer'd;
Then all agree to have the table clear'd,
And each respective Tree to plead her worth;
The goddess one by one commands them forth.
She summon'd first the Nut, of double race,
And Apple, which in our Old world have place,

Of each the nobleſt breeds, for to the name
A thouſand petty families lay claim.
The Nut Tree's name at firſt the Oak did grace,
Who in Pomona's garden then had place,
Till her nice palate acorns did decline,
Scorning in diet to partake with ſwine:
At laſt the Philbert, and the Cheſnut ſweet,
Were ſcarce admitted to her verdant ſeat;
The airy Pine, of form and ſtature proud,
With much entreaty was at length allow'd.
The Hazel with light forces marches up,
The firſt in field, upon whoſe nutty top
A ſquirrel ſits, and wants no other ſhade
Than what by his own ſpreading tail is made;
He culls the ſoundeſt, dex'trouſly picks out
The kernels ſweet, and throws the ſhells about.
" You ſee," Pomona cries, " the cloiſter'd fruit
" That with your tooth, Silenus! does not ſuit:
" That therefore uſeleſs 'tis you cannot ſay,
" It ſerves our youths at once for food and play;
" But while ſuch toys, my Lads! you uſe too long,
" Expecting virgins think you do 'em wrong;
" 'Tis time that you theſe childiſh ſports forſake,
" Hymen for you has other nuts to crack."
" O Plant! moſt fit for boys to patronize,"
Cries Bacchus, " who my gen'rous juice deſpiſe;
" A reſtive fruit, by Nature made to grace
" The monkey's jaws, and humour the grimace."

The ſudden gibe made ſober Pallas ſmile,
Who thus proceeds in a more ſerious ſtyle.
" A ſtrong and wondrous enmity we find
" In Hazel Tree 'gainſt poiſons of all kind!
" More wondrous their magnetic ſympathy,
" That ſecret beds of metals can deſcry *,
" And point directly where hid treaſures lie.
" In ſearch of golden mines a Hazel wand
" The wiſe diviner takes in his right hand;
" In vain, alas! he caſts his eyes about,
" To find the rich and ſecret manſions out,
" Which yet, when near, ſhall with a force divine
" The top of the ſuſpended wand incline:
" So ſtrong the ſenſe of gain, that it affects
" The very lifeleſs twig, who ſtraight reflects
" His trembling head, and, eager for th' embrace,
" Directly tends to the magnetic place.
" What wonder, then, ſo ſtrange effects confound
" The minds of men, in miſts of error drown'd?
" It puzzled me, who was at Athens bred,
" Ev'n me, the offspring of great Jove's own head;
" Let Phœbus then unfold this myſtery:
" Much more than man we know, but Phœbus more than we."
She ſaid.—Apollo, with th' enigma vex'd,
And ſcorning to be pos'd in words perplex'd,
Strove to diſguiſe his ignorance, and ſpent
Much breath on atoms, and their wild ferment:

* Of this is made the divining-rod with which they pretend to diſcover mines.

Of ſympathy he made a long diſcourſe,
And long inſiſted on ſelf-acting force;
But all confus'd, and diſtant from the mark,
His Delphic oracle was ne'er ſo dark:
'Twas mirth for Jove to ſee him tug in vain,
At what his wiſdom only could explain;
For thoſe profounder myſteries to hide
From gods and men, is ſure Jove's greateſt pride.
The ſhady Cheſnut next her claim puts in,
Tho' ſeldom ſhe is in our gardens ſeen:
So coarſe her fare, that 'tis no ſmall diſpute
If nuts or acorns we ſhould call her fruit;
So vile, the gods from mirth could not forbear
To ſee ſuch kernels ſuch ſtrong armour wear;
Firſt, with a linty wad wrapp'd cloſe about,
(Uſeful to keep green wounds from guſhing out)
Her next defence of ſolid wood is made,
The third has ſpikes that can her foes invade:
Therſites, ſure, no greater ſport could make,
With Ajax' ſev'nfold ſhield upon his back.
The Pine with awful rev'rence next did riſe,
Above contempt, and almoſt touch'd the ſkies:
Carv'd in his ſacred bark, he wore beſide
Great Maro's words to juſtify his pride:
Pan own'd th' approaching Plant, and, bowing low
His pine-wreath'd head, but juſt reſpect did ſhow:
Were Neptune preſent he had done the ſame,
To that fair Plant that in his Iſthmian game

The victor crowns, whose loud applauses he
With equal transport hears in either sea.
Neptune of other Plants no lover seems,
But with good reason he the Pine esteems;
The Pine alone has courage to remove
From's native hills (where long with winds he strove
In youth) on watry mountains to engage
With's naked timber fiercer tempests' rage.
In vain were floods to Plants and men deny'd,
In vain design'd for fishes to reside,
Since Nature's laws by Art are overcome,
And men with ships make seas their native home.
But of all Pines Mount Ida bears the best,
By Cybele preferr'd above the rest.
This Plant a lovely boy was heretofore,
Belov'd by Cybele, upon whose score
He sacrific'd to Chastity, but now
His fruit delaying, Venus now excites,
His wood affords the torch which Hymen lights.
Ia, for whom her father of White Thorn
A torch prepar'd ere Pine by brides was borne,
When she should meet her long-expected joy,
Embrac'd the Pine Tree for her lovely boy;
Dire change! yet cannot from his trunk retire,
But languishes away with vain desire;
Till Cybele afforded her relief,
(Her rival once, now partner in her grief)
Transform'd her to the bitter Almond Tree,
Whose fruit seems still with sorrow to agree.

Her ſiſter, who the dreadful change did mark,
Strove with her hands to ſtop the ſpreading bark,
But while the pious office ſhe perform'd,
In the ſame manner found herſelf transform'd;
But as her grief was leſs ſevere, we find
Her Almond ſweet, and of a milder kind.
Thus did this Plant into her arms receive
Th' unfortunate, and more than once relieve.
Poor Phyllis thus Demophoon's abſence mourn'd,
Till ſhe into an Almond Tree was turn'd:
Thus Phyllis vaniſh'd; Ceres ſaw her bloom,
And propheſy'd a fruitful year to come.
  The firm Piſtacho next appear'd in view,
Proud of her fruit, that ſerpents can ſubdue.
  The Walnut then approach'd, more large and tall,
His fruit, which we a Nut, the gods an Acorn, call;
Jove's acorn, which does no ſmall praiſe confeſs,
To 'ave call'd it Man's Ambroſia had been leſs.
Nor can this head-like nut, ſhap'd like the brain
Within, be ſaid that form by chance to gain,
Or Caryon call'd by learned Greeks in vain:
For membranes, ſoft as ſilk, her kernel bind,
Whereof the inmoſt is of tend'reſt kind,
Like thoſe which on the brain of man we find;
All which are in a ſeam-join'd ſhell incloſ'd;
Which of this brain the ſcull may be ſuppoſ'd:
This very ſcull envelop'd is again
In a green coat, his pericranion:

Laſtly, that no objection may remain
To thwart her near alliance to the brain,
She nouriſhes the hair, rememb'ring how
Herſelf deform'd without her leaves does ſhow;
On barren ſcalps ſhe makes freſh honours grow.
Her timber is for various uſes good;
The carver ſhe ſupplies with laſting wood;
She makes the painter's fading colours laſt;
A table ſhe affords us, and repaſt;
Ev'n while we feaſt her oil our lamp ſupplies;
The rankeſt poiſon by her virtue dies,
The mad dog's foam, and taint of raging ſkies.
The Pontic king, who liv'd where poiſons grew,
Skilful in antidotes, her virtues knew;
Yet envious Fates, that ſtill with merit ſtrive,
And man ingrateful from the orchard drive,
This ſov'reign Plant excluded from the field,
Unleſs ſome uſeleſs nook a ſtation yield;
Defenceleſs in the common road ſhe ſtands,
Expos'd to reſtleſs war of vulgar hands;
By neighb'ring clowns and paſſing rabble torn,
Batter'd with ſtones by boys, and left forlorn.
  To her did all the Nutty tribe ſucceed,
A hardy race, that makes weak gums to bleed,
But to the banquets of the gods preferr'd,
Are ſaid to open of their own accord.
'Twixt theſe and juicy fruits of painted coat,
Such as on ſunny apples we may note,

Advanc'd the tribe of thoſe with rugged ſkin,
More mild than nuts, but to the nut a-kin.
Pomegranate, chief of theſe, whoſe blooming flow'r
(Pomona's pride) may challenge Flora's bow'r;
The Spring Roſe ſeems leſs fair when ſhe is by,
Nor Carbuncle can with her colour vie;
Nor ſcarlet robes by proudeſt monarchs worn,
Nor purple ſtreaks that paint the riſing morn,
Nor bluſhes that conſenting maids adorn.
In the Eubean iſle did ſtand of old
Great Juno's image, form'd of maſſy gold;
In one right hand ſhe held a ſceptre bright,
(For with the pow'rs divine both hands are right)
Her Carthage lovely fruit the other grac'd,
And fitly in Lucina's hand was plac'd,
Whoſe orb within ſo many cells contains,
In form of wombs, and ſtor'd with ſeedy grains;
But Proſerpine implacable remain'd
Againſt this Plant, for former wrongs ſuſtain'd;
Nor Ceres yet her hatred could diſguiſe,
But from Pomegranate turn'd her weeping eyes:
For the Elyſian fields (whence Fates permit
Nought to return) what Tree can be more fit
Than this reſtringent Plant *? a ſingle taſte
Of three ſmall grains kept Ceres' daughter faſt.
Orange and Lemon next, like lightning bright,
Came in, and dazzled the beholders' ſight.

* Pomegranate, a moſt powerful reſtringent, uſed in all immoderate evacuations.

These were the fam'd Hesperian fruits of old;
Both Plants alike ripe fruit and blossoms hold:
This shines with pale, and that with deeper gold.
Planted by Atlas, who supports the skies,
Proud at his feet to see these brighter stars to rise,
To keep them safe the utmost care he took,
He fenc'd 'em round with walls of solid rock;
Nor with Priapus' custody content,
A watchful Dragon for their guard he sent.
Let vulgar Apples boys and beggars fear,
These worth Alcides' stealing did appear;
From lands remote he came, and thought his toils
Were more than recompens'd in those rich spoils:
He only priz'd 'em for their taste and hue,
For half their real worth he never knew;
Nor could his tutor Mars to him impart
The noble secrets of Apollo's art.
Had he but known their juice 'gainst poison good,
The Hydra's venom, mix'd with Centaur blood,
Had never made Mount Oeta hear his cries,
Nor th' oft'-slain monster more had pow'r to rise.
The Plums came next, by Cherry led, whose fruit
Th' expecting gard'ner early does salute;
To pay his thanks impatient does appear,
And with red berries first adorns the year.
May, rich in dress, but in provision poor,
Admires and thinks his early fruit a flow'r;

To wait for Summer's rip'ning heat diſdains,
Nor puts the planter to immod'rate pains.
He loves the cooler climes, Egyptian Nile
Could ne'er perſuade him on her banks to ſmile.
He ſcorns the bounty of a two months' tide,
That leaves him thirſting all the year beſide.
Proud Rome herſelf this Plant can ſcarcely rear;
Ev'n to this day he ſeems a captive there:
Pris'ner of war, from Ceraſus he came;
(From's native Ceraſus * he took his name)
From thence tranſplanted to the Italian ſoil,
Lucullus' triumph brought no richer ſpoil:
Loud pæans to your noble gen'ral ſing,
Italian Plants! that ſuch a prize did bring.
The conqu'rors laurels, as in triumph, wear
The bluſhing fruit, and captive Cherries bear.
Yet grieve thou not to leave thy native home,
Ere long thou ſhalt a denizen become
Amongſt the Plants of world-commanding Rome.
A num'rous hoſt of Plums did next ſucceed,
Diff'ring in colour, and of various breed:
The Damaſk-prune, moſt ancient, led the van,
Who in Damaſcus firſt his reign began:
Time out of mind he had ſubdu'd the Eaſt;
'Twas long ere he got footing in the Weſt;

* The Cherry Tree, in Latin called *Ceraſus*, a town in Cappadocia, from whence it was brought into Italy by Lucullus, *An. Urb.* 680.

But now in Northern climates he is known,
A hardy Plant makes ev'ry ſoil his own.
Next him th'Armenian Apricot took place,
Not much unlike, but of a nobler race;
Of richer flavour, and of taſte divine,
Whoſe golden veſtments ſtreak'd with purple ſhine.
Then came the glory of the Perſian field,
And to Armenia's pride diſdain'd to yield;
The Peach, with ſilken veſt and pulpy juice,
Of meat and drink at once ſupplies the uſe:
But take him while he is ripe, he'll ſoon decay;
For next day's banquet he diſdains to ſtay:
Of fruits the faireſt, as the roſe of flow'rs,
But, ah! their beauties have but certain hours.
A fruit there is on whom the roſe confers
Her name, of ſmell and colour, too, like her's:
A plum that can itſelf ſupply the board,
To hungry ſtomachs ſolid food afford:
To pleaſe our guſt, and ſtomach to recruit,
He thinks ſufficient tribute for his fruit.
For phyſic's uſe his other parts are good;
His leaves, his bloſſoms, ev'n his gum and wood,
Does to us health and joy alike reſtore;
Friend to our pleaſure, to our health much more.
Not ſo the Corneil Tree deſign'd for harms,
Her wood ſupplies dire Mars with impious arms:
For ſuch a Plant our gardens are too mild,
Harſh is her fruit, and fit for deſerts wild.

With her the Jujube Tree, a milder Plant,
Which (tho' offenſive thorns ſhe does not want)
In peace and mirth alone does pleaſure take,
Her flow'rs at feaſts the genial garlands make,
Her wood the harp that keeps the gueſts awake.
Next comes the Lote Tree, in whoſe duſky hue
Her black and ſun-burnt country you might view,
To whom th' Aſſembly all roſe up (from whence
Came this reſpect?) and paid her reverence.
Priapus only, with a downcaſt look,
And conſcious bluſhes, at her preſence ſhook.
Th' all-ſeeing gods, thro' that obſcure diſguiſe,
Nymph Lotis ſaw, conceal'd from human eyes;
They knew how, on the Helleſpontic ſhore,
To eſcape the dreadful dart Priapus wore,
And, zealous to preſerve her chaſtity,
She loſt her form, and chang'd into a Tree.
Tho' now no more a nymph, a better fate
She does enjoy, and lives with longer date;
A longer date than Oaks ſhe does enjoy,
Thoſe long-liv'd Oaks that call'd old Neſtor Boy;
She calls 'em girls: green branches ſhe diſplay'd
When Rome was built, and when in aſhes laid.
'Tis true ſhe did not long ſurvive the fire,
(With grief and flames at once forc'd to expire.)
Almoſt nine hundred years were paſt away,
Yet then ſhe grudg'd to die before her day.
Ev'n after death her trunk appears to live,
Does vocal pipes and breathing organs give,

And fitly, like us poets, may be ſaid
To make the greateſt noiſe when ſhe is dead.
A thouſand years are ſince claps'd, yet ſtill
She flouriſhes in praiſe, and ever will.
Her Tree's rich fruit, with which ſhe charm'd mankind,
Shew'd, when a nymph, the ſweetneſs of her mind:
Theſe ſounds expreſs the muſic of her tongue,
More ſweet than Circe's or the Syren throng.
  But, Nymph! retire, triumphant Palm appears,
She thrives the more the greater weight ſhe bears;
No preſſure for her courage is too hard,
Of virtue both th' example and reward.
She flouriſh'd once in Solymæan ground,
Fam'd Joſhua's and Jeſſides' ſacred triumphs crown'd;
But ſince that land was curs'd, the gen'rous Plant
Grieves to continue her inhabitant.
Piſa bears Olives, Delphos Laurel yields,
Nemea Smallage, Pines the Iſthmian fields;
But all breed Palms, the prize of victory,
All lands in honour of the Palm agree;
And 'tis but the juſt tribute of her worth,
Virtue no fairer image has on earth.
Her verdure ſhe inviolate does hold,
In ſpight of ſummer's heat and winter's cold.
Oppreſs'd with weight, ſhe from the earth does riſe,
And bears her load in triumph to the ſkies.
What various benefits does ſhe impart
To human kind? her wine revives the heart,

Her dates rich banquets to our tables ſend,
At once to pleaſure and to health a friend *.
A lover true, and well to love and ſerve
Is Virtue's noble taſk, and does the Palm deſerve.
Evadne, who a willing victim prov'd,
Nor chaſte Aceſtis, ſo her huſband lov'd,
As does the female Palm her male; her arms
To him are ſtretch'd with moſt endearing charms.
Nor ſtops their paſſion here; like lovers, they
To more retir'd endearments find the way;
In earth's cold bed their am'rous roots are found,
In cloſe embraces, twining under ground.
  Let arms to learning yield; the Palm reſign,
The conqu'ring Palm, to Olive, more divine.
Peace all prefer to war—Thus Pallas ſpoke,
And in her hand a peaceful Olive ſhook:
'Twas with this branch that ſhe the triumph gain'd
(The greateſt that can be by gods obtain'd)
On learned Athens to confer her name,
A right which ſhe, moſt learn'd of pow'rs, might claim.
Not gods in heav'n without ambition live,
But who ſhall be poor mortals' patrons ſtrive.
  Firſt, Neptune with his trident ſtruck the ground;
The warlike ſteed no ſooner heard the ſound,
But ſtarts from his dark manſion, ſhakes his hair,
His noſtrils ſnort the unaccuſtom'd air,

* Strabo relates, that the Babylonians uſed a ſong that recited three hundred and ſixty benefits of the Palm or Date Tree.

Neighs loud, and of th' unwonted noiſe is proud,
With his inſulting feet his native field is plough'd,
Intrepid he beholds of gods the circling crowd.
Pallas, on th' other ſide, with gentle ſtroke
Of her ſtrong ſpear, earth's tender ſurface broke,
Thro' which ſmall breach a ſudden Tree ſhoots up,
Ev'n at his birth with rev'rend hoary top
And vig'rous fruit; the gods applaud the Plant,
And to Minerva the precedence grant:
The vanquiſh'd ſteed and god in rage aſſail'd
The victors, but ev'n ſo their malice fail'd;
Wit's goddeſs and the peaceful Tree prevail'd.
Hail, ſacred Plant! who well deſerv'ſt to be
By laws ſecur'd from wrong, as well as we;
From war's wild rage reſpect thou doſt command;
When temples fall thou art allow'd to ſtand.
Neptune's bold ſon revenging the diſgrace
His ſire ſuſtain'd, fell dead upon the place;
The whirling axe upon his head rebounds,
The ſtroke deſign'd on thee himſelf confounds:
The gods concern'd ſpectators ſtood, and ſmil'd
To ſee his impious ſacrilege beguil'd.
Such be his fate whoe'er preſumes to be
A foe to Peace, and to her ſacred Tree.
Yet ev'n this peaceful Plant upon our guard
Warns us to ſtand, and be for war prepar'd;
In peace delights, but when the cauſe is juſt,
Permits not the avenging ſword to ruſt:

With ſuppling oil and conqu'ring wreaths ſupplies
The martial ſchools of youthful exerciſe.
Nor is the ſtrong propenſion ſhe does bear
To peace th' effect of luxury or fear:
Earth's teeming womb affords no ſtronger birth,
No ſoil manuring needs to bring her forth;
Allow her but warm ſuns and temp'rate ſkies,
The vig'rous Plant in any ſoil will riſe:
Lop but a branch, and fix it in earth, you'll ſee
She'll there take root, and make herſelf a Tree.
Her youth, 'tis true, by ſlow degrees aſcends,
But makes you with long flouriſhing years amends:
Nature her care in this did wiſely ſhow,
That uſeful Olive long and eaſily ſhould grow.
Moſt ſov'reign, taken inward, is her oil,
And outwardly confirms the limbs for toil:
Life's paſſages from all obſtructions frees,
Clears Nature's walks; to ſmarting wounds gives eaſe:
With eaſy banquets does the poor ſupply,
And makes cheap herbs with royal banquets vie:
The painter's flying colours it binds faſt,
Makes ſhort-liv'd pictures long as ſtatues laſt:
The ſtudent's friend; no labour can excel
And laſt but of Minerva's lamp muſt ſmell.
Nay, this does ſo!——
Moſt juſtly, therefore, does this liquor riſe
O'er all in mixture, juſtly may deſpiſe

T' incorporate with any other juice,
Sufficient in himſelf for ev'ry uſe:
Moſt juſtly, therefore, did Judea's land,
(Who beſt religious rites did underſtand)
Oil, potent, chaſte, and ſacred, oil appoint
Her kings, her prieſts, and prophets, to anoint.
Such was th' appearance which the Olive made,
With noble fruit and verdant leaves array'd,
From whom Minerva took, as ſhe withdrew,
A joyful branch, and with it wreath'd her brow.
Freſh armies then advanc'd into the plain;
Firſt thoſe whoſe fruit did many ſtones contain;
In their firſt liſts the Medlar Tree was found,
Proud of his putrid fruit, becauſe 'twas crown'd *.
Of Beauty's goddeſs than the Plant more fair
Whoſe fragrant motion ſo perfum'd the air,
The ſmoke of gums when from their altars ſent,
Ne'er gave th' immortal gueſts † ſuch ſweet content.
Let Phœbus' Laurel bloody triumphs lead,
The Myrtle thoſe where little blood is ſhed,
Th' ovation of a bleeding maidenhead.
No virgin-fort impregnable can be
To him that crowns his brow with Venus' Tree.
The tribe of Pears and Apples next ſucceed,
Of noble families, and num'rous breed:
No monarch's table e'er deſpiſes them, [temn:
Nor they the poor man's board or earthen diſh con-

* The top thereof reſembling a crown or coronet.
† The Myrtle.

Supports of life as well as luxury,
Nor, like their rivals, a few months supply,
But see themselves succeeded ere they die.
Where Phœbus shines too faint to raise a Vine,
They serve for grapes, and make the northern wine:
Their liquor for th' effects deserves that name,
Love, valour, wit, and mirth, it can inflame;
Care it can drown, lost health, lost wealth restore,
And Bacchus' potent juice can do no more.
With cyder stor'd, the Norman province sees,
Without regret, the neighb'ring vintages.
Of Pear and Apple kinds an army stood
Before the Court, and seem'd a moving wood;
On them Pomona smil'd as they went off,
But flouting Bacchus was observ'd to scoff.
The Quince yet scorn'd to mingle with the crowd,
Alone she came, of signal honours proud,
With which by grateful Jove she was endow'd;
A silky down her golden coat o'erspreads,
Her ripening fruit a grateful odour sheds;
Jove otherwise ingrateful had been styl'd,
In honey steep'd she fed him when a child;
In his most froward fits she stopp'd his cries,
And now he eats ambrosia in the skies,
Reflects sometimes upon his infant years,
And just respect to Quince and honey bears.
The noblest of Wine-fruits brought up the rear,
But all to reckon endless would appear;

The Barberry and Currant muſt eſcape,
Tho' her ſmall cluſters imitate the grape.
The Raſpberry, and prickled Gooſberry,
Tree Strawberry, muſt all unmention'd be,
With many more, whoſe names we may decline;
Not ſo the Mulberry, the Fig, and Vine,
The ſtouteſt warriors in our combat paſt,
And of the preſent field the greateſt hope and laſt.
  But cautiouſly the Mulberry did move,
And firſt the temper of the ſkies would prove,
What ſign the ſun was in, and if ſhe might
Give credit yet to Winter's ſeeming flight.
She dares not venture on his firſt retreat,
Nor truſt her leaves and fruit to doubtful heat;
Her ready ſap within her bark confines,
Till ſhe of ſettled warmth has certain ſigns;
But for her long delay amends does make,
At once her forces the known ſignal take,
And with tumultuous noiſe their ſally make.
In two ſhort months her purple fruit appears,
And of two lovers * ſlain the tincture wears:
Her fruit is rich, but leaves ſhe does produce
That far ſurpaſs in worth and noble uſe:
The frame and colour of her leaves ſurvey,
And that they are moſt vulgar you muſt ſay,
But truſt not their appearance, they ſupply
The ornaments of royal luxury;

* Pyramus and Thiſbe.

The beautiful they make more beauteous ſeem;
The charming ſex owes half their charms to them;
Effeminate men to them their veſtments owe:
How vain that pride which inſect-worms beſtow!
Such was the Mulberry, of wondrous birth!
The Fig ſucceeds; but to recite her worth
And various powers what numbers can ſuffice?
Hail, Ceres! author of ſo great a prize.
By thee with food and laws we were ſupply'd,
And with wild fare wild manners laid aſide.
With peace and bread our lives were bleſs'd before,
And modeſt Nature could deſire no more;
But thou ev'n for our luxury took'ſt care,
And kindly didſt this milky fruit prepare;
The poor man's feaſt, but ſuch delicious cheer
Did never at Apicius' board appear.
The grateful Ceres * with this Plant is ſaid
Her hoſpitable hoſt to have repaid,
Yet with no vernal bloom the Tree ſupply'd;
" To lighter Plants," ſaid ſhe, " I leave that pride;
" To lighter Plants I leave that gaudy dreſs,
" Who meretricious qualities confeſs,
" And who, like wanton proſtitutes, expoſe
" Their bloom to ev'ry hand, their ſweets to ev'ry noſe.
" My fruit like a chaſte matron does proceed,
" And has of painted ornament no need;

* Phitalus, who kindly entertained her, and in return received from her the Fig Tree. *Pauſan.*

" They ſtudy dreſs, but mine fertility,
" Forcing her offſpring from her ſolid Tree."
Thro' haſte ſometimes abortive births ſhe bears,
But ever makes amends in thoſe ſhe rears;
For whom her full-charg'd veins ſupplies afford;
Like a ſtrong nurſe, with milk ſhe's ever ſtor'd.
  Our voice by thee refreſh'd, ungrateful 'twere
If, Fig Tree! thy juſt praiſe it ſhould forbear;
The paſſes of our vital breath by thee
Are ſmooth'd and clear'd, obſtructed lungs ſet free;
Nor only doſt to ſpeech a friend appear;
Ev'n for that ſpeech thou doſt unlock the ear,
Sett'ſt ope the gate, and giv'ſt it entrance there.
The fouleſt ulcers' putrid ſinks are drain'd
By thee; by thee the tumour's rage reſtrain'd;
The gangrene, ring-worm, ſcurf, and leproſy,
King's-evil, cancers, warts, are cur'd by thee:
Of flaming gout thou doſt ſuppreſs the rage;
Of dropſy thou the deluge doſt aſſwage.
'Twere endleſs all thy virtues to recite;
With all the hoſts of poiſons thou doſt fight;
Aided by Rue and Nut putt'ſt Africa to flight:
Encounter'ſt the diſeaſes of the air,
When baneful miſchiefs ſecret ſtars prepare.
Whence does this vegetative courage riſe?
Even angry Jove himſelf thou doſt deſpiſe;
His lightning's furious ſallies thou doſt ſee,
That ſpares not his own conſecrated Tree;

While he with temples does wild havoc make,
While mountains rend, and earth's foundations quake,
Of thy undaunted Tree no leaf is ſeen to ſhake.
Hail, Bacchus! hail, thou pow'rful god of Wine!
Hail, Bacchus! hail, here comes thy darling Vine!
Drunk with her own rich juice, ſhe cannot ſtand,
But comes ſupported by her huſband's hand;
The luſty Elm ſupports her ſtagg'ring Tree,
My beſt-lov'd Plant! how am I charm'd with thee!
Bow down thy juicy cluſters to my lip,
Thy nectar-ſweets I would not lightly ſip,
But drink thee deep, drink till my veins were ſwell'd,
Drink till my ſoul with joys and thee were fill'd.
What god ſo far a poet's friend will be,
Who from great Orpheus draws his pedigree?
(And tho' his Muſe comes ſhort of Orpheus' fame,
Yet ſeems inſpir'd, and may the Ivy claim)
To place him on Mount Iſmarus, or where
Campanian hills the ſweeteſt cluſters bear,
Where grapes, twice ripen'd, twice concocted, grow,
With Phœbus' beams above, Veſuvius' flames below:
Or in the fortunate Canarian Iſles,
Or where Burgundia's purple vintage ſmiles:
'Tis fit the poet ſhould beneath their ſhade
Tranſported lie, or on their hills run mad,
His veins, his ſoul, ſwell'd with th' inſpiring god,

Who worthily would celebrate the Vine,
And with his grateful voice diſcharge agen
The deity which with his mouth he drank ſo large-
ly in.
O vital Tree! what bleſſings doſt thou ſend?
Love, Wit, and Eloquence, on thee attend;
Mirth, ſports, green hopes, ripe joys, and martial fire,
Theſe are thy fruits, thy cluſters theſe inſpire.
The various poiſons which ill fortune breeds,
(Not Pontus ſo abounds with baneful weeds,
Nor Africa ſo many ſerpents feeds)
By thy rich antidote defeated are;
'Tis true, they'll rally and renew the war,
But 'tis when thou, our cordial! art not by;
They watch their time, and take us when we're dry.
Thou mak'ſt the captive to forget his chain;
By thee the bankrupt is enrich'd again:
The exul thou reſtor'ſt; the candidate
Without the people's vote thou doſt create,
And mak'ſt him a Caninian magiſtrate *.
Like kind Veſpaſian, thou mankind mak'ſt glad;
None from thy preſence e'er departed ſad.
What more can be to Wiſdom's ſchool aſſign'd,
Than from prevailing miſts to purge the mind?
From thee the beſt philoſophy does ſpring;
Thou canſt exalt the beggar to a king:

* Caninius was Conſul but ſeven hours, dying the ſame day he was choſen.

Th' unletter'd peaſant who can compaſs thee,
As much as Cato knows, and is as great as he.
Thy tranſports are but ſhort, I do confeſs,
But ſo are the delights mankind poſſeſs;
Our life itſelf is ſhort, and will not ſtay,
Then let us uſe thy bleſſing while we may,
And make it in full ſtreams of wine more ſmoothly paſs away.

The Vine retires, with loud and juſt applauſe
Of European gods.—As ſhe withdraws
Each in his hand a ſwelling cluſter preſs'd,
But Bacchus, much more ſportive than the reſt,
Fills up a bowl with juice from Grape-ſtones drain'd,
And puts it in Omelichilus' hand:
"Take off this draught," ſaid he, "if thou art wiſe,
"'Twill purge thy Cannibal ſtomach's crudities."
He, unaccuſtom'd to the acid juice,
Storm'd, and with blows had anſwer'd the abuſe,
But fear'd t' engage the European gueſt,
Whoſe ſtrength and courage had ſubdu'd the Eaſt;
He therefore chuſes a leſs dang'rous fray,
And ſummons all his country's Plants away:
Forthwith in decent order they appear,
And various fruits on various branches wear;
Like Amazons they ſtand in painted arms,
Coca alone appear'd with little charms,
Yet led the van; our ſcoffing Venus ſcorn'd
The ſhrub-like Tree, and with no fruit adorn'd.

" The Indian Plants," ſaid ſhe, " are like to ſpeed
" In this diſpute of the moſt fertile breed,
" Who chuſe a dwarf and eunuch for their head."
Our gods laugh'd out aloud at what ſhe ſaid.
  Pachamana defends her darling Tree,
And ſaid the wanton goddeſs was too free:
" You only know the fruitfulneſs of Luſt,
" And therefore here your judgment is unjuſt;
" Your ſkill in other offsprings we may truſt.
" With thoſe chaſte tribes that no diſtinction know
" Of ſex, your province nothing has to do.
" Of all the Plants that any ſoil does bear,
" This Tree in fruits the richeſt does appear,
" It bears the beſt, and bears 'em all the year.
" Ev'n now with fruit 'tis ſtor'd—Why, laugh you yet?
" Behold how thick with leaves it is beſet;
" Each leaf is fruit, and ſuch ſubſtantial fare,
" No fruit beſide to rival it will dare.
" Mov'd with his country's coming fate (whoſe ſoil
" Muſt for her treaſures be expos'd to ſpoil)
" Our Varicocha firſt his Coca ſent,
" Endow'd with leaves of wondrous nouriſhment,
" Whoſe juice ſuck'd in, and to the ſtomach ta'en,
" Long hunger and long labour can ſuſtain;
" From which our faint and weary bodies find
" More ſuccour, more they cheer the drooping mind,
" Than can your Bacchus and your Ceres join'd.

" Three leaves ſupply for ſix days' march afford;
" The Quitoita with this proviſion ſtor'd,
" Can paſs the vaſt and cloudy Andes o'er,
" The dreadful Andes! plac'd 'twixt winter's ſtore
" Of winds, rains, ſnow, and that more humble
" earth
" That gives the ſmall but valiant Coca birth,
" This champion, that makes warlike Venus mirth.
" Nor Coca only uſeful art at home,
" A famous merchandiſe thou art become;
" A thouſand Paci and Nicugni groan
" Yearly beneath thy loads, and for thy ſake alone
" The ſpacious world's to us by commerce known."
Thus ſpake the goddeſs, (on her painted ſkin
Were figures wrought) and next calls Hovia in,
That for its ſtony fruit may be deſpis'd,
But for its virtue next to Coca priz'd.
Her ſhade by wondrous influence can compoſe
And lock the ſenſes in ſuch ſweet repoſe,
That oft' the natives of a diſtant ſoil
Long journies take of voluntary toil,
Only to ſleep beneath her branches' ſhade,
Wherein tranſporting dreams entranc'd they lie,
And quite forget the Spaniards' tyranny.
The Plant (at Braſil Bacoua call'd) the name
Of th' Eaſtern Plane Tree takes, but not the ſame;
Bears leaves ſo large, one ſingle leaf can ſhade
The ſwain that is beneath her covert laid;

Under whoſe verdant leaves fair apples grow,
Sometimes two hundred on a ſingle bough;
They're gathered all the year, and all the year
They ſpring, for like the hydra they appear;
To ev'ry one you take ſucceeds a golden heir.
'Twere loſs of time to gather one by one,
Its boughs are torn, and yet no harm is done:
New-ſprouting branches ſtill the loſs repair;
What would ſo ſoon return it were vain to ſpare.
  The Indian Fig Tree next did much ſurpriſe,
With her ſtrange figure, all our deities;
Amongſt whom one too raſhly did exclaim,
(For gods to be deceiv'd 'tis woeful ſhame)
" This is a cheat, a work of art," ſaid he,
And therefore ſtretch'd his hand to touch the Tree;
At which the Indian gods laugh'd out aloud,
And our's, no leſs ſurpris'd, with wonder ſtood:
For, lo! the Plant, her trunk and boughs unclos'd,
Wholly of fruit and leaves appear'd compos'd;
New leaves, and ſtill from them new leaves unfold,
A ſight 'mongſt prodigies to be enroll'd.
  The Tuna, to the Indian Fig a-kin,
(The glory of Tlaſcalla) next came in;
But much more wonderful her fruit appears
Than th' others' leaves, for living fruit ſhe bears.
To her alone great Varicocha gave
The privilege that ſhe for fruit ſhould have

Live creatures, that with purple dye adorn
Th' imperial robe; the precious tincture's worn
With pride ev'n by the conqu'rors of the ſoil:
But, ah! we had not grudg'd that purple ſpoil;
Our cochineal they freely might have gain'd,
If with no other blood they had been ſtain'd.
  Guatimala produc'd a fruit unknown
To Europe, which with pride ſhe call'd her own;
Her Cacao Nut with double uſe endow'd,
(For chocolate at once is drink and food)
Does ſtrength and vigour to the limbs impart,
Makes freſh the countenance and cheers the heart;
In Venus' combat ſtrangely does excite
The fainting warrior to renew the fight:
Not all Potoſi's ſilver grove can be
Of equal value to this uſeful Tree,
Nor could the wretched hungry owner dine,
Rich Cartama! upon thy golden mine.
Of old the wiſer Indians never made
Their gold or ſilver the ſupport of trade,
Nor us'd for life's ſupport what well they knew
Uſeleſs to life at beſt, and ſometimes hurtful too.
With nuts inſtead of coin they bought and ſold;
Their wealth by Cacaos, not by ſums, they told;
One Tree, the growing treaſure of the field,
Both food and clothes did to its owner yield;
Procur'd all utenſils, and, wanting bread,
The happy hoarder on his money fed.

This was true wealth: thoſe treaſures we adore,
By cuſtom valu'd, in themſelves are poor,
And men may ſtarve amidſt their golden ſtore.
Too happy India! had this wealth alone,
And not thy gold, been to the Spaniard known.
  The Aguacat no leſs is Venus' friend;
(To th' Indies Venus' conqueſt does extend)
A fragrant leaf the Aguacata bears,
Her fruit in faſhion of an egg appears;
With ſuch a white and ſpermy juice it ſwells,
As repreſents moiſt Life's firſt principles.
  The Cacao's owner any thing may buy,
But he that has the Metla may ſupply
Himſelf with almoſt all things he can want,
From Metla's almoſt all-ſufficient Plant:
Metla to paſs as money does deſpiſe,
Or traffic ſerve, itſelf is merchandiſe.
She bears no nuts for boys, nor luſcious fruit,
That may with nice effeminate palates ſuit;
Her very Tree is fruit; her leaves, when young,
Are wholeſome food, for garments ſerve when ſtrong;
Not only ſo, but, to make up the cloth*,
They furniſh you with thread and needle both.
What tho' her native ſoil with drought is curs'd?
Cut but her bark, and you may ſlake your thirſt;

* The thorn growing at the end of each leaf, which, together with the ſtringy part joining to it, is uſed in manner of a needle and thread to ſew withal.

A ſudden ſpring will in the wound appear,
Which thro' ſtrait paſſes ſtrain'd comes forth more clear;
And tho' thro' long meanders of the veins
'Tis carry'd, yet no vicious hue retains,
Limpid and ſweet the virgin-ſtream remains.
Theſe gifts for Nature might ſufficient be,
But, bounteous Metla! ſeem'd too ſmall for thee;
Thou gratify'ſt our very luxury.
For liqu'riſh palates honey thou doſt bear,
For thoſe whoſe guſt wants quick'ning, vinegar.
But theſe are trifles; thou doſt wine impart,
That drives dull care and trouble from the heart.
If any wretch of poverty complains,
Thou pour'ſt a golden ſtream into his veins.
The pooreſt Indian ſtill is rich in thee,
In ſpight of Spaniſh conqueſts ſtill is free;
The Spaniard's king is not ſo bleſs'd as he.
If any doubts the liquor to be wine,
Becauſe no cryſtal water looks more fine,
Let him but driuk, he'll find the weak nymph fled,
And potent Bacchus enter'd in her ſtead.
To all theſe gifts of luxury and wealth,
Thou giv'ſt us ſov'reign med'cines, too, for health:
Choice balm from thy concocted bark breaks forth:
Thou ſhedd'ſt no tear, but 'tis of greater worth
Than faireſt gems; no lover more can prize
The tears in his conſenting miſtreſs' eyes,
When in his arms the panting virgin lies:

No antidote affords more preſent aid,
'Gainſtdoublymortalwounds bypois'nous arrowsmade.
Almoſt all needs thou, Metla! doſt ſupply,
Yet muſt not therefore bear thyſelf too high,
While th' all-ſufficient Coccus Tree is by;
To Coccus thou muſt yield the victory.
While ſhe preſerves this Indian Palm alone,
America can never be undone;
Embowell'd, and of all her gold bereft,
Her liberty and Coccus only left,
She's richer than the Spaniard with his theft.
What ſenſeleſs miſer, by the gods abhorr'd,
Would covet more than Coccus doth afford?
Houſe, garments, beds, and boards ev'n while we dine,
Supplies both meat and diſh, both cup and wine;
Oil, honey, milk, the ſtomach to delight,
And poignant ſauce to whet the appetite.
Nor is her ſervice to the land confin'd,
For ſhips entire compos'd of her we find;
Sails, tackle, timber, cables, ribs, and maſt,
Wherewith the veſſel fitted up, at laſt
With her own ware is freighted; all ſhe bears
Is Coccus' growth, except her mariners:
Nor need we ev'n her mariners exclude,
Who from the Coco Nut have all their food.
The Indian gods, with wild and barb'rous voice,
And geſtures rude, tumultuous rejoice;

Our's as aſtoniſh'd, and with envious eyes,
Each other view'd, if, as weak men ſurmiſe,
Envy can touch immortal deities.
My modeſt Muſe that cenſure does decline,
Nor dares interpret ill of pow'rs divine.
The Indian pow'rs (tho' yet they had not ſhown
The hundredth part of Plants to India known)
Already did conclude the day their own;
Raſh and impatient round, the goddeſs throng
And think her verdict is deferr'd too long.
  Pomona, ſeated high above the reſt,
Was cautiouſly revolving in her breaſt,
(The cauſe depending was no trifling toy,
That did the patrons of both worlds employ)
T'expreſs herſelf at large ſhe did deſign,
And handſomely the ſentence to decline,
(If I may gueſs at what the goddeſs meant)
But, lo! a ſlight and ſudden accident
Puts all the Court into a wild ferment:
For, during th' trial, the moſt tipling brace,
Omelichilus of the Indian race,
And our Lenæus *, at whate'er was ſpoke
Or done that pleas'd him, a full bumper took,
And drank to th' other; him the Metla Tree
Supply'd with juice; thy Vine, Lenæus! thee;
Each bowl they touch'd they turn'd the bottom up,
And gave a briſk huzza at ev'ry cup:

* Bacchus.

Their heads at laſt the riſing vapour gains,
And proves too hard for their immortal brains:
With mutual repartees they jok'd at firſt,
Till growing more incens'd, they ſwore and curs'd;
Omelichilus does no longer dread
(With preſent Metla warm'd) the Grecian god,
But throws a Coco bowl at Bacchus' head,
Which ſpoil'd his draught, but left his forehead ſound,
And reſts betwixt his horns without a wound.
Bacchus, enrag'd with wine and paſſion too,
With all his might his maſſy goblet threw,
Directly levell'd at the ruſtic's face,
That laid him bruis'd and ſprawling on the place:
He in his native gibb'riſh cries aloud,
And with his noiſe alarms the ſavage crowd;
Gnaſhing their foamy teeth, like beaſts of prey,
Promiſcuouſly they bellow, roar, and bray;
The frighted waves back to the deep rebound;
The very iſland trembles with the ſound.
Next him Vitziliputli ſat, in ſmoke
Of foul Tobacco almoſt hid, that broke
In belches from his gormandizing maw,
Where human fleſh as yet lay crude and raw:
Throwing in rage his kindled pipe aſide,
And ſnatching bow and darts, Arm! arm! he cry'd.
Teſcalipuca (of the ſalvage band
The next in fierceneſs) took his ſpear in hand,
And all in arms the barb'rous legion ſtand.

The goddeſſes diſperſe, and ſculk behind
The thickets; frighted Venus bore in mind
Her former wound, th' effect of mortal rage,
What muſt ſhe then expect where gods engage?
Pallas, who only courage had to ſtay,
In vain her peaceful Olive did diſplay:
The gods, with manly weapons in their hand,
Devoted to the dire encounter ſtand:
Moſt woeful ſome had that day's battle found,
And long been maim'd with many a ſmarting wound,
(For to ſuppoſe th' immortals can be ſlain,
Tho' with immortals they engage, is vain)
Had not Apollo, in the nick of time,
Found out a ſtrat'gem to divert that crime,
Which with his double title did agree,
The god of Wit, and Healing deity:
None better knew than he to uſe the bow,
But now reſolv'd his nobler ſkill to ſhow,
Sweet Muſic's pow'r, he takes his lyre in hand,
And does forthwith ſuch charming ſounds command,
As ſtruck the ear of gods with new delight,
When Nature did this world's great frame unite,
When jarring elements their war did ceaſe,
And danc'd themſelves into harmonious peace.
Such ſtrains had ſurely charm'd the Centaur's rage;
Such ſtrains the raving billows could aſſwage;
Wild hurricanes had due obedience ſhown,
And, to attend his ſounds, ſuppreſs'd their own.

The wrangling guests at once appear bereft
Of ev'ry sense, their hearing only left.
Vitziliputli, fiercest of the crew,
While to the head his venom'd shaft he drew,
Lets fall both dart and bow; with lifted hands
Astonish'd, and with mouth wide-gaping, stands;
So high to raise his greedy ears he is said,
As forc'd his feather'd di'dem from his head.
Pomona's altar, hew'd from solid rock,
In both his hands bold Varicoca took,
Which, like a thunderbolt, he would have hurl'd,
(He is the Thund'rer in the Indian world)
But at the first sweet strain forgot his heat,
Laid down the stone, and us'd it for a seat:
His ravish'd ears the peaceful sounds devour,
His hundred victims never pleas'd him more:
Their magic force, in spight of his disgrace,
And gore yet streaming from his batter'd face,
Omelichilus' self did reconcile;
At first, 'tis true, he did but faintly smile,
But laugh'd anon as loud as any there;
For such the sacred charms of measures are,
The ambient air, struck with the healing sounds
Of Phœbus' lyre, clos'd up the bleeding wounds:
Ev'n of their own accord the breaches close,
For pow'rful music all things can compose.
Pleas'd with his art's success, Apollo smil'd
To see the awkward mirth and gestures wild

Of his charm'd audience. Having thus ſubdu'd
Their raviſh'd ſenſe, his conqueſt he purſu'd,
And ſtill to make the pleaſing ſpell more ſtrong,
Joins to his lyre his tuneful voice and ſong:
He ſung how th' inſpir'd hero's * mind beheld
A world, that for long ages lay conceal'd.
Moſt happy thou! whoſe fancy could deſcry
A world, ſeen only by my circling eye:
Thou who alone in toils haſt equall'd me;
Great Alexander is outdone by thee;
By thee! whoſe ſkill could find, and courage gain
That other world for which he wiſh'd in vain.
Not my own Poet's Tales could thee deceive,
No credit to their Fables thou didſt give;
Me, weary'd with my day's hard courſe, they feign
To reach each night in the Heſperian main.
Can Phœbus tire? my great Columbus! thou
Didſt better judge, and Phœbus better know;
For I myſelf did then thy thoughts incline,
Inſpir'd thy ſkill, and urg'd thy bold deſign.
Herculean limits could not thee contain,
Nor terror of an unexperienc'd main,
Nor Nature's awful darkneſs could reſtrain.
Thy native world's dear ſight for three months loſt,
For three long months on the wide ocean toſs'd,
New ſtars, new floods, and monſters, thou didſt ſpy,
Unterrify'd thyſelf, new gods didſt terrify:

* Columbus.

Thou, only thou! undaunted didſt appear,
While thy faint comrades half expir'd with fear:
They urge thee to return, and threaten high,
When, Guanahan! thy watch-light they deſcry,
Thy flaming beacon from afar they ſpy;
Whoſe happy light to their tranſported eyes
Diſcloſes a New world; with joyful cries
They hail the ſign that to a golden ſoil
Unlock'd the gate. Forgetting now their toil,
They hug their guide, at whom they late repin'd.
From this ſmall fire, and for ſmall uſe deſign'd,
How great a light was open'd to mankind!
How eaſily did Courage find the way,
By this approach, to ſeize the golden prey,
That in a ſecret world's dark entrail lay!
For Courage what attempt can be too bold?
Or rather, what for thirſt of pow'r and gold?
While to the ſhore the Spaniſh navy drew,
The Indian natives with amazement view
Thoſe floting palaces, which fondly they
Miſtook for living monſters of the ſea;
Wing'd whales—nor at the Spaniards leſs admire,
A race of men with beards, and ſtrange attire,
Whoſe iron dreſs their native ſkin they deem'd;
The horſeman mounted on his courſer ſeem'd
To them a Centaur of prodigious kind;
A compound monſter, of two bodies join'd;

That could at once in ſev'ral accents break,
Neigh with one mouth, and with the other ſpeak.
But moſt the roaring cannon they admire,
Diſcharging ſulph'rous clouds of ſmoke and fire:
Mock-thunder now they hear, mock-lightning view,
With greater dread than e'er they did the true.
Ev'n thou, the Thunderer of the Indian ſky,
(Nor wilt thou, Varicocha! this deny)
Ev'n thou thyſelf aſtoniſh'd didſt appear,
When mortals' louder thunder thou didſt hear.

Strange figures, and th' unwonted face of things,
No leſs amazement to the Spaniards brings;
New forms of animals their ſight ſurpriſe,
New Plants, new fruits, new men, and deities;
Entirely a new nature meets their eyes:
But moſt tranſported with the glitt'ring mould,
And wealthy ſtreams, whoſe ſands were fraught with gold,
Theſe they too much admire, with too much love [behold:
For theſe forthwith againſt their hoſts engage
The treach'rous gueſts, in impious war and rage;
From theſe inhuman ſlaughter did enſue,
Which now I grieve to tell, as then I bluſh'd to view.
By ſudden force, like ſome demoliſh'd town,
I ſaw the Indian world at once o'erthrown.
What can this land by this diſpute intend?
About his fruits ſhe does in vain contend,
Who knows not how her entrails to defend!

Thy ſlaughters paſt do thou at length forget,
For with no ſmall revenge thy wrongs have met,
And Heav'n will give thee greater comforts yet.
Enjoy thy fate, whoſe bitter part is o'er,
And all the ſweet for thee reſerv'd in ſtore.
Here Phœbus his moſt cheerful airs employs,
And melts their ſavage hearts in promis'd joys:
They felt his muſic glide thro' ev'ry vein,
Their brawny limbs from dancing ſcarce refrain,
But fear'd to interrupt his charming ſtrain.
That gold which Europe raviſh'd from your coaſt,
O'er Europe now a tyrant's power does boaſt;
Already has more miſchiefs brought on Spain,
Than from inſulting Spaniards you ſuſtain:
Where'er it comes all laws are ſtraight diſſolv'd,
In gen'ral ruin all things are involv'd:
No land can breed a more deſtructive peſt,
Grieve not that of your bane you're diſpoſſeſs'd;
Call in more Spaniards to remove the reſt:
The fatal Helen drive from your abodes,
Th' Erinnys that has ſet both worlds at odds:
Fire, ſword, and ſlaughter, on her footſteps wait;
Whole empires ſhe betrays to utmoſt Fate.
Mean-while theſe benefits of life you reap,
Conſider, and you'll find th' exchange was cheap.
Your former ſalvage cuſtoms are remov'd,
The manners of your men and gods improv'd:

With human fleſh no more they ſhall be fed,
Whether dire famine firſt that practice bred,
Or more deteſted luxury—
Not long ſhalt thou, Vitziliputli! feed
On bloody feaſts, or ſmoke thy Indian weed;
Ere long (like us) with pure ambroſial fare
Thou ſhalt be pleas'd, and taſte celeſtial air.
To live by wholeſome laws, you now begin
Buildings to raiſe, and fence your cities in;
To plough the earth, to plough the very main,
And traffic with the univerſe maintain:
Defenſive arms, and ornaments of dreſs,
All implements of life, you now poſſeſs:
To you the arts of war and peace are known,
And whole Minerva is become your own.
Our Muſes, to your ſires an unknown band,
Already have got footing in your land,
And like the ſoil———
Incas already have hiſtorians been,
And Inca poets ſhall ere long be ſeen.
But (if I fail not in my augury,
And who can better judge events than I?)
Long rolling years ſhall late bring on the times
When, with your gold debauch'd, and ripen'd crimes,
Europe (the world's moſt noble part) ſhall fall;
Upon her baniſh'd gods and virtue call
In vain, while foreign and domeſtic war
At once ſhall her diſtracted boſom tear;

Forlorn, and to be pity'd even by you——
Mean-while your riſing glory you ſhall view;
Wit, Learning, Virtue, Diſcipline of War,
Shall for protection to your world repair,
And fix a long illuſtrious empire there.
Your native gold (I would not have it ſo,
But fear th' event) in time will follow too:
O! ſhould that fatal prize return once more,
'Twill hurt your country as it did before.
  Late Deſtiny ſhall high exalt your reign,
Whoſe pomp no crowds of ſlaves, a needleſs train,
Nor gold, (the rabble's idol) ſhall ſupport,
Like Motezum's, or Guanapaci's court;
But ſuch true grandeur as old Rome maintain'd,
Where Fortune was a ſlave, and Virtue reign'd.

End of the Fifth Book.

	Page
Ducks'-Meat,	61
Rosemary, touching the bite of the Tarantula,	63
Mint,	66
Misseltoe,	70
Celandine,	72
Upon the same,	74
Rocket,	75
BOOK II. OF HERBS. TRANSLATED BY J. O.	79
Mugwort (the President) begins,	84
Penny-Royal,	85
Dittany,	88
Plantain; or, Waybread,	91
The Rose,	93
Laurel,	97
Birthwort,	102
The Mastic Tree,	107
Savin,	109
Mugwort, (the President)	114
Myrrh,	117
BOOK III. OF FLOWERS. TRANSLATED BY C. CLEVE.	
[illegible],	125
Helleborus Niger; or, Christmas Flower,	133
The Violet,	142
Auricula Ursi; Bear's-ear,	144

CONTENTS.

OF PLANTS. IN SIX BOOKS. Page

To the Reader, 1
To his Grace Charles Duke of Somerſet, 9
The Author's preface to his two firſt Books of Plants: publiſhed before the reſt, 12

BOOK I. OF HERBS. TRANSLATED BY J. O. 23

Betony, 25
Maiden-hair; or, Venus-hair, 29
Sage, 31
Baum, 34
Scurvy-graſs, 35
Dodder, 38
Wormwood, 40
Water-Lily, 44
Spleenwort; or, Miltwaſte, 47
Lettuce, 50
Upon the ſame, *ib.*
Eyebright, 51
Winter-Cherries, 55
Sun-dew; or, Luſtwort, 57
Upon the ſame, 58
Sowbread, 59
Upon the ſame, *ib.*
Upon the ſame, 60
Upon the ſame, 61

	Page
The Daffadil; Narcissus,	146
Anemone; or, Emonies,	147
The Imperial Crown,	149
The Tulip,	152
Iris; or, The Flower-de-luce,	154
Pæonia; the Peony,	157
The Rose,	159

BOOK IV. OF FLOWERS. TRANSLATED BY N. TATE. 165

Moly,	182
Flora,	183
White Lily,	187
Poppy,	190
Sun-Flower,	193
July-Flower,	194
Saffron,	196
Amaranth; Flower-gentle,	199
Flora,	200

BOOK V. OF TREES. TRANSLATED BY N. TATE.

Pomona,	202

From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
Nov. 20. 1777.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.